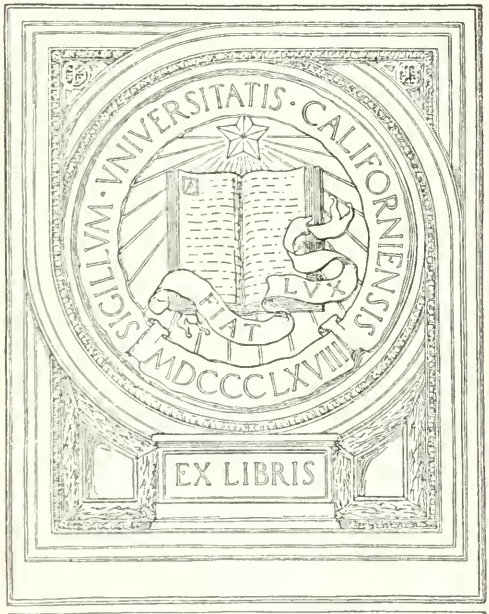
Arctic Sunbeams

or

From Broadway to the Bosphorus



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AT LOS ANGELES



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UNIFORM WITH "ARCTIC SUNBEAMS"

ORIENT SUNBEAMS

OR

FROM THE PORTE TO THE PYRAMIDS

BY WAY OF

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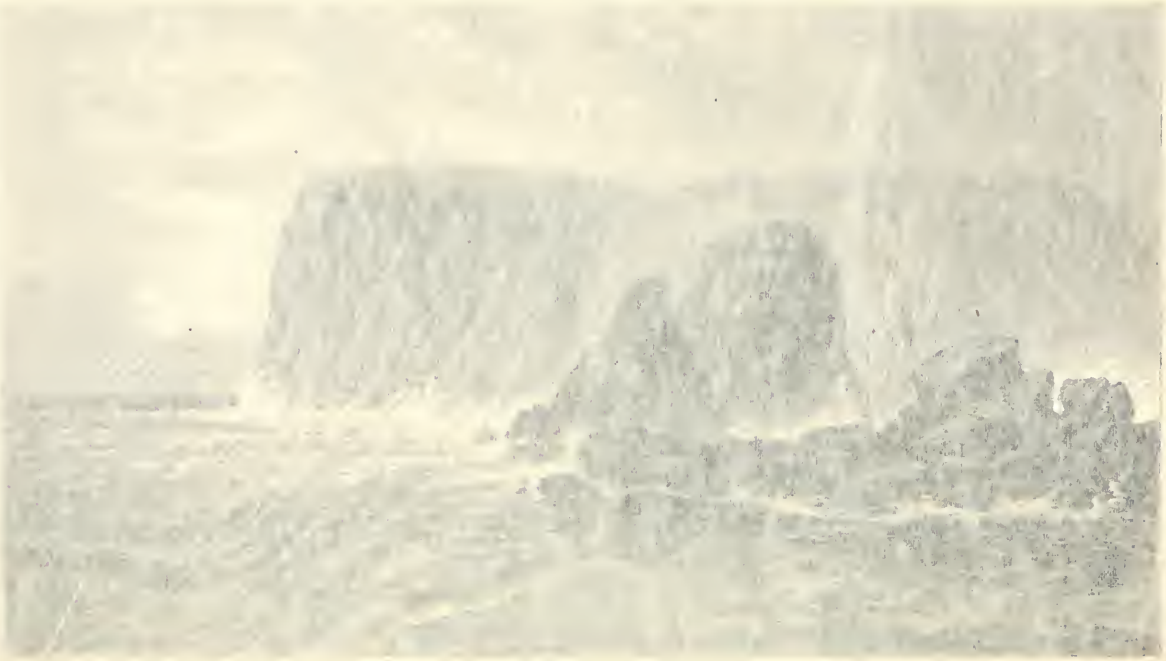
BY

SAMUEL S. COX

ILLUSTRATED



THE NORTH CAPE.



ARCTIC SUNBEAMS:

OR FROM

BROADWAY TO THE BOSPHORUS

BY WAY OF

THE NORTH CAPE

BY

SAMUEL S. COX,

Author of "Buckeye Abroad," "Eight Years in Congress," "Winter Sunbeams," "Why we Laugh," "Free Land and Free Trade," Etc.



"Lonely a Pine tree grand,
Decked round with ice and snow,
On far and Northern heights did stand,
He slept and dreamed and lo!

A Palm's tall image bright,
Into his dreams was borne,
That far, far South on sun-scorched height,
Lonely and sad did mourn."

—*Heine.*

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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1882

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INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE countries through which I have traveled the past eight months, have already been thoroughly explored. This volume, and the one which is to follow ("From the Porte to the Pyramids, by way of Palestine"), pretend to no novelty in research, description, or illustration. My humble task is to invest the scenes therein pictured with the interest which the author himself felt. The book has, therefore, the simple and harmless egotism of the author, and not the pretension of an archæologist or discoverer. The external views are referable to the sensations of the writer. Whatever seemed, and howsoever it seemed, that is recorded. Driver and dragoman, camel and car, fjord and mountain, mosque and minster, ruins and institutions, are only accessories—the *mise en scène* —in which the author is the actor.

In a year when such elaborate and graceful writers as Du Chaillu and Vincent have opened the Scandinavian races for the instruction of the world, a volume that presumes only to skim upon the surface may not take much rank in literature; but it will, nevertheless, be an incentive for others to follow with nicer heed and more careful preparation, from the Polar circle to the pyramids, that round of travel, as to which the enthusiasm of the writer may be pardoned, even when he aggrandizes

the objects of his observation by his own susceptibilities.

Some of the scenes described have been revisited after thirty years, and the pleasure of renewing under new conditions and fresh auspices old memories, imparted additional charm to the personal prospective.

The elder world, from the midnight sun to the isles gilded by eternal summer, can never cease to be attractive. How this attraction may possibly be enhanced, even by the insignificance of personal intrusion, the volume itself may show.

This volume and its successor comprehend a travel in which some twelve different nationalities are involved; and each and all of them in process of mutation, politically, socially, morally, and religiously. The salient features of each of these races, as they now appear, may be transferred to the page, without detracting from the high standard which literature exacts of its devotees.

This book opens in Holland; for is not Holland the vestibule of that active, fair-haired race whose enterprises furnish material for so much of history, and of whose achievements, from Northern Africa to Northern Europe, civilization has made its capital boast? Through Holland and into Scandinavia, and thence into Finland and Russia, the door naturally, and I may say, politically, opened to the Orient. Within its enchanted chambers—from Constantinople to Damascus, and from Damascus to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Cairo—how pleasant it was to revel in all the luxury of sentiment!

This circle makes up the round, in which I have set what random gems I found in the dust of dead empire—gems already polished by the attrition of time and the taste of accomplished writers.

FROM POLE TO PYRAMID.

CHAPTER I.

HOLLAND—THE PEOPLE, CUSTOMS, DYKES, FIELDS, STREETS, AND EVIDENCES OF INDUSTRY AND THRIFT—A FISHING VILLAGE—THE HAGUE.

"*In every branch of human industry, these republicans took the lead. But the foundation of the national wealth, the source of the apparently fabulous power by which the republic had at last overthrown her gigantic antagonist, was the ocean.*"—MOTLEY.

OUR first objective point of travel, was the arctic circle and the unsetting sun. The usual mode of reaching this point is over the North Sea from Hull, England to Bergen, Norway. For many reasons, among which comfort is not to be despised, a land route is better. Starting on this route from Paris, we halted on the tenth of June, at the Hague, in Holland. We had a fortnight to spare, before taking the steamer for the extreme north. Holland was not the least eligible land for its occupation; and the Hague not the least attractive capital for its beginning.

We are apt to forget how much North America and freedom, owe to Holland. In the early part of the seventeenth century, Spain had a colony in Florida, the English in Virginia, and the French in Acadia; Spain, however, had Mexico and Peru, and

her emperor had a motto stamped on the coin: *Plus Ultra*. At that time Spain held Holland, and condemned its industry to pay nearly one half, or two out of the five millions of gold-tribute which formed her revenues. The seventeen provinces of Holland had rescued the marsh from the sea, and led in liberal trade and enlightened thought, even when in durance to the Spanish power. Extortion and bigotry drove them to revolt, and kept the fires of war aflame for a century. Independence came after the unequal struggle, and the "seven provinces" became an acknowledged and potential Republic. Commerce was the main instrument in the struggle. One hundred thousand sailors and three thousand ships were no mean resource in the emergency of war or the leadership in peace. How the enterprises of Holland prospered, in the discovery of new passages and fresh fields of trade and rule, the pages of her history and the galleries of her pictures show. What part she had in the discovery and settlement of North America is a household story. Still it is true that Holland is not so interesting to our people now as when Washington Irving was better read. Before Nieuw Amsterdam had fully emerged from its Dutch chrysalis, and when cabbages had political as well as social significance, Holland was a fruitful theme of literary exercise. Motley rescued its ancestral and national fame by his splendid history. His effort was appreciated in Holland; for we have just been looking upon his pale portrait in the palace of the Hague, where this scholarly republican appears alone amidst royal pictures.

In England the same metamorphosis has taken place. The "Dutchman King" is rarely referred to as such, except when an Orange riot or procession

is arousing dead hates. Although many of the old Hollandish names in New York have sunk beneath the influx of immigration and the advancement of the time, "Helle-gat," "the Bouwery," "Nieuw Jorck," and "Waal Street" remain, but with the masses of our people their early history as well as their philology and spelling are forgotten. Still, it may be asserted that, unconsciously, the influence of Dutch manners, habits, laws, mottoes, symbols, and civilization has still its salutary influence upon New York City and State. From old Fort Orange (Albany), along the meanderings of the Mohawk, and down the majestic Hudson River, with its Dutch name, the liberalities of trade and the liberty of conscience went hand in hand, with that honesty and prudence which furnish the best basis of human government and happiness. The burgomaster is a personage of the past, but the Stuyvesants, Opdykes, Beeckmans, Van Vleecks, De Vrieses, De Peysters, Segersons, and hundreds of Vans and Jans of high and old renown still help to swell our City Directory, while the sceptre of early enterprise, which made Manhattan the emporium of trade, has not yet departed. In our active life names of unmistakable Dutch origin are found on the roster of civil and military affairs, none the less honored because of the lapse of time and the ferocity of competition. Our streets, however dirty, still bear the names of those whose pictures I have seen in the galleries of Leyden, the Hague, and Haarlem. Old syndics with familiar names and faces, too—admirals like Van Ness and De Witt, and stalwart burgomasters, with figures as full as were their lives with good deeds—fairly speak from the canvas of Rembrandt, Vandyck, Teniers, Rubens, Jan Steen, and Cuyp

Van Sutphen's "Nederlandes Practycke" has given way to other codes, not so simple and direct; even as the good *vrouw* who gossipped with the good dominie, has gone to the rearward. The "Stadt Herberg," or city tavern of the early Dutch settlers of New York, gave way to a city hall on Pearl Street, and that hall to another more beautiful, if not more honest. The revels that were wont to set its old tables and shake its old gables by their roar may be now celebrated at Delmonico's. But one thing remains, beyond all change—the spirit of enlarged commerce, which had no bounds in the seventeenth century; the determined patriotism which allowed no taxation without representation, imported from Holland, the inspiring Federal principle which came from these lowlands, that "Unity makes might" —*Endraght maakt maght*—and the religious freedom which, as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, gave immunity from persecution to Jews, Baptists, Quakers, and others who were victims of religious persecution in neighboring colonies. But why recount these virtues from this standpoint? Why, except that at every turn here, in street and palace, in home and gallery, in garden and on canal, in province and city, these elemental thoughts are illustrated in Old as they were carried out in New Nederlands?

I have visited many lands and have studied the constitutions and habits of diverse people from the Orient to the Occident; but never have I enjoyed more a week of travel and observation than this week in Holland. Of course there must be some personal reason for it. It is not because of my blood exactly. Is not my Christian name Hebraic, my middle name Celtic?—but I am not sure that my last name is not Dutch. I remember to have read that some time be-

tween the years 1600 and 1700 there was a terrible contest in a New York court between Mrs. Geertruyd de Witt, the miller's wife, and Mrs. Anneken Kocks —the latter being accused of striking the former and calling her husband a cuckoo! What there was actionable in the "call," and whether this last lady was of akin to my folks, I cannot say, but doubtless their descendants have long since made it up over "schnapps," and I bear no malice for the persecution of my supposititious ancestress. But I do affirm, on authority, that my paternal grandmother, of a Jersey Dutch locality, was nigh unto the Bogarduses, and, consequently, I am one of the thousand heirs of Anneke Jans, and one of the owners of Trinity Church and its belongings.

Seriously, what an empire has been created over sea and land by this little tract of rescued country, over most of which I looked from the steeple of an old town hall to-day! One hundred by one hundred and fifty miles—that is all in area, and a little over thirteen thousand square miles, not as large as some of our counties; and a population of four millions, not as much as New York. I have been in some churches here where the floor is many feet below the sea level, and I can see from my window as I write, the artificial mounds which keep the sea from inundating the smiling lands. Everywhere, too, are seen the evidences of industry, as well upon the soil as in the making of the network of canals. This city is itself a Venice of canals, only it has what Venice has not—splendid streets and avenues. The climate here, so far as we have experienced, is cool and moist, and, like the Dutch temperament, it is pretty steady. Each one of the cities is a model of cleanliness, which we could not help but notice. One town

which we saw yesterday is so clean, or was, that the people require even the king to take off his shoes before he enters, and each householder has to abide by the same rule. The Dutch costumes remain as picturesque as when Wouverman, Steen, Gerard Douw, Vandervelve, and others pictured them two hundred years ago, painting them in all their details. We could hardly keep our eyes from a too forward stare at the remarkable head-dresses which we observed, especially at Scheveningen and other fishing villages. This head-dress is not confined to the country, for we have seen it in the cafés and concerts, and upon the heads of fine ladies everywhere. One should not omit a proper mention of these "cuirasses of the head," as our guide calls them.

We passed the frontier of Belgium and Holland last Tuesday at Rosenthal, running through from Paris to the Hague in one day. There are a hundred thousand and more of people in the Hague. It is near the German Ocean, to which there is a drive through avenues of beautiful trees. It is a superb city, and is the true capital, though the Amsterdam people only regard it as the royal residence. Still, the foreign ministers are there, as well as the national legislature, and the memories of the great days of Holland in the seventeenth century are here perpetuated. Near by the hotel where we lodge, is a splendid forest of the finest trees. Tall oaks, lindens, and beeches make the wood almost dark, with only occasional checkered lights from the sky above. As we drive in the morning under its miles of overarching foliage, over elegant roads, to the House in the Wood, the nightingales are singing, as if evening were at hand. This is a famous drive and promenade. It reminds me of the splendid woods

near the Alhambra, on the hills which rise above Grenada, except that the Dutch forest is on a flat level, and surrounded and bisected with canals, where golden fish swim and the lazy swans and boats are seen to glide. The late queen lived in this House in the Wood. It is full of gems of art of all kinds, with characteristic paintings. It has one superb chamber, specially painted to celebrate the life, from his birth to his marriage, and even to his death, of Frederick Henry, the king of the best days of Holland. The rooms, with their Chinese and Japanese decorations, remind one of the time when, before American or English ventures into far-off Cathay, the Dutch had the monopoly of the spice, coffee, tea, and silk trade of the far East.

As we drive about these roads in the wood we meet by day but few people; now and then a black-dressed hussar, or a Boer (a peasant), now a famous word in the vocabulary of heroism, who with his wooden shoe—or klump—goes awkwardly about his daily routine of labor. Here and there, we hear the dissonant voice of the rook, high up in the trees above. I suppose they are rooks, though our guide called them "wood-crows." In the evening we are invited to a concert given for a charitable purpose, at the café in the woods. Here we see some 10,000 people in and out of the enclosure, and witness the rapture with which these austere Hollanders welcome the choicest music.

Before leaving the Hague we visited the fishing village of Scheveningen. It has about 9,000 inhabitants. It is the Manhattan Beach, Biarritz or Brighton of the gay Hollanders, as well as a fishing village, where the ancient ways of the Dutch are preserved. The road to it is wide. It is paved with brick. The bricks are hard-burned and set on edge. They make a clean street. In fact the road from the Hague to Amster-

dam is of brick, fifty miles long, and as perfect a piece of work as one could wish. A tramway, as well as canal, runs from the Hague to this village of Scheveningen. It has one peculiar historic event. It was here that Charles the Second embarked for England, when Cromwell was through with his business.

This village made me think of the sumptuous hotels and villas of our Atlantic coasts. It combines Long Island with Long Branch, both in its sumptuous appointments for the summer season and its cheap tariff of prices for the poor. Here the costumes and the klump-shoe are in all their perfection of oddity, and here the nobility resort for comfort in the dog days.



SCHEVENINGEN COSTUMES, NEAR THE HAGUE.

CHAPTER II.

HOLLAND, LEYDEN, AND HAARLEM—ASPECT OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

"Napoleon said it was an alluvion of French rivers; and with this pretext he added it to the empire. One writer has defined it as a sort of transition between land and sea. Another, as an immense crust of earth, floating on the water. Others, a measureless raft of mud and sand; and Philip II. called it the country nearest to hell."—EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

THE spelling of Holland, sometimes seems elaborate. It abounds in duplicate vowels, for euphony. Our ride to Leyden and Haarlem, suggests three consonants, if not four c's—canals, commerce, cattle, and cheese; and I might add another letter, for flowers—or to be particular, tulips. We took these cities, which the Spaniards could not do three hundred years ago—without an effort. These two sample cities are not unlike, and the country is monotonous between them. The waters of the Atlantic, coming through the English Channel, meet those of the North Sea, but in all their conflicts they cannot overcome the western coast of Holland—if coast that may be called which is made by the hand of man in piling up the moles against the inroads of the river and sea. But even this is not a good suggestive description of the labors of the Hollander. If you will look at the map, you will perceive that the rivers which, like the

Rhine, have their fountains in the high Alpine ranges of Europe, debouch here. The Rhine, or "land water," being higher than this sea water, fills all these lowlands, or would, but for the forces which man has harnessed to pump it out! Everywhere we see windmills by the hundred. They are picturesque. They, like the storks, relieve the level landscape. They are not as useful as they are beautiful; nor as useful now as they used to be. It has been found that steam power, being steadier than wind, is indispensable to the labor of lifting the water from the meadows, where it lies in the thousands of artificial drains and ditches, into the numerous canals, by which it is borne to the sea, and poured in at low tide. Hence, you can see how it is that canals are so easily made here; and why, for navigation as well as for agricultural purposes, they are a part of Dutch prosperity.

All the waters of the Rhine do not reach the sea from one mouth. If it were so, Holland would be under water. But, as the Bible says about the waters in Oriental lands, "The Lord divideth the waters, to prevent the overflow thereof," so as to save the land for other purposes than sea bottoms. A general survey from an eminence of this remarkable archipelago, gives the effect more rather of a water view, with occasional flat, green spots above the surface, and here and there dotted with beautiful cities with red-tiled houses and pointed spires. Indeed, as far up as the coasts of Denmark, the North Sea has had a struggle with the land, the evidence of which is seen in the canals as far inland as Bremen and Hamburg, including the coasts of Schleswig-Holstein and Jutland.

We go to Leyden first from the Hague—a short

ride by rail. Leyden has about forty thousand people. It is cut up by the Rhine into islands, connected by stone bridges. It is hard to tell which is river and which canal, for there is quiet, utilized water everywhere. It was easy here to surround the city by a moat against the Spanish attack. Indeed, it is one of the heroics of these brave Dutchmen many years ago, related by the muse of tradition, that a prince of Orange relieved the siege of the city by inundating the country and sending off the Spanish army to dry and distant spots. Leyden is called the Dutch Athens. It is the seat of Dutch culture. It is not so æsthetic as Boston. One cannot be transcendental amidst the lowlands; and yet what exquisite pictures these early Dutch artists portrayed, and how the rich men of later times have hoarded them as precious beyond rubies. Leyden gave itself a good deal to physics. Its university, even now, shows many souvenirs of past successes in the inductive sciences, and thither, on reaching the city, we wended our way. Did not much of the splendid scholarship and undaunted faith which emigrated to our new world come from this honored school? What was it in our old city of *Nieuw Amsterdam* that tamed the roysterers and swash-bucklers, and gave grace and goodness to those early colonial years? Is proof wanted as to how much we owe to Leyden University? Is it not recorded and verified, that the best of the Dutch clergy were of Leyden, and settled in New Netherlands? Were they not trained in these very walls? How odd it is that so many of these scholars dropped their Dutch names to take upon themselves Latinized names? There was Carolius Curtius, who had such a fine classical school in *Nieuw Amsterdam* that pupils came to it, from Albany (Port Orange), Delaware, and Virginia. Not to

speak of the Doctors of Divinity—what a corps of medical men came out of Leyden to cure the diseases of early *Nieuw Amsterdam!* There was Jan Croon, Vander Bogaërt, Aldart Swarthout, Jacob Hendrickson, and other names familiar to my own first "Jersey Dutch" constituency, when I represented the West side. Under such recollections, Leyden is not to be despised as a nursery of New York. Medicine was not the only science of Leyden. Many a Leyden jar has been broken by experiments in the laboratory of science, and many a joke cracked at the expense of Leyden professors. Indeed, the first object we see on entering the ancient college is a grim charcoal sketch upon the walls as we go up the stairs to the hall of examination. It is not in the highest style of Dutch art, but it seems to show that the old sense of fun which made these walls ring when the Rip Van Winkles were at their schnapps hundreds of years ago, still remains. This picture is entitled "The Grade to Parnassus." The first personage is a fat professor, with arms raised, blessing a callow youth just matriculated. Then there is a quotation on the door of examination from Dante, indicating that he who enters here leaves hope without. Then, there are pictures of two students, one in the vocative, for has he not failed?—the other hilarious, for he has succeeded. Then the successful one is seen rushing homeward to meet his happy "fader und mudder," who also rush with outstretched arms to greet him; but just there a bear (the name for the "fees" of study) intervenes to dampen the joy; and so on, with much of that lively and homely wit for which the Dutch school in painting is famous, and for which Jan Steen is celebrated. Connected with the university is a garden where all the flowers and plants which Holland gathers from

her possessions are to be found. Java, Sumatra, and Japan are represented. The grounds are beautiful. The trees and shrubs are in flower. The dark red beech, in fact, beeches of every kind—a classic tree, under which these scholars repose—are here. Some are drooping in willowy grace. Here and there are busts of professors of note, and among them the learned Linnæus, decorated with a flower named after himself and of which he was the discoverer.

There is a better way of seeing these Dutch cities than within college walls or botanical gardens. You may go, as we did, to the old round-tower or prison —as old as the beginning of the Christian era. It overlooks the city. It is hardly a ruin yet. It is called the Bourg, and there is a tavern at its foot. Within a quaint court-yard are coops for chickens. They are being fattened for the table. Plenty of edible attractions are inside. But the museum of Leyden is most interesting; not alone for its pictures by the best Dutch masters, but for its old customs here preserved. The old standards of measurement are here, beneath pictures of the syndics and burgomasters who administered the city three hundred years ago. The custodian thought these standards still obtained, and when I explained that astronomy had found the exact distance from the equator to the pole, and constructed a yardstick that was infallible, he cudgelled his brain and enlarged on the ancient woollen advantages of Leyden; and yet a mathematical professor of Leyden, Willebrod Snellurs, it was, who first introduced the true method of measuring latitude and longitude. Pictures representing every stage of woollen manufacture, from the shearing of the sheep to the carding and weaving and testing of the fabric, hung on the walls, while the officials who gave

to the regulations their cogency, looked down upon us in *chiaro-oscuro*, worthy of Rembrandt's compeers. Here was a model of fish in copper, showing how big it must be to be caught—a law which Professor Baird and Seth Green would approve. Here was a measure for the size of the netting—a most valuable advance on our Long Island customs in fishing, of recent date. Here were stamped leaden permits to fish, as well as other symbols of license to carry on other employments. Here were all sorts of measures, from bushels to pints, as standards, and wooden potatoes, too, of a certain size, below which it was illegal to sell. In a glass case were letters carried by pigeons in the time of the siege; and a goblet with the faintest of delicate angels cut upon it by diamond, the only cup of the kind in the world. A map of Holland hung before us in needlework. It cost twelve guilders (as we were told) a meter to make it, while the same work, per meter, would now cost four thousand guilders, an illustration of progress since the middle of the sixteenth century. Our attention is called to a plat of Leyden, on copper, six feet square. Upon this every bit of water and land was marked off, and no one could buy or sell land without a caveat from this standing and permanent witness. In yonder case we find what we have longed to see, the famous touchstone. It bears upon it gold and silver marks, and black ones, too, as evidence that as a detector of counterfeits it has served in its day. We find in this museum much depicted about the siege and the sufferings of the plucky people; and later, the gold keys Napoleon presented to the city as emblematic of that freedom which he accorded to the cities where his brother Louis was, by his imperial grace, made king. Leaving behind us the "largest topaz in the world,"

in the Museum of Natural History, and a piece of native gold, seventeen pounds, and other such sports of nature, we bid good-by to Leyden, and for half an hour survey the black and white cattle upon the green meadows, the succession of windmills, the sheep huddling in groups in the cold air, albeit just shorn, the canals at every angle, with their boats under slow sail, until we reach the river Spaarn, or rather the depot, and are in old Haarlem!

Our first duty is dinner, and we are quickly driven to the hotel. Thoughts of our modern New York Harlem follow us through the quaint streets. The strange people in their wooden klomps (*sabots* in French); the odd little children, such as we see, prim and premature, upon Dutch clocks; the peculiar gables and signs, and above all the canals everywhere, make the picture as full of contrasts as any word-painter could desire. That little Dutch boy in his wooden shoes, is he not a little Vanderbilt making tracks in Harlem? Are there not infantile republican orators making speeches to their confederates around a fruit-stand; rosy Roosevelts shouldering their poles and swishing their lines, to show how fish are caught; juvenile Rip Van Winkles asleep upon the grass, while little Gretchens hover around like fair-haired angels in elaborate womanly attire; possible capitalists building banks in sand—not as substantial as those their big brothers have built in New Amsterdam,—and big, burly Dutchmen and Dutchwomen at every turn, showing that, exhaustive as emigration may be to these old countries, there are resources not yet beginning to be exhausted!

What a language they speak! If it be founded on the same elements as the German, English,

and Scandinavian, it has a softer sound. It doubtless was mellowed by the Spanish rule in spite of all enmities, just as the population, with its fair proportion of dark hair and Andalusian black eyes, has been, as the pictures of the museums show, more or less mingled with Southern blood. The old root of our common tongue, which "never had a syllable of slavery"—is everywhere apparent. The words with which we are familiar from childhood are here, but so curiously spelled. All my prejudices against Mr. Artemus Ward, Mr. Joshua Billings, and our sarcastic friend Nasby are fast vanishing. My love of philology reads every sign, and even the proper names seem to be familiar. We enter the hotel. We are tempted to register our names as from Harlem, New York. There is much room in the register for such aberrations. Are there not seven columns, as big as a census schedule, for some purpose? There is the *Naam en Foenaam; Beroep; Gewone Woonplaats; Plaats van Waar zig Komen; Waneer aangekomen; Plaats werwaarts zig gaan; Bij weinbinner deze stad bekond*, etc. I seek a translator. French and English fail in this hotel. At last, assured that under one of these heads I must write down my business, standing, or something, I write "member of Congress" from *Nieuw Amsterdam*, with an *italic* on the last syllable. We are entertained in princely style in old Haarlem; is it because we are solons? We are not long at dinner, as this is the day the big organ with its five thousand pipes and sixty stops is to play.

We hasten to the church. It is called St. Bavon (John). The church is Gothic; with a vastness which is increased by the lofty square tower, from which one can easily see over most of this low

country, from the Hague to Utrecht. Like nearly all of these splendid structures, this church is of Catholic origin, though it is now Protestant—the dominant religion. The pillars are not fluted, but, having been "cleaned off" to some extent, rare frescos, in rich colors, illustrating old events in Catholic history, come to the light. But there is little decoration besides, except the organ itself, which fills up one end of the vast building, reaching to its vault. It is supported by marble pillars. It is painted white, and is in unison with the white marble figures and the simplicity of the interior. The coat of arms of Haarlem is a crown, sword, and four stars, and the motto three V's—*Vincit vim virtus.* This appears above the organ. On either side are effigies of David, with his harp, and other symbols of melody. Some of the images are lions—more harmonious than those of the zoological garden. The pulpit is richly carved, and the windows let in some religious light. This cathedral does not, however, equal the English minsters and Catholic basilicas. All is severe compared with what is seen in Spain and Italy, or at Westminster and Winchester. Hanging up is an advertisement of "Psalm and verse" for next Sunday. Beneath us, as we walk, are tombs of granite, half worn, showing sometimes date and name and heraldic devices. The ceiling above is oaken and unpainted. There are galleries, supported by porphyry columns. They seem like cloisters. The chairs are plain, with here and there some high pews for the rich. Hanging between the big columns are three or four ships, models of some of those historic "seventy-fours," famous in Dutch sea-fights. They hang over the tomb of Admiral De Ruyter. We see signs, even in the frescos upon the stone of pillars,

of a kind of drapery, which has its counterpart on every festal day in Spain, hanging in gold and scarlet from thousands of balconies. Near the middle of the church are some iron-bound chests, with immense locks, and a hole in the top for contributions, for the poor. They are opened on New Year's Day, and are evidently locomotive, as they rest on sleds and can be pulled around.

But hark! The great organ begins its slow, sweet melody. Slowly and deftly the strands of sound are intertwisted, like the colors of the spectrum, and at last the music bursts forth in a full flood of diapason. One cannot say it peals; it is too musical for thunder, but it swells in choral grandeur, bearing its symphonies with the soul upward through and above the vaulted roofs to the bright blue heaven beyond.

We linger so long, spellbound by the magic of this music, that we forget that the museums are closing, and so content ourselves with a visit to the extensive gardens of the largest company at this mart of flowers. When tulips sold for two thousand dollars a bulb, and the mania was at its height, Haarlem was the capital of the craze. She made the most by it. Even yet the horticulturist, whose grounds we visited, exports crocuses, hyacinths, ranunculuses, and tulips by the hundred thousand. The gambling in these natural beauties is only a reminiscence of a huge and costly joke. The proper medium for estimating the horticultural and agricultural wealth of Holland, is through her pre-eminence in hydraulics and hydrostatics. Did she not transform water into land? Did she not make her "submarine horticulture the despair of all gardeners in the world?"

The rest of our day in Haarlem is spent in driving about for observation of its odd customs. There is

nothing laughable intrinsically in costumes and customs. What may seem odd to us, in the national peculiarities, is certainly not so to other folk; and *vice versa*. Yet there are many curious things in old Haarlem, which we look for in vain in new Harlem. Some of these might be copied by us with advantage; the charities, for instance. We observe an orphan asylum. It bears date about the time Virginia was settled by John Smith. It has an odd sign over the door. It is a cage full of little children. Out of the cage come the beneficiaries. How strangely dressed are the orphan boys and girls we see upon the streets, dressed half black and half red; the boys like the circus clown, one leg and arm of one color, and the other of another; the girls have bodices of black and petticoats of red. These Dutch are the very Pirates of Penzance in their respect to orphans!

We have seen some odd symbols in the museums here. To instance: as the sign that it is the last of a family, a reaper and a death's head is painted black. I am thirsty and want a drink—of water. Outside of a wall is a heavy iron handle with an enormous iron bulb at its end. I see a spout only, and ply the handle, no pump appearing. Some little Dutch yonkers had a laugh at my awkwardness at handling the machine; but as the water is not—safe here I desisted. The signs over the shops are unique. A barber is indicated by a shining brass bowl hung up in front of his shop; an apothecary by the wry face of a man carved in wood with his tongue out! Venetian blinds are on the inside and outside of the windows, and before many windows on the outside are mirrors so arranged that the unseen inmates may see all that passes in the street. Cigar-shops are as common as beer and schnapps-shops. Every one

smokes, from five years old upward—I mean of the sterner sex—and every one of both sexes drinks, and yet we see no one intoxicated. There are no tramps in Holland. We often see warehouses in our own country with a projection from the roof, from which depends a hook to haul up by pulley-power, such merchandise and things as need storage. Here, many private houses are thus accoutred. This is not more *outré* than the mourning habiliments, where the hired undertaker and his sad people wear long black veils from their caps and white ribbons, besides being adorned on the leg to the shanks with tights and shoe-buckles. They seem to mourn over the deceased without a "dejected 'havior of the visage, or fruitful river of the eye." We observe a peculiar vehicle upon the street, a large yellow wagon. It would make a sensation in new Harlem. What is it? No less than the omnibus for collecting dirty clothes to wash; for be it known that Haarlem washes for most of Holland. The Dutch have an abundance of linen and clothes for wear and sleeping, and they wash at long intervals. Haarlem washes for the kingdom. Haarlem is entitled to its prominence as the capital washer. No Chinese need apply there. Everything is painfully neat, especially the streets. There are no towns, unless it be those gems of villages on the Isle of Wight, to compare in exquisite, dainty cleanliness with these places of Holland. They do not burn wood or coal, but peat. This is dug out of the soil in great quantities, and brought by canal to the towns and cities. Everywhere we see alternating with the white fleecy sheep, black and white spotted cows, and the green fields,—the dark and watery peat-beds and piles. They are as much of a Dutch feature as the wooden shoes, the melancholy stork, or the windmill.

These are but the faint etchings of the Haarlem and its environs which we glanced at, and whose interior life we had no time to see. It is not a large city, having but 35,000 people; but it has its grand annals, sung in lyric, recited in history, pictured on canvas, and even reproduced by panorama. The panorama represents the famous seven-months' siege in 1572 and 1573. When Spain had her empire under Charles V. and Philip II., she worshipped no god Terminus, and knew no boundary to her ambition. Silver Peru and auriferous Mexico were honored by her condescension, only to be despoiled. Holland might vie with Spain for the wealth of the Indies, but Spanish ambition sought to extend the sceptre of Latin rule over these lowlands of the North. It was commercial Cadiz *versus* active Amsterdam; splendid Seville against industrious Haarlem; magnificent Malaga against its rival of Rotterdam, and truce to none who were in the fight. Sectarianism and a pride of purple embittered this eighty-year conflict, but self-government and the freedom of trade had their banner in Holland, which neither greed of gold nor chivalry in armor could altogether suppress.

Ascend with me to the old Stadhuis or Town Hall of Haarlem. Make the time, *nunc pro tunc*, in the dead of winter 1572–3, with the piercing northern blasts in full rigor. Look around; first, inside the walls. You need not draw upon your fancy for the picture. Dutch art has consecrated the patriotic horrors of that time, and Dutch type (whose inventor has here his monument) has handed down its stirring tragedies. Men, women, and children wasted by famine—not a thing left to eat; rats, cats, dogs, all consumed; unyielding still, and even when the plague comes as the consequence of famine, still unyielding.

The last horse's head (the illustration here of desperate hunger) is eaten; the infant is draining its last drop of milk from the dead mother; six thousand dead poison the air; and still the beleaguered city is unconquered. Assault upon assault is made upon the walls. The women of Haarlem pour hot oil upon the Spanish host, and still the relentless captains of the Duke of Alva press the siege. At last the besieged grow desperate. They resolve to make a sortie, and, if need be, die, The Spaniards hear of this and offer pardon to all, if only fifty-seven of the chief citizens are given up. The fifty-seven are ready. The city is surrendered. But the terms are violated, and 2,300 of the citizens are murdered—three hundred of whom are tied back to back and drowned in Haarlem Lake. Alas! poor Haarlem. Its 30,000 besiegers had conquered its garrison; but not without feeling the force of heroic resistance by women as well as men; for one woman, Kenau Hasselaer, and her three hundred female soldiers, are already handed down by the muse of history and pictured in the colors and portraiture of the best art of this wonderful and picturesque land.

May I not, therefore, say of old Haarlem that the women are fighting characters! Let him who thoughtlessly wives in Haarlem take heed! Do I need to read of the "desperate Sally" of the Haarlem siege? Is she a character easily to be wooed, or won, or conquered? If you are not chivalric enough to glow over Motley's page which recounts this siege—if you are of a mechanic turn and believe that the days of chivalry and walled towns are gone—go with me through the plantations and villas around Haarlem, to see the famous engines which pumped out a thousand million tons of water, and made out of the lake

of Haarlem those beautiful and useful meadows of green, where the black and white cows and the innocent sheep now ruminate, and where Dutch cheeses, by the million, are made out of stock which knows no guilty watering, and where every wind that blows turns a simple mill which Don Quixote, from Spain, could not conquer, and which beats back at once the river god of old Rhine and the classic god Neptune, in their conspiracy to drown out this heroic land and people.

CHAPTER III.

AMSTERDAM—ITS PEOPLE, INDUSTRIES, AND QUAINT CUSTOMS —A VISIT TO THE PALACE.

"*From pictures past to present time,*
From city sight to rural scene
We turn, and docks with bale and wine,
And fat, fresh fields of quiet kine,
There shaded hamlets, quaint and clean;
And Holland's race, bluff and sublime,
Whose industry and force, I ween,
Have conquered ocean to maintain
A home beneath, as on the main."—T. C. IRWIN.

MUCH the same scenery as I have described appears between the old city of Haarlem and Amsterdam. The latter lies due east. It is crescent-shaped. It is nominally situated upon the river Amstel, which empties into the Rhine; but really it is placed upon the waters generally, being built, at immense cost, upon 13,657 piles. In fact, it is on the rescued bottom of the Zuyder Zee, or something aqueous connected with that sea and its outlets. It is said to be situated upon ninety islands; but no one would guess where they lie, there are so many bridges. In going toward it, upon a pleasant evening in mid-June, we are ourselves happily situated for observation. There is some reproach in travelling "first class," but to have eight seats to yourself, and two large windows and plenty of maps and books—without any discomfort—one may enjoy domestic tranquillity while on a travel of twenty miles an hour.

Besides, in these low countries there is no obstacle to sight. The pied cows are abroad by the thousand. Many of them at least, and especially those which give milk, are covered, as a precaution against the night chills. They look comical in their gray coats. The sheep have fleeces of gold, under the sunset radiance, and little Jasons are watching them. The meadows are equally golden with flowers, with here and there light patches of sunlit cowslips; at least, we take them to be such, as the cows are among them, and are endeavoring, by chewing the cud of meditation, to give a golden tinge to their product of milk, cream, butter, and cheese. On every side are green fields of flax and wheat, red-tiled hamlets and trim spires. Waterways branch in every direction. The windmills swing their long arms under the evening breeze, as if weary with their daily work and longing to rest. The canal-scows (how unromantic!), as if touched with the contagion of ease, hardly seem to move—at least, from our standpoint in the swift train. At every pause you may see the thatched and red-roofed cottages, as snug as your ideal of a home, and around them, the lilacs in full bloom.

At last the red roofs and tall steeples of Amsterdam appear. Soon we are at the Hotel Amstel, by the broad river of that name. We have our supper by the window outlooking upon the river. There is a grand picture upon the stream, which does not go to bed with the sun, and the sun does not retire here now till about nine. This river is not so wide as the Harlem River, New York, but from early morning till long after nightfall, the industrious boats are pulling up and down, or being poled, laden with peat, hay, green grass, vegetables, furniture, and all the products of town and country. It is said that twenty

thousand of the three hundred thousand population of Amsterdam, with their families, make houses of their boats, as at Constantinople. It is not to be wondered at, where so much of the highway is liquid. Little haven steamers ply continually past our vision, laden with passengers, for these are the omnibuses of this northern Venice. A little *batteau mouche* (fly-boat) lies at our wharf. It is the hotel boat, which is hired as a carriage by the hour and bears the guests about the city for a small sum. Across the river and lining the quay are splendid houses, many-storied, with the garniture of fresh summer in front and the Dutch flag floating from their roofs. This is our first glimpse of this opulent northern city of the sea. This glimpse is no revelation of its wonderful and complex beauty, urban and suburban. No one but a Dutch painter, with the native skill for fine portraiture of every detail, could represent to the eye this city of ramparts turned into promenades and boulevards, narrow and broad streets, or little and big canals, and of limited and unlimited views. If the American think that he monopolizes the comforts of neat street-cars, or if he think that the elevated trains are more comfortable than the fleet conveyances of cities abroad, let him observe the working of the tramways of Amsterdam and other Dutch cities. Not only are they limited as to the number of passengers—sixteen inside, six in front, and six in the rear, and all accommodated—but no one infringes the rule. At every corner they give time to the incoming and outgoing passenger; and their time of movement is as regular as that of a Dutch clock. It is useless to remark upon the uniform cleanliness of the streets. They are each and all alike as tidy as the best housewife could wish.

Our first venture at sight-seeing was at the palace. This is the most elegant and interesting structure in the city. It has 13,000 piles under it, and is over two hundred years old. The cupola is one hundred and fifty feet high. The square upon which it fronts is ornamented with an elegant monument. It marks the original Dam! The square is called "The Dam." No dam appears now, for the square is solid pavement; but the various imagery of the monument contributes to impress upon the beholder the fact that the place has once been dammed. Excuse this "damnable iteration," but one cannot picture Holland without these expletives, which represent innocence as well as utility. The proper place to start from, in gathering your impression of Amsterdam, is the Dam. Its palace is rich in art treasures. The father of the French Emperor Louis Napoleon III. here lived, when king of Holland. He converted this building into a palace. It was only the "dam town hall" before, and its custodians seem to take a pride in their municipal memories, as they impress this local fact on the visitor. The interior is of fine white marble, and bas-reliefs over all the doors. Red, blue, and yellow brocade hangings are upon the walls and chairs. The chapel is all marble, and is superb. With its high, domed roof, and throne at one end, with old Atlas bearing up the world at the other, the ball-hall has no equal. We passed into the ancient Bankruptcy Court-room. Its pictures are characteristic. One bas-relief shows how the rats have gnawed the money-bags; and what with broken clasps and locks, the bankrupt idea is portrayed to the eye. Other paintings are patriotic. There is an attractive one illustrating how Van Speyke blew up his ship, in 1830, rather than surrender it to the Belgians, on the

division of the Netherlands. But why undertake to catalogue the rare paintings in this or in other collections? We have visited the famed private galleries, those of De Horp, Van Loon, and Six, wherein are gathered all the rarest works of the Dutch school. That is a fine tribute to art which this city has given in the splendid monument in one of its squares, to Rembrandt, who was born here.

One tires at the endless list of these industrious artists. We see their works in Paris and London, and I am told that at St. Petersburg there are chambers dedicated to these particular Dutch genii. Teniers, Rubens, Vandyck, Wouverman, Dow, and others put in perpetual appearance here and elsewhere, wherever gold can buy or taste appreciate the finest of fine art. Everywhere you are haunted by Rembrandt, whose pictures are said to be painted by a star on the night! Everywhere are Paul Potter's landscapes "sweet with kine," and instinct with a love for the dumb life of the field! Everywhere you meet the shining steel and copper of the kitchen, and the rosy cheeks, yellow petticoats, stiff satin robes and rich laces, brown cabinets and delicate china of Jan Steen. Everywhere, Vandervelde illustrates his marine views,—bearing the flaming men-of-war and high argosies of commerce!

But we are forgetting nature. Let us ascend to the cupola of the palace, if only for a *coup d'œil* of the splendid city and its environs. An ancient warder, over six feet high, in uniform, and with a deep bass voice and speaking good English, is our guide. From this "coign of vantage" in the cupola, may be seen, to the east, the Zuyder Zee, fringed with a white surf, and its connections. The green pastures alternate

with the sparkling waters as far as we can discern. The towns of Zandam and Broeck (the cleanly) are easily discernible a dozen miles away, while under our eye is the monument I have remarked upon, to the first "dam"; and on the other side is the rear view of the bronze image of Atlas, on the palace front, and the grand "New Church" (three hundred years old) upon still another side of the square of "the dam." The air blows keenly into the cupola across these level lands from the Zuyder Zee, but it is tinged with the fragrance of the intervening meadows. I ask our custodian how he warms the palace in winter, as I saw no evidences of caloric in the halls or rooms.

"Oh! we carry bags of hot water in our arms, over our breasts—so!"

"Why don't you carry some schnapps inside your breasts—so! and keep warm?"

"We do that, too," said our Hercules, with an inflammatory moisture of his eye and a ruddier tinge to his nose at the fond recollection.

These free exchanges of convivial thoughts melt the ice of reserve, and we become communicative, only to be interrupted by the chime of forty-eight bells playing some air from the opera of the "Prophet." The big bell then strikes twelve, and we renew the high communications. Our conductor has been at a loss as to our nationality. When he learns that we are Americans, he becomes still more and more communicative. He regrets that he did not thirty years ago leave Holland for America.

"I had it all fixed with a companion," he said. "He went alone. He is rich now in money and honors, and is a senator! Here am I, only doing the honors of a royal palace."

"Yes," I said, "you might have been rich too, and honored, but you could not have been President. You never drove a canal-boat!"

"What!" he said, somewhat dazed at my abruptness. "I was raised on a canal."

"Well, your children would have been eligible, but our Constitution limits the office of President to native-born persons, and we have just elected a native canal-boat driver to be President!"

He was not suspicious nor surprised at my remark. Perhaps he was incredulous. I had some doubts whether I was not guilty of some sort of deception.

He led us around the cupola, and there we had a clear view of Holland. "That," said he, pointing westward to two towers on the horizon, "that is Haarlem—Haarlem of the famous siege!"

"We, too," I remarked, "have our Harlem, but it is not so old or quiet, or, perhaps, so courageous as yours. We," said I, thinking with pride of the Dutch names of our early history, "we were once *Nieuw Amsterdam*. You beat us on the *dams*, but we are ahead in population, if not in canals. It was with chagrin that we were transferred to the British yoke from the Hollandish. We remained with our step-mother till our *dams* got too frequent, and then we set up for ourselves."

"Yes," he said, with a melancholy gleam of fun, "everypody vat komes here talks of everyting being *dams*, and they laughs."

To which I responded, inquiringly, "How many dams have you got, anyhow?"

"Dere's Amster*dam*, and Rotter*dam*—"

"Yes, we know them; these *dams* are household words with us!"

"And Schurdam, and Monnekdam, and Eidam, and Oosdam, and Zandam, and Schiedam."

"Oh! yes," I interrupted, "Schnapps—Schiedam?"

"Yah! yah! Everytings is *dam*."

"Any more?" I asked anxiously.

"Opigen*dam*, and Winnen*dam*, and Vollen*dam*, and Wit*dam*, and Derger*dam!*"

My wife here became horrified, remarking that she believed I came to this country to do profanity with impunity; for I had the old A-*dam* in me. I reconciled her by the gentle remark that she herself was a *dame;* whereat the royal custodian, pointing down to the monument, to the one *fons et origo* of all the *dams*, again remarked:

"Everytings is dam, *dam*, DAM!"

Then we descended and started for the Zoological Gardens. Remembering a menagerie bill, posted near my rooms in Washington, where some swearing urchin had changed "Adam Forepaugh the showman," into "Dam Forepaugh," I concluded that profanity might be associated even with such gentle associations as the roaring Bengal tiger and the raging rhinoceros. Amsterdam is not less noted for her charities, than for her zoological institution. The garden is superior to the Zoo of London or the Jardin at Paris, at least in the quality of its animals, if not the beauty of its grounds. The animals with which we disported were very interesting. They certainly, with one exception, seemed to be favorably inclined to Americans. Loaded with a variety of food for their gratification, we enjoyed the monkeys, and then the hippopotami. There are two of these pachydermatous mightinesses here; and we are informed by their keeper that they are old members of the association, being twenty-one years resident. They are quite tame, and the largest of their

kind. The female has given birth to seventeen young ones. Their keeper called them up to the bars, and, on a signal, he opened their ponderous jaws, while he handled their adipose insides—gills, tongues, etc.—as far down as his arm could reach. I wanted to try it, but my guardian angel, near, prevented.

"What would be said of you if you should lose your arm in the jaw of a Dutch hippopotamus?"

"I should be," I rejoined, "a one-armed Congressman; and if I ever ran again, how popular I should be!"

On giving the keeper a guilder (forty cents), he made them howl like the forty bulls of Bashan, by a signal in an adjacent room. Twice he did this, by thumping his wooden shoes on the floor; the brutes being under water! He must have had some occult mechanism, by which he pricked them from the other room. I suggested that a pin in their tender dermis would answer the sagacious suspicion. But the elephant captivated us. He took bread and coin in his trunk from us with equal facility, depositing the bread in his mouth and the coin in a box. He could tell the difference between a copper and a silver coin. The former he treated with contempt, the silver with as much tenderness as if he were on the Monetary Conference. I tried some familiarities with a llama from South America. He was willing to eat of my bread; but how did he repay the kindness? He spit at me, to the utter disgust of the camel, who got up his back. But pachydermata are not peculiar to Amsterdam, although the facility of the Dutch for obtaining fine beasts from their East Indian colonies is unequalled; and, being Government importations, there is no protective tariff upon them, as there is upon the elevated giraffe and

four-handed anthropoids, with which the American youth are pleased withal.

In a sketch of Amsterdam, it would not be out of place to record our visit to the diamond-cutting establishment. There diamond cuts diamond, after much delicate employment of handiwork and machine work. Literally, the dust of the diamond, the essential atomy of the carbon, is used to cut out the flaws, and thus illustrate the iris. How the diamond is polished by its own dust is not altogether a moral or a rhetorical performance; but with the acid of amalgamized zinc and quicksilver and a quick revolving plate the condensed charcoal, which gleams so splendidly upon my lady's parure, is here made to order by that alone which is its parallel—its own infinitesimal crystals!

Nor can I describe the ship-building, which, ever since Peter the Great learned his trade in Holland, has been carried on with more certainty and skill, not to say permanency, than by our inventive and adventurous people.

If I had time, what pictures could be produced of the flora which is here abundantly and tastefully cultivated. For all this—as well as for the embellishments of home and garden—I can only refer to the museums, where are stored the richest specimens of Dutch industry, Delft-ware. Here, too, is pictured with wonderful particularity of outline and color every feature of this rare city of the northern seas. Within a few miles of these evidences of wealth and taste over the Zuyder Zee to the Isle of Maarke, in undisturbed repose, the yellow-haired and blue-eyed Hollander fishes and lives, worships and worries, dresses and deports himself, much as he did when the Danes made their piratical incursions into Great Britain, or the Romans planted their eagles upon the chalky cliffs of Albion.

CHAPTER IV.

DUTCH PICTURES, FARMS, CHEESE, FACTORIES AND BIBLE HOUSE—OPULENCE OF HOLLAND.

"Oh, Holland is a barren place,
In it there grows nae grain,
Nor ony habitation
Wherein for to remain;
But the sugar canes are plenty,
And the wine draps frae the tree,
But the lowlands of Holland
Hae twined my love and me."—BURNS.

THE bonny verse of the Scotch bard which begins this chapter is an ironic tribute to that artistic, social and physical wealth, out of which so much of the happiness of Holland flows.

A student like Motley could not fail to comprehend the vastness of these resources; and it would seem like adding another hue to the rainbow—to add more pen pictures to the grand gallery which his historic genius has portrayed. He wrote out of a full heart and abundant repertoire; but he wrote of the past. He tells us truly and with the particularity of a Dutch picture, some of the evidences, two centuries ago, of the thrift of Holland:

"In every brach of human industry these republicans took the lead. On that scrap of solid ground, rescued by human energy from the ocean, were the most fertile pastures in the world. On those pastures grazed the most famous cattle in the world. An ox often weighed more than two thousand pounds. The cows produced two and three calves at a time, the sheep four and five lambs. In a sin-

gle village four thousand kine were counted. Butter and cheese were exported to the annual value of a million, salted provisions to an incredible extent. The farmers were industrious, thriving, and independent. It is an amusing illustration of the agricultural thrift and republican simplicity of this people that on one occasion a farmer proposed to Prince Maurice that he should marry his daughter, promising with her a dowry of a hundred thousand florins."

It was in many senses, a godsend to the new hemisphere, when these thrifty habits were transported to America; and especially when there came in their company, those qualities of manhood, which are yet found in the distinctive characteristics of their descendants.

Is it surprising, therefore, that we desired a close inspection of some of these rare results of this industrious race?

It is a significant and great fact that the unseen world has had most to do with moulding the seen world. Whether in art or arms, that which lasts longest as historic souvenirs refers to the religions of mankind. What would the annals of the European people be without the cathedral and church? They not only preserve, but are in themselves relics. Pompeii may be uncovered, or a Viking ship dug from the sands; but such instances are rare. Go into any one of the galleries at the capitals of Europe. What strikes you first? Is it not the innumerable throng, with their repetitions, of biblical themes depicted by art? Whether it be Samson or Judith, the massacre of the Innocents or the crucifixion of the Saviour, the figures and martyrdom of apostles or the bloody battles for and against the faith and among its contending zealots,—everywhere there is glorified by the plastic hand of genius, representations of the spiritual life in its various phases. This statement is something more than a platitude to those

who walk the galleries and churches abroad. It sometimes becomes a burden to a traveller who desires in each country to see peculiar and national characteristics portrayed. It is sometimes a relief even to find an old classic theme, such as the hateful figure of Silenus, upon the canvas.

Holland is not altogether an exception to this rule. Her galleries of pictures contain much of biblical meaning and more of the heroism in defence of religion; but, of all the countries I have seen, Holland has less of this iterative quality upon spiritual subjects. In one gallery at Leyden we saw this exemplified. There was a picture of Job and his friends, and boils all over the patient man; Daniel in the den, with a most meek and lovely trio of lions; and several pictorial and theological apologues, where devils in every shape of hideousness and hell in every kind of devouring flame were represented; but Holland, notwithstanding these instances, is most distinguished for her own local color in art. Her art never failed to catch the features of her Burgomasters and Boers, with all the lights and shades of her town and country life. In manifold detail, from pasture to kitchen, from birth to death, even down to such simple particulars as seem too mean for art, the Dutch School has excelled. Whether it be Paul Potter painting his famous bull, or Rembrandt his dissection of a cadaver, or Jans Steen some of his comical, homely studies, the domestic in Holland predominates. Her history is in her pictures.

Amidst the advancing elements of our electric and steam civilization, Holland changes less than any other nation. She preserves in many places, most distinctly, her old costumes and habits and the individuality and simplicity of her people. The steam-engine

may be disturbing many old and picturesque usages—such as the windmill, as a motor to pump out the meadows and keep back the sea; but upon her roads and canals, at her fishing isles, and in her cities and *cafés*, the spirit of the elder time prevails, so that he who runs through Holland may read its history.

After making the round of her red-roofed cities and towns, with their attractions—like Leyden, Haarlem, the Hague, Scheveningen, and Amsterdam; after seeing in pleasant repetition, her grand forests and wide meadows, her little gems of gardens and their variety of flowers, her marvellous dykes and windmills, her black and white colored cows *ad infinitum*, and her newly-shorn sheep by the thousands we resolve to see the inside of a Dutch dairy farm and its house. We resolve to go where the industries were to be found, consummate in those prolific results which make the moral quality of family and state; and which were transported to New York two hundred and more years ago, and which remain to-day as fruitful as ever in these green lowlands. We resolve on a day among the meadows, aloof from the city, after the miracles of sunshine and rain had given fresh blossom and a resurrected life.

Accordingly, in this middle of June, with the aid of our Dutch guide, "Yosef," we procure a *landau*, as a precaution against the rain, and start for a famous cheese-farm along the canal and in the direction of the Zuyder Zee. We intend to make a useful day of it, although it be Sunday. To conform to the customs, one must here seek "the open" on the Sabbath and commune with Nature, for it is one of the curious and romantic customs of the Hollander to have his gayly-painted *buyteplaats*, or garden-house out of the city, where, with family, pipe, and sweet

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meditation, he may sit, drink, and smoke until the stroke of nine on his cuckoo clock on Monday morning recalls him to his city home and his serious labor.

Our excursion comprehended three things: a visit as well to the farmhouse as to the neat villages of Broeck and Monnekedam and to the fishing isle of Maarka. These meadows, so full of cattle and sheep, are as green as the tiles of the houses are red. Some of the main roads for fifty miles and more in this country are made of hard-burnt brick; but the road we take is a good pike and runs along the canal, on which are Sunday boats of all kinds, out for a gala day. Now and then we pass a Boer (peasant) wagon, made of oak or painted like oak, as huge as a Russian carriage or a Jersey wagon. Lines of sand-hills, or the dykes, and now and then a "little risin' greound," as the Yankee traveller described the Alps, shut in the view. Here and there a few horses are seen in the field; one especially disporting himself, to the amusement of the sedate kine, by chasing a big, disgruntled hog all around the field.

At length, five miles east of Amsterdam, we stop in front of a square pyramidal house, mostly roof and cellar. Its roof is very steep. We enter a long hall, as clean as a well-scoured copper kettle in a Dutch painting. We find in the room many divisions, like stalls. They are well sanded and shells are scattered in the sand. Here and there are many-hued stones, set in tasteful fresco, and borders of brick, painted in red and black. Then a pathway is laid with carpet over the bricks, and then some matting, on which we walk. The long hall had all the appearance of a varnished, elegant, decorated gallery. The walls were covered with plates, pans, and pails, in rows above,

vessels of all kinds of contrivance for kitchen and field, polished to a brightness whose dazzling sheen is only to be found in the pictures to which I have referred as illustrative of Dutch home-life, or in the fabled diamond shield which Spenser gives to Prince Arthur in Fäerie-land. This hall of the colors—with its domestic garniture of scales, weights, ware, shells, pipes, cradles, and tubs, all as neat as a fresh-laid egg—is a cow-stable! Aye, verily. This is summer, and the cows are out on the yellow-decked meadows. Their winter-home is dressed thus cleanly and gaudily for the family in summer. These divisions are for thirty-eight milk-cows, and certain conveniences appear, on close inspection, for their housing beneath the glistening and colored exterior of this summer dress. We pass into another apartment. It is cool, sweet and neat. We are conducted by a young son, the family being out on a Sabbath excursion. He points out—in a few Dutch phrases, that sound a good deal English, being homely words—this and that piece of utility for making cheese. Here are fifty nice, round, yellow, fat cheeses, salted down in long basins and undergoing hardening. They are the same seen in the shops in their bright red color, and when cut—as we cut one of them for our lunch—gave their golden beauty to the eye and their lusciousness to the tooth and tongue.

The various stages of the milk until it reaches this delectable form is explained to us, as lid after lid is lifted from the casks. In this cheese-hall are mirrors and other articles of domestic use. There, attached to the wall, is a knife to "sknide" the bread, and here, hanging over a fireplace, where smoulders some peat, are two octagonal brass medallions, nearly a foot in diameter. I ask their meaning. "Only lessons,"

the gentle youth responds. I read them: "*Die op God ver troudt heef opgeen Zerk of Steen Geboudt.*"

"What is that, Joseph?"

He translates: "He who thinks of God, God will think of him." A splendid lesson for any kind of factory, cheese or otherwise. Here is the other: "*Hoogom Hoog het hardtnaar boven hier benedeis het Niet.*" The free translation of Joseph is: "Mount! Mount upward! There is nothing below here!" How near this translation comes to the spirit of the strange decoration in this establishment let the learned Dutchmen determine. I offered the boy a guilder for the two lessons, and may hang them up in my committee-room at Washington, for instruction, that the members "may be thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Out of this resplendent cow-stable, up a few steps and under the same roof, and we are in the house proper. We soon ascertain that the family are Catholic and every symbol of their faith is about the rooms. "St. Pawet" is the favorite saint. Joseph and Mary appear in China images; as also copies of the Madonna by Murillo, with a beautiful little altar and holy candles, ready for lighting. A book of prayer lies upon a splendid old sideboard of exquisite workmanship. Before the bed; which is within the wall, stowed as on shelves, is a cup of holy water and every evidence of a most pious regard for their faith appears amidst a profusion of tasteful imagery of every kind. One thing we notice within the bed-curtains—a rope and handle for the rheumatic or lazy to raise themselves. Also within the bed—a good sample of Dutch neatness—were the dresses, hung up to be cleaned and when brushed, to be put away in bureaus, with a tidiness that was painful to the ordinary American mind. Canary cages, pipes, and pic-

tures of the sad fate of Genevieve, together with the inevitable Dutch clock and a good portrait of the present pope, make up a *tout-ensemble* of this Dutch household. When we entered this sanctuary of neatness and piety, I noticed the boy drop his wooden shoes at the door, as if he trod on consecrated ground. He moved about as Moslems do within their mosques, unsandaled and reverent.

We go out to see the surroundings. There is the canal at several angles, and the geese and ducks. In a stable are the little black and white calves; and near by, but not unpleasant, as we feared, is the pig-sty. The walls of the house were covered with grape-vines, and altogether the outside was a fair counterpart of the inside.

Entering our carriage, we prepare on the way a locomotive *al fresco* lunch, with the cheese made within this pious home as the *pièce de resistance*, and some champagne, which gave its sparkle to the sunshine. Over bridges, past the green fields and hedges, surveying numberless cattle, we reach the quaint village of Monnekedam. Here we leave our team to feed and take a fishing-boat for the Isle of Maärka. The boat, or its captain and mate, had been advised by telegraph to be ready. They, boat and all, are in Sabbath rig. Upon the bridge, when we sail, are crowds of villagers, in their native costumes, as curious about us as we are about them.

An hour's sail over the Zuyder Zee, and we are within the piles which make a tiny harbor to this quaint isle. How flat everything looks! The houses are, indeed, like pyramids, as we cannot see their lower story over the dykes. Even the windmills (there are ten thousand of them in Holland) are seen in their wings, as they swing defiantly at any

Don who presumes to challenge them. The captain cannot speak a word of English; but we have a medium in Joseph. He translates to us a story of the captain's, about ten thousand Spanish coins being fished out of the Zuyder Zee a week before by a net. We ask him if it was "not a miraculous draught." He appreciates the allusion. We ask: "Were the coins in the fishes' mouth?" Again he shows his apostolic and piscatorial education by a significant smile. We talk, albeit it is Sunday, of the *dams* of Holland, and how the vast meadows but thirty years before were a part of the Zuyder Zee, with its saline sterility; of the future projects to rescue more acres; and at last we are moored within the little Bay of Maärka, where terrene objects appear.

The isle has but a few hundred folk on it. Within the harbor, in perfect rows, like the plates in the cow-stable, are a hundred fishing vessels, with nets dangling and drying from the masts. All the houses are upon tiles. Every door is open and all the population are out to receive us. Somehow, the villagers have gained the impression that "we" are a dignitary from a "far contree." I think Joseph has diffused this costly idea.

The men look odd, in their caps and baggy breeches. There is enough of stuff in one pair for a half dozen of mine. The women wear kirtles, gathered into belts at the waist, with three-cornered ties at the neck, and caps. Such caps! They did not have the silver or gold cuirass upon the head, and the dangling metalic balls, spirals, and jewellery over hair, ears, and cheek, like the fisherwomen we saw about Scheveningén; but still these islanders have the costumes of the *Pays Bas*, and they seemed as if just out of the ark, in their primitive simplicity.

We had seen female Kabyles in Africa and the gay dames in interior Corsica, and had visited their hovels and houses; but for neatness and oddity we never saw in all our travels such quaint devices to make the gentler sex attractive.

But who can describe the children here, of both sexes? You cannot tell one sex from the other by the dress or looks, except this, that on the neat little cap on their heads is a patch for the boys and none for the girls! All wear the wooden shoe. The young maidens are out in their Sunday clothes—colored and figured silk bodices of red, white sleeves, and the plain linen band, *à la* Turkish, over the forehead. They are quite coquettish. As we land, they rush up to us and introduce, with much hilarity, a newly-married couple. The bridegroom wears, for a mark of recent subjectivity, a stovepipe hat. This, with his big, bulgy pants, gives the impression of a sober, melancholy Piute just off the reservation. He carries about in his mouth a long, white clay pipe, decorated with white and red flowers. He is not allowed to smoke. He looks sheepish as he is presented, while the bride looks radiant and mischievous in her yellow hair, banged to her eyebrows and curled above them, to give a strangeness never even conceived by a Dutch painter of the grotesque. Her cheeks are lilies and roses. Roses? Peonies, and full-blown! Such cheeks! such ultra-marine blue to the eye! Such awkwardness of gait as these images of the twelfth century have, as they move about their isle in groups, with knuckles on their hips and their arms akimbo! You cannot find their counterpart at Castle Garden; for this is Sunday at home and they are in their best traditional clothes, and these never appear at our port of entry. My

wife caught one of the little elfs, to examine the make of her cap. After a few preliminary tears, and much fluttering, and a piece of coin from my pocket, the little girl held still long enough to show that the inside of the head-dress was a white cap and over it one of red, but smaller. Their little bodices are beyond my power to photograph. Every one bows, with a "*Guten Dag*," the men lifting the index finger to their yellow hair.

We are requested to visit the biggest woman on the island. She weighed two hundred pounds when eleven years! She is now fifty years of age. I shudder before the adipose conclusion. Arithmetic is confounded! She is a monster; but she got about her little, neat house to show us her cabinet, two hundred years old, from her great-grandmother. Joseph was jolly about her fat hand. She intimated to him that, if he felt it, it would surprise him still more.

The population followed us to the boat. We threw coins to the children, who, like other mortals, had a scrabble for them; then a quarrel; then a convocation and an equitable arrangement; and, thus leaving these primitive folks, we sailed over the Zuyder Zee, by the pleasant light of a sweet Sabbath evening.

On our way, we visited the village of Bröeck. At all the doors the shoes were out when the people were in. It is not true that carriages are forbidden in this town; but it is true that the streets are as neat as the inside of the houses, and they are the perfection of cleanliness. The town has nine hundred people. They are well off, too. Their costumes show quaintness, but refinement. The houses are wooden and painted of various colors. The tiles are polished.

The streets are of brick, or little stones painted and set in patterns. It is said that even the king had to take off his boots when going into Bröeck. No such requisition was made of us, sovereign though we were.

We pass near Zaandam, where Peter the Great learned ship-building. It is also clean, almost to a sense of the ridiculous.

As we leave for the mainland, some two hundred of the good people give us a hurrah. Whether they had forgotten that it was Sunday, or whether they exaggerated our importance,—we dashed out of this part of Dutchland in a style that would chagrin an African potentate.

On our way back, we made a Sabbath call at the famous "Bible House" of Amsterdam. Over the canal we had seen the sign, and that it was kept by "Hardenbergh." We knew this already from our brother-in-law, son of the late Dr. Hardenbergh, of New York. He was of the descendants of the old Dutch stock. Though I will not avouch that any of the family kept a hotel, but that they did and do keep a Bible, I am prepared to assert. The object of our visit is seen as a sign—an open Bible, gilt-edged—over the hospitable door of this ancient hostelry. But the elderly aspect of the hotel is not so apparent. Nor is the continence which belongs to early Christianity and a Bible House observable within, for everything toothsome and bibulous in a French *menu* or a Dutch larder may here be had. Strawberries and chops, champagne and asparagus; and plenty of cheerful talk in a pentecostal polyglot, by travellers from every clime. Ushered into the lunch-room overlooking the River Amstel, we call for all we want, including the earliest Bible known to

Dutch art. We examine the sacred, doubly sacred volume, its quaint wood-cuts, and its strange trade-mark of the printer; and, turning from the singular wine-cooler at our feet to the inspired Word at our elbow, we wonder not a little that a hotel should be a Bible House; and yet, all reverently may I not say it, in this connection,—we see shining through these old types and shadows of the past the light of a calm and beautiful inspiration for a life "beyond the stars," to be pursued with the calm and constant courage of those who gave to Holland its charters of independence and this Book of books.

I ask the custodian of the sacred volume for its history and that of the house where we find it. This it is, as I gather it from his manuscript:

"The earliest record that can be traced of the Bible Hotel is that Jacob Van Liesveld, on the site of the present hotel, had a printing establishment. It was in this building that he printed and published the first Bible issued in Holland, a copy of which, dated 1542, is still in possession of the Hotel and is the one before us."

It is in excellent preservation, being protected by a modern binding. It is a valuable and beautiful specimen of early printing. In fact, to my idea, it surpasses many vaunted recent editions which I have seen.

During the working of the Reformation in Holland, it is said that Jacob Van Liesveld, in consequence of his religious views, was forced to leave Holland, and effected his escape through one of the back windows of this house. He was successful in reaching Antwerp, where, however, his ill fortune followed him, as it is recorded that, shortly after his arrival there, he was summoned before the authorities, was found guilty, and executed. The account further says that, from the hands of Van Liesveld, the prem-

ises passed into the possession of a Scotch family, bearing the name of Cattermerole, the first of whom converted the building into an inn, and, with the national shrewdness, and with a view, it is supposed, of making some capital out of his godliness, the building was consecrated by his sign of "The Bible" and by painting upon the sign the twenty-third verse of the fifth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy:

"Drink no longer water,
But take a little wine."

This is the style in which the account was given me in writing. It was also remarked in this account that the same sign which now does duty, was carved on wood by Cattermerole the First, after the building had been in the hands of Van Liesveld. It was held by the Cattermeroles until fifteen years ago. Then it was taken by Mr. Hardenberg, Senior, who was succeeded by his son. To what worldly uses it has been put since the death of the son, by the present proprietor, Mr. Werker, is advertised by the paper, in the following peculiar conclusion;

"Said Mr. Werker continues still to introduce improvement and embellishment, so as to render the house, if possible, more comfortable and attractive."

"Copied for Sir S. S. Cox,
by Rudolf Jonas,
Oberkellner,
Bible Hôtel,
from Cologne on the Rhine."

With this kindly effort by this *garçon* and scrivener who supplied us at the Bible House and whose office may be deciphered from his manuscript, I must close these chapters by remarking that no people which in my various wanderings I have witnessed can compare in interest with those of this strange

land. Besides, has not the land itself been rescued from Neptune by the genius and preserved by the vigilance of a hardy and honest people? In the daily beauty of their industrious lives is exemplified the verse of Longfellow:

> "Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees it close;
> Something attempted, something done
> Has earned a night's repose."

They may have no conspicuous annals just now in this year of grace 1881. Happy is that nation that has no annals. True, they have no part to play now in the conflicts of Europe. Their possessions in the East and West Indies are held quietly and prosperously; their peasant offspring (the Boers) have illustrated in South Africa, against British encroachment, the same qualities which resisted Spanish tyranny and insolence three hundred years ago, and which dared to found its colonies under new skies, like our own Nieuw Amsterdam, by fixing their foundations on piety and probity.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE WAY TO THE FAR NORTH—FROM HOLLAND TO DENMARK—AND FROM COPENHAGEN TO CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

"Path of the Dane to fame and might,
Dark-rolling wave!"—LONGFELLOW.

IT was not without reluctance that we left the Hotel Amstel, at Amsterdam. Holland had begun to grow upon us. The limning we had made of its features, had assumed color and brightness. The very hotel where the invalid Swedish queen was staying, was adorned, in its stairways and corridors with flowers, whose fragrance filled the air. However, the day is fixed for the grand phenomenon in the Boreal country, beyond the Arctic Circle; and luxury and comfort must give way to early rising and extended travel. It was a long ride to Hamburg,—the third commercial emporium of Europe. The landscape is level, cut up with canals and cultivated with tasteful if not remunerative toil. Before ten at night our eyes behold the double and reflected lights and gay aspect around the lake, in the heart of Hamburg. The morning view from our balcony is lovely, with the dawn at three; and at breakfast we pass the custom-house at Altona. The long day through the former Danish provinces of Schleswig and Holstein is shortened by the novelty of the scenes; though miles of peat beds and hundreds of

windmills, appear monotonous after a few hours of gazing. Numerous small water-wheels are pumping water into ditches out of the peat beds; and uncultivated moors add to the monotony. One incident happened. We left our umbrella in the cars; and as an illustration of the regard to the *meum et tuum*, which obtains among these people, we afterwards found it at our hotel in Norway, forwarded as if it were actual property, and at a cost too small to record!

Denmark is made up of isles. Consequently boat-riding alternates and relieves the rail cars. We cross by steamer, the two "Belts;" and without much incident, we reach Copenhagen, by bedtime. English is everywhere spoken on the route, and the officers on boat and rail, are examples of attentive courtesy Indeed, politeness is the chief characteristic of the Dane, which he supplements with a love of pleasure, which has earned for Copenhagen, the soubriquet of the Vienna of the north.

It was not our purpose to linger long in Denmark. The time for sailing toward the North Cape being inexorably fixed, we prepared to ignore this gay and interesting city. Our plan was in part frustrated, and we determined to see something of this chief city of the three realms which make up the ten millions of Scandinavians. But that something can only be herein hinted. A week we gave to Copenhagen; and we deducted it from the unpleasant sea voyages, from Copenhagen to Christiana, and from Christiania to Bergen and Trondhjem. We reasoned that there was less resistance to locomotion in the air and on the earth, than in the air and by water. Besides, had we not had some ocean experiences, which we were not desirous to repeat?

This,—added to the bad reputation of the Categat, Skager-Rack and North Sea, for stability, led us to linger in the Danish capital, and to make our way by land, through south-western Sweden.

Our courier here has proved an invaluable guide and companion. His name is Réné. He is a Dane, and quite unlike in his spirit to the melancholy Hamlet. Yet he is philosophical withal, and has a supreme contempt for the tragedy which Shakespeare has located at Elsinore, among the windmills on that stern and stormy steep! He does not believe in ghosts, nor the cock that crowed for their departure to the tomb at dawn, but he affirms that Hamlet was a Prince of Jutland. He admits that the father was poisoned, and that his death was revenged by the son. Réné has been an opera singer in the chorus, and can talk in several tongues. He is master of the languages of Scandinavia, and, being adept in German, French, and English, he is master of our situation. He regulates with equal skill our customs duties and our exchequer.

The most attractive feature of Copenhagen, is the Thorwaldsen Gallery. In a city of two hundred thousand people—full of museums of art and science, and edifices for education and library—surrounded by pleasure grounds of rare trees and taste, with groups of water-ways and lakes; with a restless and joyous people, ever busy on the marts of commerce and in the factory and shop,—it is noteworthy and praiseworthy, that the pervading *genius loci*, is the name, fame and work of its great and gifted artist. The churches are not more conspicuous,—the towered Vor Frelsero overlooking the harbor on the Armager Isle, not more commanding, the spired exchange not more supreme, as external attractions, than the univer-

sal domination over Danish thought and pride, of the Icelandic ship-carpenter's son,—the pupil of Canova, Thorwaldsen. The museum was arranged by himself, on his return to Copenhagen from Rome. It contains three hundred of his pieces. It is his mausoleum. His studio and unfinished work are in the gallery. His industry, as exhibited here, is only rivalled by his "fine art." We are carried home in fancy, by seeing amidst this rare assemblage of his creations,—the original of his Venus,—a copy of which in pure Carrara, adorns our library.

While wandering within this Pompeian and Etruscan architecture, our guide happens to mention that the Folksthing and Lanthing—which combined make the Parliament,—is in session. How quickly the enchantment of Art dissolved before this temptation! Being interested in law-making at home, and especially in having a commodious and convenient chamber, under our forthcoming reapportionment, I desert Thorwaldsen's marble glories, for the forum. The chambers are of the ordinary kind, semi-circular, with the throne and chair of royalty at the end; and the seat of "Mr. Speaker" beneath. A finance question was under debate in both branches; but the discussion was not as inflammatory as the red velvet trimmings, nor as boisterous as those in the French Deputies and English Parliament, which I had visited a few weeks before.

We visit the Prindseus palace gallery. It is very large, having more than twenty rooms. The masters are of the new schools. Their names are novel and most of them Danish. We are reminded of our expected delight, by a rare painting of the midnight sun,—in the very acme of its "afterglow." The Round Tower, one of the six now in existence, we

perceive on our drive about the city. It is nine stories, with small mullioned windows, and was doubtless a fortress of the early years.

In reviewing this week of pleasure, nothing seems to excel, in exultant delight, the drive to the watering place five miles away. It is a small village; but the excursion takes us through the deer park, where a thousand antlered timidities await the royal chase. It is a wonderful forest. The trees are tall and stately, and hoar with the rime of time. Many trees spring from one root or trunk; and for twisted and antique grotesqueness they vie with the olives of the Riviera and the Orient. One big tree is shown in a pretty garden, not tall like our Mariposa giants; but eight long-armed Danes cannot touch hands about it!

Palaces there are here, with statued historic forms about them,—where king, prince and queen-dowager now live; and where much ostentatious gayety reigned, before dynamitic Nihilism disturbed the nerve-centres of royal content, in Russia and Germany. Among these palaces is that of Rosenberg, to which we dedicated an afternoon. It is in a lovely garden. The park near by, is remembered by us, because in it there is a bust of Andersen—the beloved. The palace is full of royal souvenirs, set in precious gems. Only twelve persons are allowed to enter the palace at a time. This is out of abundant caution. There is a discreet and elegant arrangement, according to each reign, of these quaint associations of Danish regality. The rooms are frescoed. They look coarse and tawdry in their ornamentation; but the old cabinets and clocks, ceramics and coins, Sevres sets and Danish dresses, Delft, Danish and Chinese porcelain, make a fine display on

the walls; while horns, swords, orders, tables, chandeliers, goblets, vases, chairs, christening fonts, heraldic lions and silver hand-irons, and globes of gold and jewels beyond price, glitter amidst portraits of the Christians and Fredericks, who furnish most of the buried majesty of Denmark! There is here much sportive and eccentric imagery, illustrative of mythological and mediæval subjects.

The most celebrated memorial in this curious Gothic-antique palace—not to mention its perforated turrets, crenulated gables, winding staircases, and pointed roofs—is the Oldenborg horn. It is of silver, and engraved with wondrous skill. Dragons and serpents, towers and tombs, balconies with fair ladies, and castles with devices and banners make it a miracle of art. There is upon the knob, a little tempting imp. He holds a scroll. On it is written: *Drinc al rot*: "Empty the horn"! This is the origin of our American expression: *Take a horn!*

This horn was made by a Westphalian; although there is a merry myth, that it was given by a mountain nymph to a count of Oldenborg, when he was lost in the woods hunting, and when he was thirsty.

This palace was built by Christian IV. His room and workshop are still shown. By all accounts, and from the portraits, we observe that this Christian was a man of taste in architecture and art, with a genius for good government.

"But, Réné, hold!" we exclaim, as we stand before the contrast of this good Christian, "who is this swash-buckler? A king?"

Réné smiles a proud smile as he responds, "That was one of our great kings—Christian II."

Then recalling the memory of these kings, I try the patriotism of Réné in the crucible of history.

Having been in the opera, and being a professor and a Dane, he is alarmed at the *scandalum magnatum* which this crucible develops.

"You have had a sad lot of sovereigns in Denmark, not meaning the present one?"

"No, sir. It is a mistake. Did we not do well in choosing our rulers? When the Bavarian Christopher was about to die, he proposed for us Adolphus of Schleswig; and when he declined and gave the choice among three nephews of the Oldenborghorn family, did we not elect wisely; first, in rejecting the one who was fond of women and the other who was devoted to war; and finally, chose the peaceful and generous Diderick the Happy? This was four hundred years and more ago. This choice was Christian I., who united Scandinavia. He had a little son, John. When he was married the occasion called for a new order. It was the Order of the Elephant." He pointed to the ivory elephant near by.

"Yes," I replied, "I can see by the heavy weight of John's son (Christian II.), why this Order of the Elephant was instituted."

"Then," resumed Réné, "there were troubles. The Hanse towns were jealous, and Germany belligerent. Christian I. died exactly four hundred years ago last May, and little Hans came in, to find war on every hand. And when Hans (John) died,—"

"Then came," said I, "the swash-buckler before us, Christian II.? Hey? What good did he do? Listen, noble Dane! Is he not known as the Tyrant? Was he not the opposite of his father? Was not Cromwell a gentle prince compared with him? He was born two years before Luther; and was

there ever a Reformer so needed for such a—Christian? Was he not put out to a pious bookbinder? Was he not taken by him to church, and made to sing in the choir for discipline? Did not a Norse girl, daughter of an inn-keeper, capture and hold him; and did he not cut off the head of the rich nobleman who stole the concubine from him? Her name was Forben Oxen. Oxen! think of dying for such a name! Was there ever such a diabolic king? Even his wedded wife, Elizabeth,—sister of Charles V.,—failed to make him good. He was like the eighth English Harry: bluff, bad and bestial. True, he championed Protestantism; but he kept on terms with Pope Leo X. The Swedes did not confide in him; and Gustavus Vasa, being imprisoned by him, and having escaped, raised the banner of revolt. After cruelties and gibbetings, scourges and massacres, outrages on the living and dead, the revolt came. Dalecarlia gave her mountain fastnesses to guard Gustavus. It is the romance of the North. About the sixteenth century, Gustavus was crowned 'Saviour and Deliverer'; and Christian II. was—"

"Stop!" says Réné. "You remind me. Christian the II.—I have confounded with Christian I. We Danes treated him rightly. When he returned to us, he was imprisoned by us,—by us, sir," said Réné, lifting his form to a kingly height, "in the gloomy tower of Sonderburg, where he died. No, he is not our model king."

"Cannot I get a copy of this portrait, Réné?"

"I will try," he responded.

Here it is! It bears its own biography in its own coarse lineaments.



CHRISTIAN II., OF DENMARK.

But the culture of Denmark has not been satisfied with these royal displays. Owing to the peculiar lay of the land and its quality, Denmark has been singularly preservative of the stone, bronze and iron eras, and their implements of war and peace. Its museum of antiquities has no equal in Europe. The early history of north-western Europe, down to the seventeenth century, is here bound in durable material, which illuminates the customs and institutions of that staunch race, whose kings of old, as now, gave their blood to other lands, for the perpetuation of royal lines.

After these substantial repasts, it was a relief to look at nature in the animated specimens of the zoölogical gardens and its rare floral development in the botanical department. Nor did we omit the Tivoli where the out-door life of this gay capital finds amusement, with target and song, boating and "Russian mountain rides," flea exhibitions and fat women,—not omitting music and wine to cheer the heart!

A final view of the red-tiled city—from the top of the hotel, under the care of the Danish guide selected for our northern journey, whose wife comes from the country to bid him a long adieu—and we take the boat for Malmo across the Sound, where the cars await us. Even before the boat lands at the depôt, we have made acquaintances, who prove agreeable, useful and instructive in our journey. One of our companions is a Holland financial officer, seeking relaxation; and the other the Portuguese minister, on his way to pay his visit at Stockholm. The latter has diamonds and rubies in profusion on his fingers and breast, and with his white hair and blue pantaloons makes himself interesting, confiding and agreea-

ble. We find out that he has killed his man in a duel and is an old member of the Portuguese Cortez. He opens our eyes in advance,—by his proclamation of the amenities of Swedish society, and the advantages of the climate. He goes to bed, he informs us, very late, but without a light; and we begin, as we wait in vain for the departure of the orb of day, to believe that we are making some progress toward its unsetting phenomenon.

The meals on the way seem droll. Every one helps himself, from a large loaded table; and you can take any or all, as you wish, of the dishes, paying so much anyway. The fields are green and fallow; windmills appear as in Holland, and peat as in Denmark, and stone fences as in New England. The women wear the silken or cotton fichu tied upon their heads. Palisades appear, not unlike those of the Hudson, and lakes in scores, indicating a juicy land. Forests fringe the horizon, women work the hillsides, and lumber in piles and booms indicates the main commerce. The houses are painted red, as in Pennsylvania. This is Gothland,—a name, with a superb as well as a sinister history. Approaching Lake Wenner, and going beyond it, white-washed, stucco houses appear,—an index of superior comfort; while at the railroad station sweet girl-tourists with knapsacks and umbrellas are eager for the tramp to the mountains. The valley of the Grommen is reached, and the rapids of the river make their sweet thunder. Immense rafts of logs fill the quiescent water, or bound over its dams. Yellow painted houses succeed the red, as we approach the Norwegian border. The night has passed with scarcely a diminution of light; for the bright moon comes up, almost before the sunlight has

died away. At the hour of ordinary daybreak, we reach Christiania and prepare for breakfast. It is served in a marquee tent, supported by bamboo pillars, within the court of the hotel, equipped as fantastically with flowers and plants, as an Oriental picture upon cloth of gold.

Thus have we broken the long rides from the French to the Norwegian capital; and found adequate compensation in the novel sights by the way.

Under Réné's guidance, we visit the palace and the Storthing (Congress) of Norway, where again our penchant for legislative procedure is gratified. The Lower House was in session. Indeed the Upper House is selected from and out of the Lower; this being the excellent conservative ballast in the Norwegian Ship of State. The members do not speak from a tribune, but from their seats. The usual plan is adopted for the accommodation of officers and members; diplomatic and stenographic conveniences are apparent. As we enter, most of the members are on their feet,—listening quietly and with respect to the member who "holds the word." Nearly all are fair-haired and plain-looking men. We are pleased to hear Metzhold, who is as near a Republican as may be; and as he debates the subvention of Norway for the marriage of the Crown prince, he takes an ironical tone, which absorbs attention and evokes smiles. But there are no boisterous or clamorous interruptions, no repartees or howls, no rapping or ringing to order. There is no ostentatious display either in the rhetoric or in the architecture of the chamber. Gilded tracery follows beam and pillar; red velvet chairs indicate the places for the ministers, and two ranges of seats for spectators ex-

tend around the narrow gallery. The steps and corridors of the "Storthing" House are not miracles of neatness. One should say that Spitzbergen was here represented, if one dare pun in Norway. In this salivary respect, it was a reminder of the capitol of our land.

"No brooms here, Réné?" asks my wife, of the guide.

"*Ma foi!—que non!*"—is his shrugging response.

A second visit to the Storthing is made. We stumble upon two Deputies, who politely conduct us to the Custodian of the building, who shows us the Landthing, or Upper House, which we did not see at the first visit. It is not unlike the Udlersthing, or Lower House, except that it is smaller. We are introduced to the member from Tromsöe, Bishop Smitt, who tendered us all the courtesies. He is one of the elect from the Lower to the Upper House; and is president of the latter. These northern gentlemen are very polite; but at the end of a conference or conversation, their adieux are marked with a prim and smileless bow. We saw the end of the session, and whereas with us, there is much kindly good-bye and good wishes;—here, there is official etiquette in all its uniform formality. The closing is celebrated with a band and a military muster, by which the president of the ministers is escorted to his residence after dismissing the members to their homes.

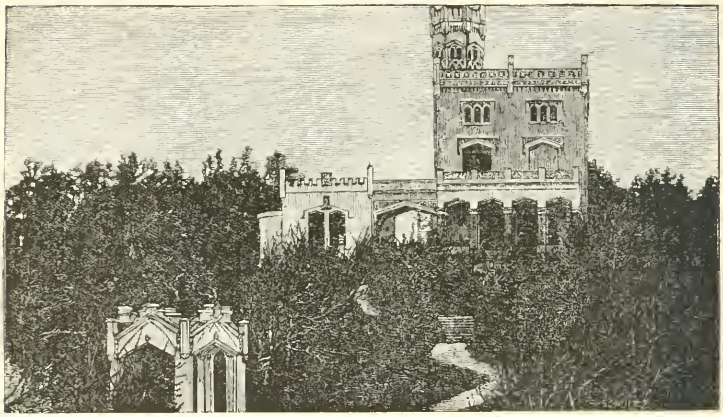
The appearance of the Capitol however is by no means ignoble. Its rounded front is on a rise,—and stands between two wings of solid gray granite masonry. It is characteristic of the simplicity of the people. Standing at one end of a wide avenue, it looks toward another elevation, almost a mile off—

whereon the palace is situated. Midway is a beautiful plaza or alameda, with one conspicuous newly gilt statue to the lyric poet of the people,—Wergeland. Bernadotte (Charles XIV.) sits superbly upon a charger in front of the palace. This building is very neat, quite in contrast with the filthy condition of the Storthing. The grand reception hall is elegant with crystal chandeliers. Its columns are gilded. Its library in dark drab, with cases and tables, is furnished in blue velvet and gold,—a beautiful contrast. We have access to the apartments, as the family are absent. One salon is decorated with pictures of the royal family, and from the roof, the view of Christiania, and the fjord is superb. The king is obliged to come to this part of his realm every September, and the Crown Prince Oscar usually comes with the king. The latter, when here, resides at Oscar Hall, a little white palace, with a battlemented tower. It is a dainty nest in the wooded hills overlooking the numerous green isles, set in the shining waters of the bay. The environs of this capital show Italian villas and luxuriant gardens, with drives on good roads in the sylvan suburbs. Yonder forest promontory jutting into the fjord is the park of the fairy palace of Oscar Hall. This cynosure of all eyes is worthy of an entrance and a description, which we reserve until our return from the Arctics.

We are beginning to experience the effect of these northern skies; for the lingering twilight, enables us to read and write, at the hour of eleven at night. We are beginning to be puzzled about the end of the day. Shall we be nearer the solution, when we pass the circle?

There is much more to be written generally about the capital of Norway. That it has 80,000

population and a noble harbor, that it is the head of a fjord sixty miles long, full of emerald isles set in bright waters, and surrounded by lofty pine-clad hills, every volume of Norway travel informs us. Other individual experiences there we may recount hereafter. Our way now is northward to the setless sun!



OSCAR HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

NORWAY—THE ANCIENT CAPITAL AND MAJESTIC SCENERY THE SUN IN ITS UNSINKING COURSE AROUND THE HORIZON—IN THE OLD CAPITAL OF LAPLAND.

> "*St. Oluf he rideth over the plain,*
> *Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,*
> *But never, ah never can meet with the man*
> *A tilt with him dare ride.*"—LONGFELLOW.

WHY should one visit Norway? Aside from the matter of recreation and health, what is there above this Arctic Circle to lead us hither? What is it that points the prow of our ship, with the desire of our hearts, still northward? These queries might be answered in a library in New York—*à priori;* but I hope to make a solution on the accomplished facts. Yet to appreciate our experience, may I not refer to some of the thoughts which have persuaded us to the trip? What they are, depends greatly on the tastes and tendencies of the traveller himself. To one interested in languages, trade, modes of conveyance and living, topography, geography, climate, geology, ethnology, and the *fauna* and *flora* of different countries, there is much to attract. Other lands than Norway may be more alluring in these regards.

As to its history, there are also other countries which have more annals and richer romance. The South of Europe may be more opulent as a "land

of old and rare renown," for its battlefields and its epochs of advancement. Other countries, even our own, may have more mysteries running back into the prehistoric and nebulous rearward of time, with its flint, iron, and golden ages. The monuments of Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, not to speak of China and Japan, may have their sacred glyphs and runic stones, as proofs of crude or wonderful development. But for the American—descended mostly from the islands which make Great Britain—there is a splendid charm in this Northland. Is it not the land of our remote ancestry? Its history has been secluded, as well by its veil of mystery as by the inaccessibility of its literature.

Whether these Northmen were a shoot from a Finnish stock, or whether they are a part of that restless German race which formerly dwelt around the Black Sea and the Sea of Azof, and which now dominates Europe,—one observation may be comprehensible. It is that these blue-eyed, light-haired people are in the largest sense, one. They are of one race. Their characteristics are as well marked as those of the Latin or Hebrew race. Anglo-Saxon, Goth, Vandal, Dutch, English, call them what you please, they are but divisions of one family, whose impression as the arbiters of mankind, in the old and new hemispheres, has had and yet has tremendous emphasis.

The present dynasty of Great Britain, by its relation to the conqueror—William the Northman—may find its aboriginal home in these Northlands. It is stated that the descendants of Rolf Ganger, the conqueror of Normandy, remain unto this day on farms in Norway and Iceland. The title deeds of their lands in the old Norsk language, still exist.

When an Englishman would trace his lineage back to Norman blood, he must not stop short of the terrible sea-kings who ran out of the fjords and seas of the north, and in fear of whom, the old Litanies used to say: "From the fury of the Northmen; 'good Lord, deliver us'!"

Besides, is not every Scotchman interested in Norway? When Norway was under Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus was making wars generally, did not the Scotch Colonel Sinclair raise a force to help Gustavus; and since he could not reach Sweden, except through Norway, did he not, with his nine hundred men, endeavor to cross Norway? The Romsdal pass and fjord mark the spot where his men were slaughtered by the brave and patriotic mountaineers, who hurled rocks down upon the invaders. The Scotch have ever since been so attached to Norway that these nine hundred remain unto this day upon or under the soil; and other hundreds come to see something besides Sinclair's monument.

Is not Ireland interested also? Norway's King, Olaf I., married a Milesian maid. The blood of Erin quickened the sluggish royalty of the Norse. Under her fair guidance was not Norway led to the Christian altar and made to forget her Odins and Thors? Out of Ireland came much early grace, and from St. Patrick great culture as well as goodness.

Call these adventurers, sea robbers, or Vikings, they live in the deeds of their Harolds and Olafs; and their language—but little changed in sound or sense—is the most expressive of all our own household words, even in the remotest homes of the United States.

They were the filibusters of the Middle Ages. They are represented in India and Australia, in Can-

ada and California, in Texas and New Zealand. Is it not worth while to go back to their ancient home, and, if possible, study the secret of their power? It lies in the dash and skill, the experience and genius, evoked by this hardy spirit of the north, out of the fjords and mountains.

Like most of the founders of empire, there is a dimness about their history, to which the supernatural adds its weird attraction. St. Olaf is both the Romulus and Remus of Norway. I had occasion once, on the Foreign Affairs Committee, to investigate his saintship, to pass upon a decoration of that name, tendered by Norway to some of our beneficent officers; and thus I became interested in this land, where his name is familiar in family, history, and architecture. His history is as interesting as a chapter in the Sagas, and, perhaps, as apocryphal. His cathedral is the chief ornament of this land, where there is so little of ornament by art and so much by nature.

The remarkable career of such Northmen as Olaf, as it disturbed coastal Europe, was not unlike that of the Barbary Corsairs of a later period. It struck terror and excited wonder. It reached the heart of the inland cities and towns of Europe, and even the cloisters of churchmen. The wild fancies of the poets of the North—dreamed during their long night of winter—added their imagery to enhance the terror and wonder. The story of the first Olaf, whose mother and foster-father were, by a bad Viking, taken prisoners with him in his callow days, and who, after many adventures, came to the throne of Harold, his grandfather, reads like an Oriental extravaganza. How the boy was sold for the price of a goat, and how his second sale was for a cloak; and

how, at last, he was found to be the true Prince; and finally, while still a little boy, and having recognized the bad Viking in a market place, he "buried his little axe in the bad Viking's brain"—these, and especially the "little axe," have a value as illustrating historical veracities by minute comparison. How he grew up and began to be a grand Viking himself, until he fell in love with the Irish maiden, the beauteous Gyda, and how at last the scales fell from his pagan eyes, and he saw the Christian cross as the sign in the sky for more conquests—all these are associated not only with these fjords and rocks, but connect them with other lands by the heroic narrative.

Then there was a second Olaf in 1015. He was a politic person. He managed the local Democracies and conciliated their leaders, the jarls, or earls. He, too, ran the round of conquest, to end at last in discomfiture; but he was sainted, and the splendid cathedral now repairing in Trondhjem contains his sacred well, his precious bones, and his elegant tomb. The well is fabled to have miraculous virtue, and the tomb—it is now reappearing—was a marvel of art. The natives go in crowds to see this cathedral and its treasures. We went the rounds with thirty others. Most of them were Norwegian peasants. They looked at the relics with wonder, love, awe, and with a simplicity utterly incongruous with that of sea robbers and Vikings.

I do not wonder that as early as A. D. 1080, the "Tractatus Adami" was written. It is like the fables told of the mysteries of Africa. It makes everything wonderful, because unknown. In this Tractate, *de situ Daniæ et reliquarium Septentriolen Regionem*,—it is said that "Norway and Sweden are two widely extended kingdoms of the North

hitherto almost unknown. There are vast deserts and mountains of snow, where are herds of monstrous men, which shut out all approach: also Amazons, baboons, and Cyclops, having but one eye in the middle of their foreheads; hemantopeds, skipping or leaping with one foot only; man eaters without speech."

After reading this description I did not wonder that the booksellers in Norway sell illustrated and translated editions of "Gulliver's Travels." Nor did I wonder that in the palace at Christiania, the capital of Norway, one of the native painters by a bold stroke of imagination imaged in graceful portraiture, the forms of Scandinavian Amazons fighting the sons of men on horseback, cavorting out of the air of the North, scantily clad, and driving their male enemies headlong to the frosty earth. Nor is it wonderful that where iron became so necessary to the pursuit of fishing and the building of boats, that the Cyclops should have a northern home in the palace of the great god of the hammer and anvil, Thor. Nor is it less wonderful that the Smith family should here be a patronymic of universal honor.

How beautiful are objects seen in the twilight of history, and in the mists of fiction how are they magnified!

Another inducement to see Norway and its kindred people at their home is the fact, that here is the hive whence come the bees to suck the sweets out of our own soil. Norway has re-discovered America. What habits of patience, adventure, thrift, and industry do they not bring to our rich, alluvial soils? From Minnesota to Texas they are laying away in their snug cells the honey that gives

happiness. Every year the crowd of immigration at Castle Garden has increased, until last year a half million have come, one-fifth of them out of this hive of industry. Still, from my observation, we have just begun to draw upon this fruitful source of population, for the business of raising children here seems to be as active as that of the steamship lines which convey them.

Even if there were no strange, eventful history to draw us to this Northland, there are physical peculiarities upon this coast without a parallel. We in America are associated with this land by physical facts. One is the great Gulf Stream which sweeps hither from the American shore, tempering its climate and making such journeys as ours possible and comfortable. As a consequence, we have this nearness of these northern lands and waters to the distant traveller, who cannot wage a war with the excesses of the Arctic upon our own and other shores.

But the interest in Norway culminates in the supreme fact, that the sun, with its equable alternation of light and shadow—day and night—in other lands, here shines for months, quite inequitably. It never seeks at times to go below the horizon for rest! Here it appears in a double and doubtful character. It is the orb of night as well as of day. It is this grand luminous fact which allures most travellers hither. It is this fact which we desire to record, with such interest as the incidents of unaccustomed travel may enhance.

What mountains, cataracts, snow fields, and torrents we saw from our Trondhjem car of observation would make a gallery of pictures. They would remain as *chefs d'œuvre*, but for the superior splendors

of the fjords and their lofty walls and winding maze of sublime scenery, which we have already observed, and are still preparing to observe.

Our night-ride is brief, for the night is short. Our companions are so accommodating, that they change sides in the car, so that we may revel in the beauty of Lake Myosen, along whose margin of Genevan beauty our train runs. The stops are frequent, the meals constant and the scenery magnificent. Snow patches begin to glisten on the fjelds and mountains. Waterfalls dash under the track and are seen deep down in the gulches, fretting and seething amidst rocks. We have risen, as we go north, 2,200 feet; and the descent begins as we approach Trondhjem. We pass down dizzy gorges and around towering peaks, covered with pine and birch. As we run into the valley which leads into Trondhjem, the rain falls and the weather is thick. This city has streets as wide as Pennsylvania Avenue. They have double sidewalks, and four gutters, and look unique! The morning brings us the sun; and from our windows we perceive the distant heights upon which the snow rests. We rest also till noon; and then begin our observation of the most remarkable object in the city.

There is no name so thoroughly domesticated in the Northland, as that of Olaf. The reason for it lies in the depth of Norse tradition and history. Longfellow has translated a mystic ballad,—a verse of which is prefixed to this chapter. It refers to the first preaching of Christianity in the North. It is associated with chivalry,—born of the Orient like the Christian religion. Faith, Hope, and Charity, three maidens, decorate an unknown knight. Out of his encounter with Sir Olaf, the two fall, and out

of their blood, rises the myth. From *Sir* Olaf, there is but a step to St. Olaf; and from his chivalric virtues came the splendid cathedral, which the rude winds and air of the North have not spared. It is this primal architectural glory of the North, that we first visit in this ancient capital.

Its Norman decorations, with the double rows of "saw teeth," cut in slate colored marble, the olden well of the Saint, in one corner of the nave, with its supposed virtues of healing and sanctity; the corridor full of *corbeilles* of quaint imagery, satires of the mediæval masons upon the society of that time; the round columns with square bases and the "early English" style, so favored by the æsthetic in art and nature, are here, but in fragmentary ruin and confusion; for the church is undergoing complete repair. Many years will be required to restore its pristine grandeur. Meanwhile an improvised railroad brings the unhewn marble to the very chisel of the artists who are at work within the boarded apartments. Already the altar is partially reared, and enough is seen to show the octagon tower over it, as exquisite in proportion and in variety with unity, as the stained windows are rich in hue and design.

Without waiting to describe more fully this Cathedral, without writing down the many courtesies from this most polite people, not forgetting Mr. Fischer, the agent of the Schöning steamers, to whom we owe so much as a preparation for the long and unknown journey, and leaving behind the pleasant graveyard at Trondhjem, where the dead are remembered by flowers and visits, never omitted during the season when flowers bloom, and ministration is possible,—we order a fire in our room at the hotel, and prepare for the needs of our journey.

For three of us, for five hundred *kronen*, or about two hundred dollars at most, the journey can be made to North Cape and return. Our tickets are taken and wardrobe selected.

We look at our watches. It is 11 P. M., and the daylight is lingering on the hills. It is midsummer's night fête over these wild, rocky lands, but its fires are hardly visible in the sunlight at 11 P. M. We go to our window constantly to see if this fire fête is discernible; but it is raining, and the prospect is gloomy. We go to bed under eiderdown covelets that raise us to Fallstaffian proportions in our recumbency. Friday, July 24, dawns about 1 or 2 A. M., and after breakfast we look upon our future home in the steamer John Schöning. It is anchored in the fjord at Trondhjem which is set amid verdurous mountains tipped with snow.

What is a fjord, and why is it spelled so? A fjord is the same as our English word ford. The *j* is not sounded, or it may have a little tone of *e*, and signifies a body of water, or an inland arm of the sea, and has all the qualities of our bay or the Scottish frith.

In Norway, on the coast, for two thousand miles, the fjord furnishes safe water-ways of communication. It makes the gloomy sterility of the soil and the long winter nights tolerable, relieves the long days of leaden gloom, and renders the tempestuous sea harmless.

Our boat is filling with bags of flour for the occupants of the fishing villages upon our projected route. At last, Friday midnight, the time of sailing comes. The sun sets in gold between two mountains, but his radiancy remains to light us on board half an hour before midnight. The puzzle between night and day is deepening.

By some misadventure we are rowed to the Hamburg steamer. This is righted, and we are aboard and abed—to awake Saturday morning, amid the strangest scene it has ever been my lot to behold. Here and there we see a yellow lighthouse and curious landmarks which I thought at first were piled stones for navigation in the long winter nights. They were piles of dried fish. One peculiarity we observe. It is a white target circle painted on the gray granite rocks, to attract the attention of navigators to the iron ring, where, in the wintry storm and night, the vessel may hold fast. On our left, going up, are long lines of rounded rock, shutting out the restless North Sea, and on the right, under a blue, lustrous haze, are long ridges of rocky cliff, with small, sweet intervals of green, where a few red and yellow houses are located, and all in strange contrast with the snows above on the mountains, which never leave us.

I look around the deck of our vessel. It has two masts, with tarred ropes and glistening chains. The deck is full of holes, and machinery for lifting and lowering the traffic. It is piled up with lumber of all kinds, giving small room to promenade. The fact is, these vessels are only about four hundred tons, and are mainly for the traffic along the route.

Who and what have we aboard? A piano is being thrummed below in the large cabin by the captain; and a young Ole Bull is playing a rattling tune, with a squeaky fiddle, to the second-class passengers, below the forward deck. A dance is going on merrily. The fjord, and the sea itself, which is noticeable at times between the isles, are like glass. A gentle breeze from the north brings no eager and nipping harshness on its way from the pole. Many

women, with handkerchiefs on their heads, are standing about the deck listlessly. They are of the families of the merrymakers, who turn out to be herring fishers going north for a "catch." They leave the south in droves when a telegram assures them of a "run." They furnish their own meals, and are as civil a body as you will find in any land. Six staunch boats are lashed to our sides, as a preparation for emergencies where lighthouses are scarce and the life-saving service unknown. Our well-dressed passengers are sauntering around and becoming acquainted. This is aided by the clever tact and jolly manner of Captain Bentson, who unites to a handsome, manly person, good manners and excellent English. There are two English women of rare culture, one of whom is expert in drawing, together with two clergymen of the English Church, one of whom is also a proficient in the same art. We have meals thrice a day, the *pièce de resistance* being salmon.

Among these passengers are many Norwegians. There is one in whom I am specially interested. He is a youth of ten, and sits next to me at the table. His name is Sigert, and he is bound to see his father, far up in the Arctic Ocean. He travels alone—with a dog. All treat him well. He speaks very mellifluous Norse, and we like to hear him talk. Our clergyman teaches him the features of his face in English, eyes, ears, mouth, and *skin*, as he insists on pronouncing *chin*. I ask him what he is going to be when he gets through school. He says that after learning Latin and Greek, he will be a priest. I tell him to come to America. He shudders! I ask, through Réné, what he thinks of America, and why he will not come. He says: "Brigands! Oh, the brig-



THORGHATTEN, NORWAY.

ands!" The young Viking! As this was a poser, and apt, if inculcated among Norse youth, to discourage emigration, I cross-question him, and find that the brigand of his fancy is the noble redman, the Sioux and Ute. I explain that we white people are rescuing the "noble red" from his brigandish propensities, and he promises, if I am a good sample of those who have exterminated the red brigands, to come and see us when he is through with his studies.

After dinner on Saturday, we prepare for the first sensation before reaching the Arctic Circle. We are informed, however, that we will not see Thorghatten till after night. After night? There is no night here. Thorghatten is the hat of Old Thor himself set high upon a proud, godlike head, worthy of Olympus. It is a mountain isle, and from a distance resembles the Capitol at Washington in shape. It is full of caves and chasms, and has an immense hole through it. Our party is set on shore to examine it. It is no easy path, this ascent, and I am compelled, "as a bird with fond endearment," to coax my wife upward to the skies and lead the way.

While we are ascending the heights, the vessel steams off to a station for a couple of hours. It is difficult to land, but we succeed, and over spongy turf and the rubble of the thunder storms and winding up through a damp valley, we reach a point where we can snowball each other in this beginning of July. Then we happen to separate, and some of us get lost. Our party has been misdirected. Finally some get up to the tunnel, and some hover around it, not knowing how to reach it, nor how near they are to it. It is seventy-five feet high and one hundred and fifty yards long. It is nearly at the top of the mountain, say one thousand feet high. It is

long waiting for some of the party to return, and Réné, our guide, having sung Cipriano in the opera Rigoletto, and being professor of French and German, and a cosmopolitan besides being a Dane, gives us in various languages, national songs and some of his operatic tunes.

Réné is called a *Tolk*. He is a talker, or interpreter; but he is more. He is a rare artist. A kind of Danish *ranz de vaches*, is one of his favorites. Then we call for another and another of his favorite airs, until he essays his national song. It tells proudly on the folds of its battle flag, to what nation it belongs. He prefaces the song with the legend of its origin. It seems that one of the popes granted to Waldemar, king of Denmark, all the lands which he could wrest from the heathen. He begins the business of wresting. There is a battle. The Danes are being worsted. Their flag is lost; when lo! from the heavens drops a standard. There is upon it, a white cross on a red field. The battle is then won; and the *Dannebrog* becomes a poetic ensign, which Réné thunders out to the heavens, whence it came. The heavens and the mountains give back a choral volume of welcome.

We pass the time in making acquaintance with our fellows — who consist of five English, seven Scotch, and three Americans — while some old travellers, in broken languages, recount the stories associated with the locality. It is a legendary spot. Every country with a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high must have a legend with the fall. It is likely to be a story about a veiled virgin, and the amative acrobat who leaps over cascades after her. It is related in various ways and tongues, how, before the Sagas were written, and long before Harold the

fair-haired suppressed the Jarls, who ran home government on a Democratic basis, far deep in the past, when giants and trolls peopled the inhospitable North, the giant Hestmand (Horseman) fell in love with a yellow-haired giantess named Moya of Lako, nine miles away. She rejected his suit. He uttered great oaths, and plucked an arrow from his quiver and shot at his love. The sequel is sad. The arrow went through Thorghatten to strike off her head, and the tunnel remains to prove it. All the parties to this affair are somehow turned into stone, including the arrow, and they remain as indubitable evidence of the absolute verity of the narrative. It may be remarked that while the sun here is allowed to go to bed late, if he goes at all, and to keep dissipated hours, yet it is not permitted to giants and gnomes, for they must go out at night only, otherwise the sun's rays will strike them into stone.

Beyond this enchanted spot, the Seven Sisters sit in their bridal robes of snow, awaiting the fateful genius which will give them away. They are alike, and are alike in their magnificent height (three thousand feet each) and their cragged grandeur.

Before we start for their vicinage an alarm runs around our company. Two boat-loads from the shore have arrived on board, and one person is missing. It is a lady, and the wife of one of our Scotch passengers. She had gone around and beyond the point, and was likely awaiting a boat to be sent her. A boat with the anxious husband was sent. It returned with a pallid husband and no wife. It was getting serious. The captain comes to the rescue; he plays "Home, Sweet Home!" on his bugle to allure the wanderer back; but in vain.

At last he orders a boat and six sailors to go ashore. The sailors spread over the mountain and among the rocks. With my glass I espy far up on the jagged cliff a female form. The boat whistle sounds a call. The rescue is made, and the flushed wife and happy husband are helped on board. A glass of wine to the lost one and a great relief to all—and we are again off to the northward. As we leave this spot of legend and anxiety, the sun comes out of the cloud and sits serenely, not as yet upon the imaginary Arctic Circle, but very near it, on the front of the cliff. It is half-past 11 P. M. We are watching for some of his northern eccentricities, and are gratified to find that the axioms and facts of astronomy are gradually reaching demonstration to our senses and sentiment.

Another day with some rain, but glimpses of Swiss-like mountains, until at Swartzeisden, a famous black mountain, appears a glacier that Agassiz would have loved to encounter. Through our glass it looks green and blue, where it is broken off. It is forty-nine miles long, a vast field extending along the mountain's crest.

Such a crystalline monster provokes observation and discussion. Our learned friends on board recount glacial facts. Boulders are magnified by fancy, and science is lifted into the dim inane of antique epochs. Child-like I listen, only asking our scientist:

"How the arctic frost-piles upbear these ponderous rocks; and what the theories now most prevalent are?"

My questionings are answered in sight of the slow moving masses. Then I presume to inquire, whether in the eye of the Infinite, these evidences of elemental forces and transitions, are not the merest minute movements of the almost infinitesimal atomies.

Whereat I am put down as a sceptic. Then I read my little lesson of the butterfly and the glacier, to show in Hans Andersen's land, how the Great Designer in little things, vindicates the universal law. A prismatic butterfly becomes enamored of an iris. He flutters about the earth to seek his love. At last he finds her in the hyperborean north. She is encased in crystal, and as he strives to embrace her, he falls chilled on the ice. Who digs his tiny grave? By the universal law of heat, he scoops, after death, his own tiny grave. It is in the shape of an oval water cup. Its larger axis lies due north and south. It is deepest at the north; but it is so accurate that the wayfaring man, though compassless, may safely find his bearings. The dead butterfly in his wandering for his love, indicates the meridian. Science and affection are reconciled. This little cup deepens to a basin, and the basin shallows until it is obliterated, and a symmetrical cone with an oval base, rises exactly in its place,—a temporary monument of ice, marking the grave of the dead butterfly.

The death and burial of a gold-dusted butterfly may point unerringly to the pole, and leave a monument observable by the eye of man and God.

My little story was all too poetic, though true. However, science gave me its hand in the person of its devotee, Dr. Sanderson; and pointed to a greater wonder far below the glacier mountain.

The telegraph poles pass in slow procession toward the Arctic coast and the Russian dominion. A station is reached where there is a fair being held, and we go ashore to observe the little groups; but where are the people along these shores — where? Where are the Northmen who make Norway the third maritime power? We fail to see them, and inquire for them. We are

told that the men, or most of them, are off to sea, fishing—ever fishing.

This town of the fair is called Stensöen, and is at the head of a fjord. It is impossible to depict the scenery of the various places at which we land, but it is one of the delights of this peculiar travel that we can break its irksomeness every few hours, by a brief stay upon the shore. A half hour we consumed at Stensöen, in discharging cargo. We cross a lake-like fjord which is as calm as one of our midland New York lakes. But how wintry is the aspect, with the bare mountains, whose gray is somewhat relieved by lichens and snow! What a solitude is here! It is rendered more lonesome by the few square-rigged yellow sails coming from or going to the sea. With their upturned prows, they are not unpicturesque. They fill the ideal of the bent plank which Ruskin commends in them as the nearest perfect of any work of man for symmetry, beauty, and utility. Far to the west, the sun seems to burn hotly upon the dazzling water, while the ever-varying panorama of white heights gives back the dazzling sheen. I am startled from my contemplation of this wonderful land, and still more wonderful water, by a Scotchman's song in the cabin. It seems oddly unfitted to the enchanted spot:

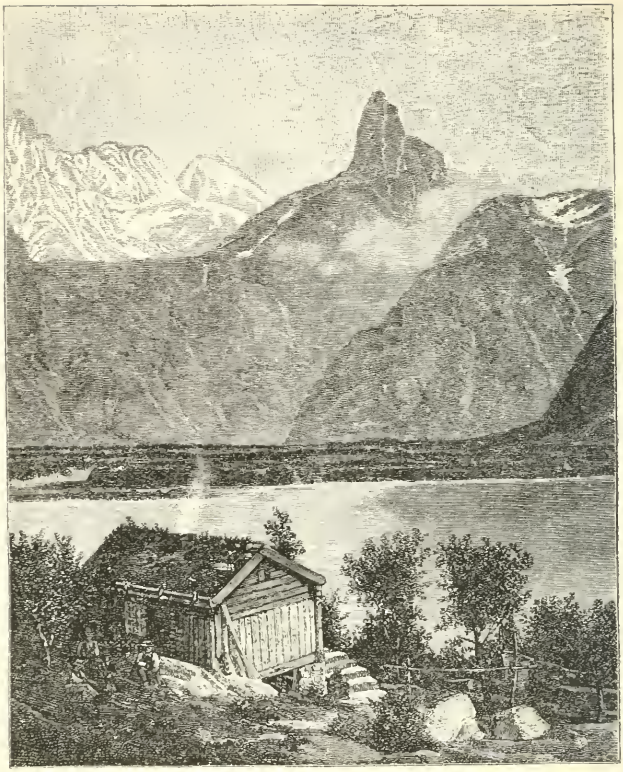
"Then we will walk at early dawn,
Ere yet the sun begins to shine.
At eve aft to the lawn,
And mark that splendid orb's decline."

We are almost to the point where there is no dawn and no decline to speak of or sing about.

It is Sabbath, and our services are over. We reach a village called Mosjoën, a place for timber and snow. It is completely shut in by mountains.

It reminds us of the Crow's Nest up the Hudson, but narrower, and with wilder mountain scenery. Upon the rocky shore the Norwegian flag flies in the brisk breeze,—a cross of red and white; while far off is a white, dazzling snow field, upon which the summer as yet has made no impression. We land and ascend the hill. We find a tent and platform, where the fishermen dance away the winter nights under the light of the Aurora. The waves of the fjord are dressed in bonnets of white, as though for church. The snows reach to the water's edge. An immense lumber boom is here, full of long, slim logs, very unlike the Norwegian pine of Miltonic verse. A mountain, in the similitude of Vesuvius, with a cloudy streamer at its top, bears us in fancy to the Neapolitan mountain. We are in north latitude 66°.

At length we are at the Arctic Circle. It has a bold landmark, no other than our legendary friend the Horseman. It is an island. From the sea it is said to seem like a man on horseback in cap and flowing cloak. I could not make out the horse exactly, but the man was tolerably well outlined. He reminded me of the statue of the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park, which all agree is not a good piece of art. But the circle is better defined in our minds. It cuts the horseman's cap in two, and can be seen—the horseman, I mean—from a great distance. Hence we were ready on deck, chronometers in hand, for the sun, which at this point does not "bait his steed the ocean waves among," as Spenser sings, but rises before he condescends to be seated. Are we to be disappointed? Yes. The hateful clouds prevent. The night before we had watched his majesty go down, and rise again



Hestmandsoe (HORSEMAN), NORWAY FJORD.

about a quarter after twelve. He surrendered his throne with great glory, but it was not yet the unsetting sun. We retire to our berths disgruntled, not without hope, however, for to-morrow at midnight.

Another day. We are up betimes, for by covering the port-hole with a curtain we improvise some little night and have a good rest after our disappointment. The scenery is so grand that, in spite of the "*Ingen Adgang*," "No admittance," painted over the bridge, we ascend it for the splendid

view of these sea-coast Alps. By our side is a Norse pilot, yellow-haired and polite, but watching closely the windings of the fjord. Picture on picture surprise by their forms,—Churches, Bierstadts and Turners; mountains jagged, ragged, and cragged. They remind me of a view I once had from Pic du Languard in the Grisons, at the Bernini pass, where I counted over one hundred and fifty snow-clad mountains in Tyrol and Savoy, as well as in Switzerland. Many of these Norwegian mountain ranges are doubled in grandeur by the reflection of their rocks and snow in the waters of the ever-changing fjord. What huge masses these North mountains seem; skeleton ribs of the earth, in its desolation and sublimity.

The marvel is, and is ever repeated here, that a whole land, running so far toward and into the frozen zone, bending like a monstrous bow, should be so crowded with these giants of earth and yet so easily reached and seen by the sons of earth. Compared with them the Catskills and Alleghanies seem as a wart. I have seen the sierras of Spain and California, and the Atlas and Alpine ranges with their gorges and glories, and yet it would seem as if all these visions were as nothing compared with these thousand miles of majesty, with their waters and isles, glaciers and peaks, all canopied with blue skies and fleecy clouds, and all reproduced in lakes more magical than Maggiore or Como.

All description fails. Besides, all emotions, sublime and otherwise, begin to succumb before the rolling of the steamer and its peculiar motion. We are in the open sea, and have glimpses of the lofty ranges and inaccessible fastnesses of the Lofoden Isles, which reach out their rocky arms toward Ice-

land. I ask the mate to point out the Maëlstrom, that *bête noir* of our school days. He says that we will not go near it, and laughs slyly at my idea of its horrors. These are more easily dissipated than those which follow us into the Arctic Sea, which we are now entering with questions not to be recounted.

After many calls among the Lofoden Islands we recross a narrower fjord, and still steering north and still moving east also, we reach at the seventieth parallel the old capital of Lapland, Tromsoë.

The fjords are calm and the air pleasant and tonical. Serenely we move up toward the unsetting sun —*per pacem ad lucem!* Practically we are in the perpetual light of the sun,—no moon, no star, no eve, no night,—all day!

CHAPTER VII.

WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—IN QUEST OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—A THEATRE IN NORWEGIAN LAPLAND—A WEDDING IN TROMSOE—THE EIDER DUCK—NORTHERNMOST CITY OF EUROPE—OFF FOR THE OPEN ARCTIC SEA.

> "*Here rocks on rocks, up-piled upon the strand,*
> *Seem the vast structure of some 'giant's hand.'*"

IF night unto night has not proclaimed knowledge, yet day unto day has given us speech about these enlightened lands and waters. The perpetual daylight keeps one wakeful. Besides, there is not so much sleep required where there is no darkness to coax us to bed. The feeling of being and having no night to be in, makes one a sort of incongruous person. Mrs. Partington describes it exactly: "Call me an octagon! a centurion! a relic of antipathy and send me to the next imposition." Have we not turned night into day; and all day long?

This may seem jocose; but it is no joke to travel to and from the North Cape in the mazes of these fjords and amidst this Colorado and Switzerland, dropped by the Creator into these turbulent seas! Nowhere for days and days, or rather for the long, long day, are snow mountains out of sight, for there is no darkness to enshroud them.

A story is told of the early conflicts between the heathen Bonders, or peasants, and St. Olaf, who

sought to convert them. The peasants were represented by an image of Thor, which could be seen; but the saint mocked at its impotency, much as the prophet mocked at Baal; and the Pagans derided in return. "Let your God," said the Bonders, "make clear weather; and we will accept him, or fight." Meanwhile the Bonders brought their image, arrayed in silver and gold. Olaf mocked at his sightless eyes; and as he did so, the sun came out of his orient chambers. "Behold! our God is Light!" exclaimed the saint. Since then the Northmen have this religious light, the year round, and the God of Day half the year, without much nocturnal shrouding. They accepted the omen the more cheerfully, as the ancient faith of Thor was celebrated in connection with rites to the sun. Both came out of the orient and it is thought, out of Scythia.

Every mountain seems a lofty judge, all ermined and spotless, in the endless light. Barring some diversions into the open sea, we pass over a tortuous chain of inland waters, every link a lake, under illuminations and reflections, which do not cease in their variety of form and beauty. They are rich and chaotic enough in limning and hue, to be Turneresque.

There is much to keep one awake in these lofty latitudes. If there were no other living thing, the ever-moving gulls, the plashing whales, and the diving ducks would do it. As we approach Tromsoë—the eider duck becomes both a commodity of commerce and a delight for its domestic virtues. Its down is worth here five dollars a pound, and it takes four pounds as taken from the nest to furnish one marketable pound. The duck is to be seen all about the islands of these fjords. It does not fly at the approach of

our vessel. The male is white and black, the female brown. You may find them among the rocks on their nests, and handle them without their being timid. Some of their haunts on the isles have crosses erected upon them, indicating that the owner of the island insists on exclusive proprietorship. By law all are prohibited from shooting them. At Sanne-Sjöen, where we halted, I looked at them through the glass. They seemed gay in their playful plunges, but not wild. Their feathers are plucked by themselves to make nests with. Man removes the soft down. They then replace again the feathers from their own breasts, and again man removes them. This cannot be done more than twice, but with a good many ducks the product is considerable.

What interest can an American take in these eider ducks? Much ornithologically, and a little historically. Is it not chronicled that, in A. D. 1007, some Norsemen embarked for America, or that part of it, then known as Vinland, and now familiarly known as Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket; and that two Scotch slaves of the Vikings, were sent as runners to spy out the land, and returned with marvellous stories of its corn and wine? The historian remarks that the apparel of these Scots,—a man and a women,—must have been convenient for running; as it consisted of only one garment, and was a happy combination of a hat and a breech-cloth, covering the head, buttoning between the legs, but open everywhere else and without sleeves. It was on this expedition, that the eider ducks of Buzzards Bay were discovered! They were so plentiful, that it was difficult to walk, without treading on their eggs. The Scotch costume has been im-

proved since that early day, and the birds have flown to more austere haunts. Or perhaps the story is as apocryphal as that of the grape and wine of Massachusetts, as to which the Viking Thorwell, one of the explorers, thus mocked in numbers:

> "Not from out this land divine
> Have I quaffed one drop of wine."

Ducks are not the only birds in these high Norwegian latitudes. Birds of prey, like the eagle, falcon, goshawk, kite, buzzard, owl, and kingfisher, sometimes condescend to appear upon our vision. Warblers may be found on field and hill; but seldom have we heard their songs or caught a sign of their presence. The birds of the North, like the people, generally fish for a living. On some of the islands there are congregations of great numbers and variety. Some of them seem to be standing as if in prayer; some kneeling. A few screams and squawks now and then from a gull, and the solitude comes again.

I have said that we have seen whales. This remark is too fishy. Only two appeared to exhilarate our society; but one of them made up in sportiveness what he lacked in size. He would leap up out of the fjord, and fall awkwardly, with a big splash. But he was an object of tender solicitude, as we passed a fisherman in a boat, cetaciously intent, with a gun, making for his—blubber.

Along these rocks are also seen strange piles in circular form, which resolve themselves into the dried stock fish. They have been cured by the sun, and are as hard as the stone they repose upon. As opportunity occurs they are sent to the outer world, and their compensation is in the salt of Spain and

the comforts of the fruitful tropics, borne back hither by the vessels which bear the fish south.

I am called from observing animated nature by the announcement that Tromsoë is in sight. All the way, since early morning, there has been a succession of very wintry landscapes. The mountains are not so high, though still rugged; but everywhere there is snow to their summits and to the water's edge. Here and there are a few green spots, which some one has preëmpted. But Tromsoë, albeit within the Circle, is quite a town. Its red tiles appear imposing from its bay. We leave the vessel and land amid a crowd of indigenous lookers-on. We walk the streets, intending to have dinner on shore at the Grand Hotel. It is a two-story, commodious barn, without carpeting. The fresh pine boards are innocent of paint. Within its enclosure is a theatre, and small handbills indicate a play to-night. It is the play of "The Husband and Servant"—"*Herskab og Tjenerskab.*" In fact, there are two plays. I mention this to show the luxury of Lapland. The farce of "*Lam og Lovinde.*"—"The Lamb and the Lioness"—precedes the other. But how shall I pronounce the polysyllabic phrase which follows? Mark Twain said that there was danger in pronouncing the nine-jointed name of his Russian *inamorata.* It was awful on his teeth; in fact, it brought some old snags out. Two of the syllables were nipped off in his attempt; but the name "tasted good," as the lock-jaw closed down on it. We were informed by the hand-bill of the theatre that the "*Abonementsforestelling*" opened at half-past eight of the "klock." This was satisfactory, though sesquipedalian. We had evidences at the hotel of this theatrical party by the boxes of trunks, and

the thin and tragic Bernhardt-look of one of the actresses. Our guide Réné says they are Danish, and he knows. I enter the theatre, and, unobstructed and unchallenged, gallant our company behind the scenes and into the green room. A piano in front furnishes the orchestra, and is a prologue to the swelling scenes to come. A head gear and a sword, some paint stuffs, and a few gay dresses indicate the sumptuous wardrobe. As our vessel resumes its northern journey at 6 P. M., and as the theatre opens at 8.30 P. M., we shall miss it. Is it lighted? Yes. Chandeliers hang from the ceiling, and, although there is nightly sunlight now, yet this is a provision for dark winter.

When we emerge from the hotel for a stroll, school is out, and the little Tromsoë folks are on the lookout for us. They stand in groups. I examine the school book of one, and make a picture on the slate of another, whereat all are interested, and a child of ten years volunteers to say that he is in a higher class than the younker I am patronizing. He speaks English, too. It is studied in the schools. Wandering about the streets, we are followed by crowds of little people, curious to note our motions and our dress. They ask us to write on their slates. Our English clergyman writes a moral maxim about discipline; and I write: "When you get old enough, come to America, which your ancestors found five hundred years before Columbus." This I thought would stimulate inquiry and enterprise.

A wedding is announced at the church, whose bells are pealing. We invite ourselves. A score of us enter the building. It is, like most Lutheran churches, plain; but there is an altar, with "seven



NORWEGIAN BRIDE AND GROOM.

candlesticks" and candles; a large cross, perfectly white, a pulpit midway, and commodious pews and seats. The hour is two in the afternoon, not in the morning, though as to lighting the church it is "all one." Some dozen or so of natives, all females, with handkerchiefs upon their heads, are present. Our party is seated at the front. I remain at the door. My wedding garment is not up to the highest style, but as the procession enters the front door I fall in behind with the small boy of the family. The bride is a tall girl, with inflammatory hair and cool demeanor. The groom is a thick-set, stout man, in ordinary clothes. His hair is erect, and his imperturbability is quite equal to that of the woman, whom he holds, we hope gently, by the hand. She

is dressed plainly in black. A long white veil depends from her back hair, held by a circlet of ivy, a plant in great request and reputation here in Norway. A golden crown surmounts the adorned head, according to the custom. The friends of the bride and bridegroom, including parents, pass up to the platform with them and take seats on either side. A priest comes out from the adytum and stands before the altar silently, with his back to us, while the precentor from a side platform raises a sweet song, with whose music there is not so much accord by the audience. Then the bride and bridegroom kneel, a prayer is said, and the two are one, and all are happy. The bride is re-arrayed at the door, and the scene is concluded.

After dinner we stroll about the town, while the Captain invites my wife to ride about, after a wild Norwegian pony, in a big cariole. She reports having several adventures on foot as well as in the vehicle. Seeing a lady of sorrowful aspect sitting upon a bench, she joins her. The woman exhibits much emotion upon knowing my wife is from America. Her pretty home is tenantless, as the family, all but herself, sailed eight days ago for America. She says: "The snow—oh, the snow is so deep! No one ought to pass another such winter." She adds that no Lapps will be down from the mountains till later, and we must await their coming to see the reindeer in his best estate, which is wild. Judge Caton, in his admirable book on Norway, states that they have an irresistible impulse to seek the coast in the summer season. This the owner cannot oppose, if he would. All he can do is to direct whither they shall go. The Judge does not give us the reason why the animal seeks

the warm climate in warm weather, leaving the cool highlands behind. It is an anomaly in nature which he does not clarify. He says it is the habit also of the caribou of America. I asked our captain the reason. He says it is because of the mosquitoes, which are simply horrible to man and beast in summer, in the regions of Lapland, Finmark, and upper Sweden. My friend the clergyman of St. Paul's confirms the statements as to this summer terror of the Arctics. He says that in the north of Sweden, when the snow begins to melt and the mosquito eggs begin to hatch, his friends who have journeyed there have found it impossible to cook their meals, as the pot would be full of the mosquitoes before it could boil. They find it impossible to sleep unless one lies awake and takes care of his companions. He states that upon the shores of these northern Swedish lakes the mosquitoes have been washed ashore, and formed strata two feet deep! No wonder the reindeer leaves for the coast. Now I know why tourists do not prefer to go to Mount Gallaware in upper Sweden, to see the Midnight Sun, even though it is seen from the heights, and further south than Hammerfest. There is little interest about the Lapps and their reindeer. Perhaps my disgust of the American Indian in his drunken condition, has disenchanted me of the noble savage. I leave to others the description of these people, and their herds and habits. Reindeer or not, we shall meet plenty of Lapps before we see the midnight sun.

After visiting the Tromsoë Museum, with its antiquities of Lapp and Finn life, we board the ship by six, still hoping for a good glimpse of the sun at midnight. It has cleared off and grows warm.

We all nap, expecting to be awake at midnight. Alas! again a heavy fog and clouds, and an apparent sunset at midnight, nevertheless; but his majesty is within his pavilion of stately splendor, although never under the horizon. Our English clergyman makes an excellent sketch of the scenery above Tromsoë, with its wild, rocky mountains, and an island in the distance, between whose jutting peaks we feel, if we do not see, the round orb's decline and rise behind long level lines of crimson hue, which change into a pinky radiance as he rises without setting. Two ships appear, like phantoms, to break the solitude of the scenery. Again we go to our berths disappointed, but not altogether unenthusiastic; for are we not assured by science and our eyes that there is no sunset here?

Besides, there is a peculiarity in the light here, whether because of the snow and glacier, or the boreal latitudes, I know not. It is indescribable. Dr. Kane, in his polar experience, describes the effect of the reflected light, in the month of March, as more dream-like and supernatural than any combination of earthly features. He says: "The moon is nearly full, and the dawning sunlight, mingling with hers, invests everything with an atmosphere of ashy gray. It clothes the gnarled hills that make the horizon of our bay, shadows out the terraces in dull definition, grows darker and colder as it sinks into the fjords, and broods sad and dreary upon the ridges and measureless plains of ice that make up the rest of our field of view. Rising above all this, and shading down into it in strange combination, is the intense moonlight, glittering on every crag and spire, tracing the outline of the background with contrasted brightness, and printing its fantastic profiles on the

snow-field. It is a landscape such as Milton or Dante might imagine—inorganic, desolate, mysterious. I have come down from deck with the feelings of a man who has looked upon a world unfinished by the hand of its Creator." This is a true picture of these unfinished fragments of our inorganic world.

A question arises which all observers of the midnight sun discuss: Is the light before, different from that after—midnight; and if so, wherein? There is a richer flush and a warmer temperature before midnight. That satisfies the sentiment which associates poetry with sunset! Besides, there is a scientific and sanitary relation of light to our race. The shroud of the body or its skin should not be concealed from the light and air, as if we were insects to be incased in cocoons. There is another function for light beside that of falling upon the eye for vision. It is its healthy stimulus; and both through eye and skin affects the sensibility and the health of mankind, dispelling languor and pallor and stringing the nerves to a finer tension.

Upon this misty morning of the last of June, arising at eight, I seek some relief from the monotony of daylight and volcanic mountain; for the prospects above Tromsoë are not equal in attraction to those below. The snows and clouds commingle, so that it seems one unbroken whiteness upon the lonely shores. The air is damp and muggy, except in the south, where we least want it clear, and there it is illumined with a blue streak of light. Not a sign of human or other life now appears; not even a duck, or a sail. It is the skeleton of the world, in its shroud. We have, while asleep, passed over some open sea, and are within the protection of the islands on the west.

At ten o'clock next morning we are at Hammerfest, which, although it is the uppermost town in Europe, is not the upper end of our journey. It is not so large by half as Tromsoë, for it has only about three thousand population. It looks more like a seaport. The harbor is full of little boats plying their fishing trade. A Siberian steamer is loading. We walk to the rocky stream which gushes out of the frozen lake, covered with snow, and endeavor to reach the Lapp encampment, which the melting snow forbids. We enter the low huts of the people on the outside of the town. They are very dirty and squalid; but the roofs are already green with grass, where there is better provender for the stunted yellow cows with short legs and full udders, than amidst the rubble and snows of the common at the margin of the lake, beneath the rocky mountain. We were not a little puzzled at the useless cultivation of grass upon the roofs of these houses, inasmuch as no one seemed to practise the economy of the Scotch peasant, who carried his cow on top of his roof, morning and evening, to eat off the grass, forgetting how easy it would have been to cut it, and carry it to the cow.

The improvidence of these poor people, is only equalled by their filthy huts and habits. The habits of Norse filth, are in wide contrast with those of Dutch neatness, in the same conditions of life. I cannot say that the ordinary peasant of Norway is tidy. Even the *skyd*, who drives the cariole, with his mischievous blue eye, has a sort of ragged, hirsute hair, innocent of the comb, and a face racy of the soil and ignorant of soap. But these Norwegians are in the fishing business, and in the long winter live in hot smoky houses. Perhaps it is patriotic to be slovenly? Do they not inherit it

from one of their heroes? Is it not written of Harold Harfager, when he sought the yellow-haired Snæfrid to wife, and when she sent word to him, that she would not marry him until he conquered all Norway, that he thereupon took an oath, never to cut his hair until he conquered both land and wife? Besides, why do the Norse people call their heavy servant girl, "*smukke pige*"?

Almost as much care is taken to dry the hay in Norway as the fish, for the weather has its vicissitudes, and the winter is long and wearisome to man and beast. For some time we were at a loss to understand the meaning of the great bundles of poles, like exaggerated fasces,—*hoef giers*—piled so as to look like the lodges of the red man of our land. They are found everywhere in the fields of southern Norway. They stand in the meadows or lean against barn and fence, and attract attention at every view. What can they be? At last the solution came. They are used for curing hay. Hay is hung up to dry. Stakes are set about six feet high and pins inserted, on which these slender poles are laid. The poles are so arranged that when the grass is placed upon them they shed rain. The sun and wind soon do the hay-making, aided by stalwart females. These improvised hedges are features of Norwegian landscape. They are thoroughly rural, and quite in contrast with the bleak aspect of the fjords.

Passing down the principal avenue of Hammerfest, called Neddre-Gonnevvolsgäade, we see a neat little church. Its bell rings. We enter, and are met by a Catholic priest, a Hollander, who is here at work educating and preaching. His name is the Rev. Father Crull. He calls to his aid the Rev. Father Hagerman, a German, who is here as di-

rector of the Catholic missions in Lapland and Finmark. Wine and music, and a pleasant chat, ending with a benediction, and we are placed under the direction of a young Norse teacher, who tenders her service to help us about Hammerfest. The church only numbers thirty-four, and its age is but a few years.

Under the convoyance of our beautiful guide, Mademoiselle Gabovier, we visited the docks about the harbor, which is full of activity. We note how many watchmakers' and clock shops there are in Hammerfest—a sign of natural confusion as to night and day. Some twenty open boats of the antique mould, such as were recently dug up near Christiania, are preparing to unload their fish at the red warehouses which overhang the water. They are Lapp vessels. The fish are of divers kinds; some red, and very large. The Lapps are not a nice set to look upon. They do not compare with the roughest of the Norwegian fishermen for cleanliness or behavior. Their *wamuses* (as we used to call them out west), or loose coat of white, thick, and dirty woollen, are held by a belt—sometimes marked with the name of the owner—from which depends the Norwegian knife, which seems to be worn openly by everybody. This is a most innocent weapon, and only used for honest purposes. Drunk as are many of these Lapps, and rolling about the docks in stupid glee, yet no violence results, no insults are given.

On the outside of the town, the great meridian line of 25° 20′ drawn from the Danube to the arctic, terminates. It is marked by a monument, which celebrates that the (scientific) sovereigns of Norway, Sweden and Russia ordained this long meridian, in latitude 70° 40′ 11″. This is quite exact for sovereigns.

Here, far off at this end of the earth—as an evidence of civilization, I suppose—is the inevitable Custom House, with the red flag of Norway over it. It is called the *Toldkamer*, where they take toll for the liberty to trade in fish, oil, and timber. The shoes of the people are peculiar, made of leather, but heavy, and, like their carioles and vessels, turn up at the end!

The very tones of these Norwegians indicate a gentle habit. At every turn in their talk you hear the negative *nei*—pronounced like *nayee!* It is used for admiration, wonder, and interrogation, and always with a graceful curve at the end, like their vessels. If the *eja* (aye) and the *nei* (no) vote were taken in Norway, the *neis* would have it almost *nem. con.* It is said that the adjective habitual to a person is as much of a detective of character as the inscriptions on a thermometer are indications of heat. Certainly, this is true of the Norwegian negative monosyllable. It is the sign and proof of complaisance. It must be perfectly charming to a Norse lover to hear such a sweet denial of his suit. Its characteristic is that it turns up so gracefully at the end of the conversation. I should not be surprised to see even the mosquitoes turn up, as we have seen the whales, in obedience to this universal rule of politeness.

Before 4 P. M. we are all aboard ready to receive a return visit from the priests, who call to escort mademoiselle back to the shore. She has been dining with us. After all is done by us to be reciprocal, we set sail for the cape and the open Arctic. Only a few stations, and we will be there, and then and there we have another chance at his Midnight Majesty.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUN AS A NIGHT ORB—ARCTIC SCENES AT THE CAPE.

"Where was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim
And trace the dwindling edges of its brim."

IT is July 1, 1881, and ten at night, and we are in sight of the cape! It grows cold and colder. All wraps are ordered up and out, so that from the deck we may survey the splendid headland. Before taking a local view of the situation, let us see where we are—on our planet. Evidently we are in no ordinary out-of-the-way place. The air, sea, sky, light, and, most of all, this mystic volcanic mountain island —wild, bleak, black, bare, and jagged, a thousand feet sheer and clear of the sea, and its surface deeply invested in white—prove our strange situation. The very air blows with a strange chill, and the light, which comes to us over the pole obliquely, has in it a sepulchral semi-shadow in the heart of its mild lustrousness. It is a sort of inner light, burning upon the vestibule of outer darkness. The spot is one to philosophize upon. It hushes the outer senses. It makes one feel the limitations upon our will and works; yet God has enchanted this rocky promontory by His sunlight, though He grants it but a brief summer.

The North Cape is the extremity of an island

called Magerœ. It means what it looks, barren. A few Lapps and reindeer, a fishing station and some ermine, and birds by the million, are said to give some life to this desolate promontory. We see them not. A column on the top tells that royalty ascended here in 1873. That does not appear as we round the headland; but the huge rock looms up grandly before us. You do not care to gaze from its eminence to the south even if a prospect opened. It would only reveal the same scenery which we have seen in less sublime aspects, since we left the circle. To the east other rocky heights, in clear outline, jut into the sea.

Before we pass around the headlands, the gentleness with which we had dallied in the fjords, gave way. We had signs that the Mighty Power which controls the raging of the ocean, was in most oracular mood, and its eternal motion gave its thunders upon the rocks! As we round one of the points of the star-shaped isle, the sound of the unslumbering ocean becomes fainter. We drop our anchor, and the gentleness and shadow of evening seem to brood upon the bosom of the little bay where we lie. We experience a feeling of exultation and exaltation; for this was the end we proposed in making this long voyage.

Yet before I left Trondhjem I saw a hand-bill posted on a fish warehouse with the heading:

"SPORTING AND PLEASURE TRIP

TO

SPITZBERGEN

BY WAY OF NORTH CAPE!"

It assured the festive public that good hunting boats, with harpooners and all necessary implements, would accompany the expedition, and that Mr. Ellertsen, R. S. O. O. R. J. O., an eminent Arctic explorer, would be along, and all for one hundred dollars, to and fro! What all these alphabetical prefixes mean—though I surmise that the O's refer to the Order of Olaf—I am not assured; but it was rather a damper on our enterprise to know, that it was so easy to go so much further into the wild Arctic Sea, with its mystery of waves and their never-sleeping music. The wish leaps to the mind, that we could ascend some supreme eminence at this point for a grand view; for, as we approach the inscrutable sea around the pole, we are stricken somewhat with the ambition to discover the unknown. Wishes have no limit. Would that we could take a *coup d'œil* of the Norway which we have skirted above the circle. How would glacier and snow, mountain and maëlstrom, isle and ocean, look from a height lofty enough to grasp the situation! Fancy pictures it as a great ridge of bent and honey-combed rock, with a few spots of habitable green; but full of fantastic indentations into the very "bowels of the land." These fissures divide and subdivide, and reach out their branches till they are spread to naught in the tiny drops of the melting snow and ice. A little steamer, a little sail, a gull, a fishing-boat; and all the rest rock! Near and above the circle, Norway narrows to less than a hundred miles. Coast and country are one. It is in fact at Tromsoë, the old capital of Lapland, a rocky ridge of broken coast, with snow mountains and glaciers up to the Swedish border.

At the North Cape we look out upon the Arctic Ocean; and but for distance and Spitzbergen, not to

speak of another small isle between, which lies due north, we could see the Polar Sea, if not the pole! Let us be content with the prospect. Besides, have we not gone eastward as well as northward? We are over thirty degrees north of New York and Chicago. Our longitude has moved us eastward, and the time, as men reckon time, has changed. Every five degrees eastward has made a difference of twenty minutes. Our meals and clocks must undergo their changes. We have come to meet the sun east as well as north, and are adding something to our lives, as some men count living. Being extremely north, and the circles of longitude being less, we mark time more rapidly than in New York; and certainly "make more time" than I have known to be made in Washington! But whether the degrees be long or short, the real time is the same. A degree here is twenty-two miles, while at the equator it is four times as much.

So accessible are these ultra-northern places by steam voyaging on the coast, that we forget how far north we are. Iceland is far south of us, Greenland is partly below our line drawn circularly westward. Behring Straits is not within our magic Arctic Circle, and the *Jeannette* was crushed not three hundred miles further north. The pole of the magnet would be found attracting us by its marvellous energy, somewhere on the same lines of latitude where we have moved.

How does this wild north rock appear? Its size is not great compared with other mountains, but it is a fitting end, although an isle, of a great continent. It is of mica-slate. It is seamed with long lines of white and black, as though marked by fire and thunder. It has its caves washed by epochs of oceanic

tempest. At its base is a green fringe of sea-weeds, which, on nearer inspection, we find very slimy and dangerous to stand upon. Below this is a white line of breakers, in snowy contrast with the bleak mountain and green margin. Our vessel is under the shadow of the mountain. The harbor, if it be one, is as black as ink. As we stop, the screw stirs the dark flood into flashes of green and white, making it boil with unaccustomed noise, so deep is the silence and solitude. The throb of engine and the song of the sea cease, and we are comparatively quiet in this lonely bight.

We are sent on shore in the captain's gig, the captain himself taking the helm. But the landing is difficult. The slippery boulders give unsafe footing, and the women are carried ashore by the sturdy sailors. The rest of us have to be heedful of our steps before we are safe under the frowning rock.

Some of our party—the more vigorous Scotch young men—endeavor to ascend the gulch in the mountain. It has been done. Our captain has done it twice; but not with such a mass of melted and melting snow as now fills up the gorge. We see our friends afar up, on hands and knees, patiently climbing. They fail and have still more trouble and danger in the descent. The captain calls his company —a score of us—together, and the difficulty of reaching the small boat, especially by the ladies, is overcome.

On our return to the ship, each one lays down his trophy. One has a piece of wood evidently borne by the Gulf Stream from America. It is palmetto. He holds it aloft, and declaims Bayard Taylor's description, flourishing his proof of the existence of the grand river in the ocean. He dwells

on Taylor's description of the island, as it glowed in the blended loveliness of sunrise and sunset, and wondered if his picture would be realized when midnight came! Another Scotchman brings as his trophy a beautiful verdant cup, full of dewy wine, and with the grace of Ganymede, presents it to a lady, repeating the verse, with a thrill of music in his voice:

"Ilka blade of grass keeps its drap of dew."

Another has his thermometer, and has been testing the heat of the water, and is reducing Raumer to Fahrenheit. It is our surgeon from Edinburgh, Dr. Sanderson. He has taken the temperature from Trondhjem up; and being our scientist, dilates on his inductive experiments. He proves that the coast is warmer than the interior, and propounds the paradox that the coastal region has a cooler summer and a milder winter than the interior. He surprises some of us by showing, that this entire coast is warmer on the average by 20° than other localities on the same degrees of latitude. Drift ice is not seen here at 70°, while on the American coasts, it is seen at 41°. Comparing the temperature of the sea and the air, and that of the depths and the surface, he shows that the sea is warmer, on the average, than the air; and that in winter, the year round, there is heat in the depths but little variant in degree, from month to month. His conclusion is plain; and we have no inclination here and now, to dispute it, that the sea is filled with surplus quantities of tropical caloric, which keep the fjords open and the sea unfrozen. For this grand benison, the source of life to flower, fish and bird, and the support of man and beast, all honor

to America and her Gulf Stream! Its heat makes vapor; and its vapor, mirages; and its mirages, monsters; its monsters, myths; its myths, the muses; and from them come the songs of the Scalds, which celebrate midnight auroras and suns, Vandal lawlessness and Viking adventures. What does not the Norseland owe to America and her stream? This conclusion aroused our patriotic emotion.

Some of our company display simple rounded pebbles, as paper-weight souvenirs of the spot. The captain, who has been far up the mountain—looking like a little silhouette against the immaculate snow—brings a variety of arctic flowerets for general distribution. My wife has a handkerchief full of little love drops of flowers on the tiniest of white moss tendrils. One sturdy engineer bears in his buttonhole, a big bouquet of the smallest and prettiest of flowers known to the nomenclature of botany. The beauty of the tropics in its daintiest sense is thus reproduced at this frozen and bleak end of the continent!

What a kind dispensation is that which places amid the meagre mosses of this far-off Arctic rock these little flowers! How brief is their summer! May, June, and all the seasons of florescence which are ours, are here but for a brief week or month. These flowers are the smiles upon these ultimate rocks. These are beauteous proofs that summer has reached these grim abodes, soon to be enveloped in wintry gloom. They teach us that the best and holiest thoughts may take root and bloom in the iciest home. Here were the wildest estrays of the forest and field, which cared not for the art of horticulture, but mingled their sweet blossoms with the snows of the Arctics.

But it is no time to reflect or moralize. We pre-

pare to move from our enchanted, almost sinister, moorings. The gloom which Carlyle, in his "Teufelsdröckh," inspires, comes over the soul, as we take our last look at this "Infinite Brine," on which he located the low and lazy sun, slumbering on his cloud couch, wrought of crimson and gold, yet with a light streaming over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire pillar—the porch lamp to the palace of the Eternal. Shall we realize this weird picture of the cynical yet sublime critic?

In the *fauna* of these northern lands and seas, birds form a majority only less than the fish. These coasts are not so frigid, but that they breed petrels, swans, geese, pelicans, grebes, auks, ducks, gulls, and divers. The ducks are of every variety and color. Scientific hunters have counted over thirty kinds. They are to be seen at every turn of our journey northward. Whether they outnumber the gulls is doubtful. In the rushing waters of some of these tide-disturbed fjords, these squawking gulls are simply appalling in number and noise. In the order of swimming-birds, they bear the palm for variety. Here are found black-headed gulls, bent-beak gulls, naked-knee gulls, spotted gulls, brown gulls, white gulls, black-winged gulls, ashy-blue gulls, black-back gulls, yellow gulls, gulls with one kind of mandible and gulls with another, gulls with and without a hind toe, and gulls—gulls—gulls! Here they lay their eggs, hatch their young and fish. But upon this occasion—and amidst this plenitude of bird production, and at this midnight hour, only one solitary bird—like that which fascinated the Ancient Mariner—disturbs our nocturnal sunlight, upon the borders of the Mystic Sea. The unusual clangor of lifting the anchor, as we pre-

pare to leave the gloomy cove under the shadow of this great North rock disturbs his lonely sleep. He is a cormorant. He adds to the ghostly solitude. He has been sitting on those drear and desolate rocks—a lone fisherman—from which he dives for his prey. He flies in a confused way about our boat; as if inspecting the causes of this exceptional intrusion into his waste. It is said that this bird is one of evil omen. The verse has it:

> "Slowly the cormorant aims his heavy flight,
> Portending ruin to each baleful rite."

The Druids believed that its appearance during the celebration of their mysteries, was portentous; and Milton could find nothing so fit for the incarnation of the arch-fiend as the cormorant. It is a bird of prey and though it will live harmoniously with other birds, it will not allow other birds to feed, when it is hungry.

We found no evil in its lonely appearance here. But those who followed after us, suffered shipwreck, near this very spot. A company of Americans—ladies,—started to take our route to the midnight sun. Mrs. Joseph Wright, whose husband, Governor Wright, was once our Minister in Berlin, her daughter and grand-daughter were of the unfortunate company. We met them at Christiana on our return from the Arctics, and rather persuaded them to adventure where we found it so easy. They went. They saw the sun at midnight; they landed at North Cape, as we did; they started home. Within three hours after their vessel's prow was turned south, and in the Arctic Ocean, they were befogged, struck a rocky isle, and were nearly wrecked while sleeping. They were helped to the

rock, and remained twelve hours in a pelting storm, listening to the tolling of the ship's bell rocked by the waves, until our vessel, the *John Schöning*, with our Captain Benson, arrived to rescue them.

Little did we reck of danger, nor heed the portentous cormorant, as with enthusiastic hearts, we prepare for the midnight phenomenon. Steam is up. The hour of twelve approaches. All are on the *qui vive* for the midnight sun! Twenty of us are at the prow with our watches out. The old orb is radiant. The captain calls out: "Five minutes of twelve!" Will the orb disappoint us? There is a heavy cloud above in the zenith, but it is lined with silver, and a line of cirrus clouds lies just above his majesty. Like a king of day he is enthroned without obscuration between the long line of clouds, on pearl and amber, orange and gold, all the hues of the prism vanishing into a soft radiance with the close struggle between sunset and sunrise.

A minute to twelve! He still remains round and radiant. Twelve! Hurrah! Hurrah! It is done, and the cheers go up from this solitude, arousing its echoes. The rim of the horizon, far off to the north, where the pole is supposed to be, is silvered with a pale, weird beauty. It grows pink and then scarlet; and this Arctic desolation is made a living splendor,

> "Self withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendor without end!"

This is the phenomenon which we have come so far to witness. The captain is on the bridge. "*Il fait accompli*," I sing out to him from below.

"Give it to me in good English, Meister Cox."

I say, "We are all happy. The great transaction is done."

"Prepare to fish!" is the practical response and emphatic order of the captain. All is bustle. The sailors prepare the tackle. The lines are out, the captain leading with two codfish. I soon follow, and the sailors are busy. Mirth goes round at each success. My wife, a good fisherman generally, tugs away at her long line until, like the gentle admiral, she suddenly "goes below." My courier, Réné, the Dane, catches a monster, all golden as the sun itself. [Cheers.] Then a Scotchman gets in a hideous hog fish of twenty-five pounds. [Laughter.] Our stewardess, Julia, hauls in a monster. [Renewed cheers and laughter.] And so we keep it up till two in the golden morning, when to sleep we go, covering the port-holes so as to pretend it is night.

We had made many sacrifices to see this remarkable performance of our luminary. Not that either of us was over-anxious to find a land where sunset did not occur. We had hoped that there was no realm in this or the future existence where "Sunset" might not happen. But I may be allowed to remark since I have borne the sobriquet of "Sunset" for so many years, and it has sounded so often, with such sweet sibilation, that I had come to believe that I had a sort of fee simple in its fairyland, with its gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers. Here in the uppermost point in Europe, and at this midsummer season there is no sunset! Bring burial weeds and sable plume; for there is no sunset! Lift the funeral song of woe; and tell through the land that sunset is no more; and yet I live!

And must I now be disenchanted? Do I live, and is sunset no more? Do I see a country where the sun is going, going down amid a *mise en scene* equal, if not superior, to that Ohio evening years

ago, which I tried to portray with my poor pen—and yet it does not go down? Was it not enough that for ten long days, or day, there was no night for us, and that the sun, by gliding and glowing in the north without any respite, had disturbed our customary experiences? The reaction might be too sudden. The failure of our old orb to set might—well, there is no telling the cataleptic and other dire consequences. But here was the patent fact! Here were clouds and lights, all the hues of the prism in splendid display, and yet no sunset after all! The unsetting and the unsettable sun! Midnight, and yet light all aglow! No gas, no candles, no stars, no moon—only the fiery orb and his "trailing clouds of glory."

Must we send to the limbo of departed poetry, all the imagery with which sunsets are decorated? No. The flow and glow of the setting orb, has not been overshadowed by that of the unsetting. Even a Norse poet,—as Tennyson has translated it,—has pictured his preference for that glory, from when first the great sun-star of morning-tide—Lamp of the Lord God—glode over earth, till the glorious creature sunk to his setting.

But is not the sun all-sufficient without other fires? If he stays up and sets not, what more can the human heart desire? What wonder that the Oriental mind clothed the sun with the majesty of divinity, and that the Magi saluted his coming with worship, as the source of life? What wonder that his beams evoked music from Memnon? Is he not the creator of health and the great benefactor? And we have found a land where he will not rest!

The sensation was as new as it was humiliating to my *amour propre*. I recalled the words of a Yankee character: "It's relly affectin' to think how little these

'ere folks is missed that's so much sot by. There ain't nobody, ef they's ever so important, but what the world gets to goin' on without 'em, pretty much as it did with 'em, though there's some little flurry at first."

How much can be done, after all, in nature and in science, art and government, without us. Governments will run, men and women dance and love, trade and trouble proceed without sunset! Here in this land of the frigid zone, for ten days and more we had seen boats in full rig and sail, mountains of lofty altitude musical with fosses, glaciers miles in length moving on their quiet and steady way, men hauling in fish by the million, whales disporting, and a steamer pushing its mazy way through the deep waters shut in by volcanic walls from angry seas—and yet no sunset! New York and America callous to the fact and moving on restlessly, with alternation of lights and shades, love and hate, bad and good, night and day, thinking of everything and forgetting that sunsets are not everywhere and forever. Still, though I have seen and recorded the fact that sunset is no longer here, let there be no premature obituaries.

To appreciate seriously these phenomena, we must go back to the rudiments of astronomy and geography. Go back to the invisible circle, and while endeavoring to decipher the horseman and the horse, through which the circle is clearly ascertainable, by faith and science, let us look around—around our star! The first impression is that the star is round. That is not a complex idea; but there are suggestions about it that to the ordinary mind are complicated, if not confusing to the general experience. To such this circle and its phenomena

are a mystery. It is a mystery, because above it, in ever-contracting circles, till it runs to naught at the pole, the sun shines only a portion of the year, without going under. Within it is a horizon for a part of the year which never hides the blessed light, where our moon and stars forget to light their lamps, and where the earth alone seems repairing to the home of light with "its golden urn." When the spring begins, this favored region has but a spot of continuous shine, but it grows with the ever-widening circle from the Pole to the Arctic, until on midsummer's day, the day we left Trondhjem, it has run down lines of longitude twenty-three and a half degrees, or 66° 30′ north latitude. There it tremulously lingers and moves to the polar regions, to make the bright little gem of light from which it started.

The other half of this process for half a year is dedicated to the Antarctic, while Night for six months folds its wing, radiant with strange auroras, over these regions. These vicissitudes are as orderly as the seasons of the moderate zones. It is our experience which makes them seem eccentric; and this experience gives to the scenery, to time, to the clouds and mountains, the fjords and snows, the glamour of unreality. We are, so to speak, inverted. Some sense of the comic if not of the cosmic, relations we bear to space and stars and suns comes over us; and the light we bask in at midnight is as strange as that "which never was on sea or land—the consecration, and the poet's dream."

Here are day of days and night of nights! This is plain to the eye, and it takes ever so slight a reflection to understand it fully. It is complex, until we remember that the earth goes round the sun in an

eclipse—a problem which men have been ready to defend even unto death. In going round the sun the earth inclines its axis to the plane in which it moves. If the earth did not thus "tenderly incline"—if it stood stiff and perpendicular, without courting the graces—every inch of its surface would have its night and day equally divided. But it plays the erect only twice a year, at the intersection of the ecliptic and the equator. These are days of absolute equity of distribution in the spring and fall. Twice a year, March 21st and September 21st, the half of the earth along its axis is illuminated. These are the equinoxes. God determined that for a year our earth should make its bow, half the time to one and half to the other pole. The angle of this obeisance of our earth to its plane measures the distance from the pole to the circle.

It is a plain conclusion from these facts that the Arctic Circle within which we are moving just now girdles the earth with only eight thousand miles. If we would make a straight march around the circle, we would save one-fourth of the journey in miles, and if around where we are now at this North Cape on our line of latitude, which is about 72°, it would be one-half less, or one-fourth of the distance around our globe at the equator.

At the North Cape the sun is first seen at full at midnight, on the 13th of May; at Hammerfest on the 16th; at Tromsoë on the 20th; and at Bodo—about a degree above the circle—on the 4th of June. At Bodo, it is seen until the 8th of July, or thirty-two days; at Tromsoë until the 22d; at Hammerfest until the 27th; and at North Cape until the 30th of July. It is visible as a full orb, at the cape, over two and a half months. The traveller must seize

the days accordingly. At Bodo, the sun goes out of the sky on the 15th of December, and peeps up again on the 28th; at the North Cape it goes out on the 18th of November, and returns on the 24th. But these dates do not convey the idea of the long night, nor of the long day, as the sun does not wholly lose its light, or fully shine during these intervals. One result is a short summer, and a long winter. If one could be at the pole, in the centre of the great spiral movement of the sun,—but that is not an adventure—for us.

However, we may approximate toward the pole, by standing on an elevation. My observations thus far, have been on a level with the horizon; but get above it, climb a mountain, and the sun will seem higher. If you climb two hundred and twenty feet, you travel north fifteen miles. If you stand on a hill that high, you would see the sun a day sooner. Tourists do this at Avasaxa, in Sweden, from Haparanda! It is just on the circle, north of the Gulf of Bothnia, fourteen hundred and eight miles from the pole. The sun shines—all day and all night there on the 22d of June. It is seen due north. On the 22d of September, it descends and rests on the rim of the sky, and on the 22d goes out altogether, till the 22d of March!

CHAPTER IX.

RETURNING FROM LAPLAND—SUNDAY SERVICES WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION—PICTURES OF THE NORWEGIAN COAST.

"The needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy, and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north."—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

IF there be monotony in this returning voyage, it is agreeably broken and diverted by many incidents, not the least pleasing among which is our Sabbath on board. We have two English clergymen with us. Upon both the Sabbaths we have spent aboard we have had divine service. On our last Sabbath the service was interesting and beautiful. All joined in it, even our skeptical Scotchmen and their Presbyterian compatriots. The captain stopped the vessel at 10 A. M. for this purpose. While our friends in New York were absorbed in worldly affairs, our little company above the arctics were upon their knees invoking the Divine Power to give us everlasting day in a world where no night is! The rector from Devonshire read the service, and the clergyman of St. Paul's led the responses. The tenth chapter of Acts was read as a "lesson" in the humanities. It was the story of Cornelius and Peter, and taught that "God is no respecter of persons." The other part of the service was ren-

dered impressive by the often-recurring words which indicated our situation. "The Lord judgeth the ends of the earth," said the pastor, and there was a pause as if we were not altogether excluded from the "Great Day."

The other lesson was the simple story of little Samuel—"The third Sunday after Trinity." I am not an adept in the Episcopal service, but I am familiar with Samuel, and have been his constant companion since I could remember. The story had a new meaning in these high latitudes. Its imagery was beautifully appropriate: "Neither is there any rock like our God!" "The bows of the mighty men are broken!" and my response was a thought of Olaf and Harold and those Norsemen who from the far Hellespont to the Hebrides once held many lands captive. "He lifteth up the beggar out of the dunghill to set him among princes;" and I thought of the son of the French notary of the Pyrenees, Bernadotte, who has given a new dynasty to Scandinavia. The lesson closed with the words: "And the child Samuel grew on and grew in favor, both with the Lord and also with men." Then I thought of my own unworthiness to be so favored, and then of my constituency far, far away.

After the service, my wife and some of her Presbyterian friends raised the old hymns with which Glasgow, Edinburgh, New York, and Ohio are accustomed to make melody in their hearts. Coming out of this extreme north, far beyond what the comforts of conveyance would lead us to expect; far beyond our Alaskan possessions, or even Behring's Straits, and again sailing south amid similar scenery, but by differents routes—I am tempted to make a résumé of the characteristics and allurements of this

land. Our captain tells us that we have voyaged more than fifteen hundred miles. Sometimes we have been in the open sea, and have managed—there being no night—to sleep away its melancholy experience; for, in spite of all the trials upon its turbulent breast, and with the wind rudely blowing from the North Sea, one cannot overcome the chief obstacle in travelling—the prejudice in favor of taking our bodies, with all their infirmities, along. Most of the time we have been shut in by the walls of rock from its tempestuous consequences. On our return, the grey, grotesque, and fire-twisted mountains are half screened with veils of clouds. They are shrubless and overhanging, dark and lowering with clouds at times. Often for miles on the coast they are worn round and worn down by the wash of ages; yet upon every horizon they show their Titanic peaks and ranges, and among them always some one mountain is preëminent, with his head clothed in the majesty of sunlit clouds, and by his "great looks and power imperial" reminding us of Jove amid the Olympians!

Although our return route has been changed, so as to take in other stations, omitted upon our journey up, the same features appear—now an open lake, as beautiful as Geneva or Seneca, closed by and reflecting its surrounding mountains; then a narrow channel, like a canal, so straight it is, and seemingly enclosed by the masonry of man, so regular are its stones laid upon the shore. Then it winds in and out of tiny fjords, where, dressed in a little greenery and flecked with patches of snow, pastures and gardens, appear the red wooden houses on stone foundations, with green turf roofs, often covered with arctic flowers. Rough and wintry as all this aspect

is, still it is not "roughing it" to travel in summer as we do. It is like having Switzerland, with its cascades, glaciers, pinnacles, and domes, many scarred and seamed, dropped down into, or flooded by the ever-restless ocean. Call it inland or sea-coast, or double it with the sun's reflections upon the watery surfaces, there is still a variety and unity of elemental wonders, which imply "a conflict of ages," and other conflicts for future ages.

I will not disguise the fact that there is much discomfort in this trip. There is the long fortnight upon the vessel, with its occasional qualms in the open sea, which we cross some half dozen times. There is the unpleasant odor which comes to us from the hold, where fish and cod-liver oil are stored, and which is not omitted when we land at the little towns upon our routes. There is the thumping and rattling of chains as we load and unload by day or night, in or out of bed. There is the absence from the world, and its advancing and absorbing interests, from which it is hard to be altogether divorced. But there is compensation for all this in the novelties and grandeur of the scenery and voyage. Besides, cannot we run upon the rocky shores every few hours, when the vessel stops, and see strange faces, habits, and costumes? Have we not seen every shape and picture which fire and water, frost and storm, can engrave out of rocks? Upon shipboard, have we not resources in the desire of all to please, and the hundred employments and enjoyments that shorten the long and nightless hours? Have we not viewed, if not visited, the ten thousand islands which made Norway the nurse of nations? Have we not seen the midnight turned into a solecism,—a sunset that had no "going

down thereof," but only the forerunner and foreglow of sunrise? Have we not stood on that lone cape, described by that wizard of the pen, Carlyle, and had the infinite satisfaction of verifying the Gulf Stream? Have we not resolved the barrenness of the arctic landscape into something more than rock and ice? Have we not gathered from the very mantle of snow, where little gardens of moss love to spring under the brief but brisk flight of summer, the most delicate flowers, rock pinks, daisies, buttercups, Bethlehem stars, bluest "forget-me-nots," and little violets, all modest and sweet—reminders of home and other days? Have we not found in these waifs in their bleak gardens within the circle, the tokens which bid a thousand tender associations arise? Have we not hunted the beautiful birch with its clear green leaves, and stems of silver, in its native forest home, and followed its hardy growth, until its limitation was drawn with the brown fell vegetation of moss and lichen? Have we not seen, in its short summer, sallow willow, ash, beech, oak and pine, lending their garniture to the land of the Lapps? Have we not seen in the vast studio of nature the thousand varied forms which the sculptors, fire, frost, and tempest, have shaped, more wonderful and magical in their work than the fabled creatures of fairyland? Besides, have we not traversed the waters made memorable by the names of navigators who sailed and ruled a thousand years ago? Here were spots where Naddhold, the sea rover, lived, before he discovered Iceland, that home of exiled Norse genius, learning, and devotion; here once roved Erick the Red, before he found and founded Greenland; here Bjorn was trained before he discovered, long before the Genoese, the new

world, which he named Vinland; and here, in the year 1000 after Christ, Lief Erickson lived, before either he or Kalsefre placed foot on Massachusetts soil! Are not these the children of the wild fjords? Did not they adventure from the Bosphorus to Cape Cod, nearly five hundred years before Isabella gave her jewels to found her faith in a new hemisphere? Along with Hudson, Americus, Vasco de Gama, and even Columbus, the names of those sea kings who pushed their prows so far that they made west, east, and "sailed the Dragon's mouth, and came upon the mountain of the world, and saw the rivers roll from Paradise"—receive the grandest guerdons for chivalry upon the perilous and mobile element:

> "Those who toil bravely are strongest,
> The humble and poor become great;
> And so from these brown-handed children
> Have grown mighty rulers of state."

Were there no object in travelling for recreation and health; were there no external beauty of nature in her rugged and stormy aspect, on sea and land; these historic associations, which bind the year of our Lord one thousand to American shores, with the adventures of the Vikings from Norseland, Iceland and Greenland, should suffice to make a Norwegian tour of interest to Americans. The Pre-Columbian discoveries, the annals of which are as authentic as those of the Great Discoverer himself, lend a strange charm to these cradles of the deep, wherein between rocks the children of the sea were nursed for their daring enterprises.

For all the drawbacks of this unaccustomed travel, therefore, we have been repaid with compound interest. To appreciate a smooth and pleasant voyage

one must have head winds and rough seas awhile; and here is found the balm after pain, the reward after trouble, in most grateful recompense. It is beyond my comprehension how tourists can take the weariness and ennui of an Atlantic trip, and rest content in Paris, London, or Berlin. New York City is in most respects their counterfeit presentment. To those who, like ourselves, are fresh from the galleries and temples of art in the great capitals, who have within a few weeks heard Booth, Irving, and McCullough, and hung enraptured upon the music and pantomime of the Grand Opera of Paris, with all its gorgeousness and taste, who have heard the orators of the French and English forum "grace the noble fervor of the hour," by winged words that go to the uttermost parts of the earth, bearing their dominating spirit and decree, and who have so recently in the Salon of Paris and the Academy of London, and in the museums and palaces of Holland and Denmark, gazed upon pictures of entrancement—these rude scenes in the northern water-ways are nevertheless within a charmed, though it be an Arctic Circle.

As I write, I look through the humble but substantial frame of my port-hole upon an unfamiliar scene, half concealed by the vapor, but growing with every pulsation of the vessel into new forms of beauty. It is a distant snow mountain, nebulous as cloudland in semblance, but substantial, under a glow of light, with shining splendor. It grows and grows as I gaze, into a line of illuminated peaks, until, with one great flood of light, it bursts upon rock and fjord, making, by its magic touches of light, the great shadows fly before its power!

We stop our boat to take in bales of birch-bark and barrels of oil. There is no romance in this; but

looking to the east, we see, founded upon a promontory of volcanic rock, a whole village of curious people, clad in curious clothes, and anxious to wave their hands in salutation. We wave our handkerchiefs in return, and the response makes us understand even more than the strange scenery, that one touch of nature hath made the whole world kin!

I am advised that we are approaching the Sundström. I ask the mate if we pass the mäelström, and is this ström as fearful to navigate?

"The mäelström! Pah! It's nothing. We make nothing of that now, with steam." He points out the direction we are taking, and says: "This ström is something when the spring tides come with their immense volumes on volumes of water four times a day. It requires all our skill."

Returning to my infantile horror, the mäelström, I remembered how it had been intensified, by reading Jules Verne's view of the vortex, into which his hero descended. From the top of Helseggen, within the interior of Lofoden, he saw the sea in its headlong and monstrous impetuosity, and he heard its moaning, like that of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie! Between Moskoe and the coast the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into phrensied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents. From the dizzy height, the desolate panorama of an inky ocean, lashing the ramparts of the world, went on, with ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever! I was not altogether

pacified by the mate's assurances, so I asked again "Do the fishermen fear the current?"

"Fear? Once in a while, as in any rough sea and weather they may be upset, and go under; but they generally turn up. Shoals of fish are attracted either by the running water, or drawn by the current; the fish attract fishermen, and the rocks are crowded with gulls and other birds. I haven't heard of a fisherman or a bird being lost there."

"Is it true that whales are sucked into the eddies and caught, or killed?"

"Yes, that is true, sometimes, in some places; but the whirlpool is a myth. There's no more conical vortex there, than there is anywhere in these tidal and island waters. That the mäelström is a bottomless conical abyss, is nonsense. Vessels do not go often into the current between the Moskenaes and Vaerve where it is supposed to be. They take our route between the Lofoden group and the main coast. Here is current enough; and *mäel-ström*, means *bad current.* When it meets the tides in the strait between those isles, there is a wild time. The sea boileth as a pot. Whales are not sucked down, no more than ships; but there is," he said, "a little inlet between the rocks, opposite a farmhouse, which is at times deep and at other times shallow; and whales run in for some purpose, when it is deep; they get trapped and flounder about, when it is shallow. The farmer makes quite a sum by cultivating their blubber."

The ström is near the village of Grüno, where we are to rest, and it takes us out of our direct southern path. Still we venture. This is the Sundström; and it has swamped ships and killed whales; but we venture. The rain and mist give way so that our view is

clear. Upon the left shore is a monument, erected to celebrate the coming of King Oscar here some few years ago. Soon we see some green grass between the rocky vista; then some rocky headlands, decked with the even-laid piles of codfish; then the red houses, thatched with living green; then some fish warehouses; but where and how do we get there? It is a narrow path but two hundred feet wide, but we do go into it! Bottom and shore all rock, and no danger of snag or sand. The captain seems confident, for we hear his bugle blowing a tune to arouse the echoes and attract the village.

Behold! a thousand gulls! The shore is white and the water alive with them. This is one of the *fugle-vaer*, or bird islands; for every sort of a bird that goes a-fishing, is here in garrulous and winged, beak and mandible activity. There are a score of boats rowing about and even upon the "rapids." They, like the gulls, are looking for fish in the swift currents. They are not on a whirl, like the mysterious mäelström of our early geographies, but, like Hell Gate, are furious with a wild, rocky, tidal current. This we stem, and are soon at rest on the bosom of a beautiful bay.

In the afternoon, after winding in and around the isles, in mazy labyrinths which no one but the local pilots can thread, we find ourselves, although still in our floating hotel, within the walls of a bay so sequestered that one might imagine it some vast edifice, with the blue sky for its arched roofing. It is the town of Scroven. My wife and I go ashore. We visit one of the rocky eminences, after passing among the population in their Sunday attire, who are out to welcome us. The unfailing courtesy is here; and a tall, blue-eyed Scandinavian salutes us

in good English. He is from Chicago—one of sixty thousand Scandinavians in that city. We find that he has been at work for my wife's relatives in a grain elevator.

"Why are you here?" we ask. "Are you tired of America?"

"Oh! nay, nay! I am one of nine sons; all married off but myself. I promised my mother, if she was ill I would come to her. I love her, and so a year ago I came here and await her entire recovery. In the next fall I go to Chicago and take forty others, some girls, too," he added with a rosy laugh.

By this time there were one hundred and fifty people gathered. I asked the Chicagoan, if he were naturalized.

"Nay, only half."

"Declared your intention?"

"Yes, I intend to fulfil it."

I then told him, jocularly, that I intended to swear them all in, as it was about the Fourth of July; and so I raised my hand and rattled off the declaration of intention, quite familiar to me in "childhood's happy hours;" and he translated it, telling them, with an archness quite amusing, that they were now Americans! It was Sunday, and, of course, the oath was on a *dies non* and void. But the shout of fun that went up, indicated that the suddenness of their transformation and new national birth had touched their risibilities.

We were then invited to the house of three hospitable and leading citizens—millionaires and brothers—whose sister kept house for them. They looked very unlike descendants of the fierce sea robbers of the Viking days. Our captain was there, and having tasted their sherry and cake and their new

conserve, and admired their old silver, two hundred years, as an heirloom (one of the Norse weaknesses), we spent an hour in easy conversation, the captain and Réné being interpreters.

"How," asked my wife of the good sister, "do you stand the long winter nights here?"

She was amazed at the question, and put one of her own to us: "How could we stand alternate short days and nights?" She had tried them once down South in Christiania, and got very homesick. "Oh, it is our habits," she said, "and we cannot rid ourselves of them. We cannot live except here. Your nights come too quick and are so very short."

The next morning we were on deck early. The sailors were raising all their flags. I was informed that it way the birthday of their king, Oscar II. I informed them it was our national birthday. At breakfast all congratulated us three Americans. About ten in the morning, nearly one hundred and fifty miles above the Circle, we passed another boat of this line. Some one upon it cried out: "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" I gave the best response I could, indicating a preference for the Star Spangled Banner! At dinner I opened the toast to the king's birthday on behalf of fifty millions of other sovereigns whose ancestors had the same natal day. Before we know it, our dinner resolves itself into a celebration. Having commenced rhetoricating on the Fourth for Sunday-schools in Ohio, when ten years of age, it would have been an irremediable omission, not to have embraced the opportunity now presented by the junction of Oscar and America; and especially within the Arctic Circle and in a land so full of the memories of our discoverers and the monuments of independence and freedom. But as we

had a dozen Britons aboard and but three Americans, it required some nerve to address the assemblage. However, remembering the picture in Independence Hall, which Dr. Franklin declared he could not tell whether it were sunrise or sunset, until the Constitution was adopted, when he knew it was sunrise, and making the reflection incident to this memory and to this land of the unsetting sun, I dwelt upon the composite character of our country,—made up of all nations, with various languages and institutions, but discovered first by Norwegians. We in return had discovered Norway, and so on, until the gallant captain arose to compliment America, which he had visited. Then we drew out the good rector, who spoke lovingly of concord between nations. Then the "Army and Navy," to which Dr. Sanderson, formerly surgeon of the British navy, responded, making a splendid tribute to the hospital service, which he witnessed in America during the war. Then the clergyman of St. Paul's, whom I called out by the remark that although St. Paul was wrecked we had a better and safer captain. Having a "Fellow" from Trinity College, Cambridge, who had won his honors by his classic and linguistic attainments, we called on him for a speech. But, like all good scholars, he was too modest for a speech, and excused himself by using a word which was "polyglotical and hearty"—he said "Thanks!" and sat down! Then an eloquent Glasgow gentleman spoke of America till my cheeks were tinged with pride and exultation. "It is not your Niagaras and Mississippis, your coal fields or bonanzas, that make America! These God made. You made upon them and by them a great people; and I rejoice that you are separate and independent States; and

that you are the blossoms of the strength we ourselves rejoice in!"

A Scotchman who rolled his r's when he said "Robert Burns," as if the thistles grew on his tongue, gave a happy rejoinder to a toast to Scotia. The English then sang "God save the Queen," to which we Americans added our voices. An American lady from Boston responded gracefully to the usual toast, and with many hurrahs, we made the Fourth ever memorable upon these wonderful waters of this early home of human freedom.

The Norwegians, who, except the captain, were only observers of our celebration, seemed to be greatly interested. Why should they not? Are not their children rushing to our shores? Besides, is not their political experience parallel with ours? Did not their ancestors carry the *fueros* to Spain and the Magna Charta to England? Are they not now in very deed (except a little clause of the Constitution of 1814, which unites them with Sweden under one King) declared to be free and independent? Have I not myself heard within a month open declarations of republicanism in the Storthing, a truly representative body, without a titular or inherited legislator in the realm? Has not the body already signified its repugnance to the form of monarchy and the craft of kings? Did it not refuse to grant the largess demanded for the King, and his son for his bridal? Why should Norway be ruled by a distant King? She accepted Bernadotte, and has continued his family under the compulsion of holy and unholy alliances. Her wants are few. Her people are simple. Her land can give but twelve hundred of its square miles to grain, four-fifths of it is forest, and the rest is given to fish piles

and warehouses, to timber and duck, and she cannot afford to assist in dressing up princes to gratify other dynasties. The examples of France, Switzerland, and America are constantly cited here; and I should not wonder if Norway were soon an independent republic.

We see no beggary, poorhouses or jails; we hear of no crime or violence. No locks are needed upon doors. Drunkenness is rare. The people are honest. They love music and flowers, and are devoted to their faith and their families. They are never idle. Even the girls are knitting, while attending sheep and cows. If they have no other riches than such as the sea and fjords give, they are at home upon the watery element, and master a boat as a centaur does a horse, being a part thereof. Living in Norway is cheap, and there is no one who suffers. The Norwegian stock is in splendid condition, and any grafts from it upon our national tree will show fruit worthy of the best energy and honesty of the hardy Norseman of history. Above all, there is not a public scandal here extant, to the honor and credit of this people.

I have said that they were uniformly polite. They are more than polite. They are sincerely humane and kind. They are a serious people, with but few gleams of humor. I looked for the expression of it in the funny journals, but found little. There is at Lordagen a paper called the *Kaspar*, a sort of small *Punch*. It is not very refined, but quite full of hints, rather seriously jocund. At Trondhjem there is an amusing journal called the *Pierriot*. It assumes a higher rôle, and takes off the superfluities of social and political life with a big clownish grin. Still there is not much fun in Norway, though music

everywhere is a delight. It is said, that under the influence of the dance and brandy, the peasants are not laggard in wit; and their talk is full of sharp and comical expressions. Of this, we had no chance to judge. We saw some wild festivities going on, upon the shore among the fishermen; but did not go to the *soeters* or mountain farms, where freedom holds her revelry in summer. The people, however, have health, and health creates fine and equable dispositions. If they have not much sunshine the year round, they have the cheerfulness of wisdom and rectitude.

After many social hours upon deck and cabin, closing with "Auld Lang Syne," sung with unction by our Scotch friends, but under gloomier skies than when we went north, our pleasant and genial company were forced to separate, when we returned to Trondhjem.

We had been out of the range of English, American, German, or even Norwegian news, for sixteen days. What has happened in the active world meanwhile? What at home? Are the political complications ended, or reconciled, or what? What of dear friends? Musing thus, we saunter around the city. It is after 11 P. M. We meet gentle ladies carrying parasols. The sun has just gone down, but its crimson and gold decorate the northern sky with its relict radiance, which burns in flame against the windows of the houses. Still sauntering, we revisit the glimpses of St. Olaf's Cathedral. Its eight hundred years of existence has no moon to silver its Melrosian elegance into magic lights and shades, and no eternal stars looking down from their vaulted pinnacles. But the blazing clouds color its angles and irradiate its antique windows. The forms in its niches—

broken and disfigured—of saint and Saviour—are made hideous in their fragmentary ugliness by the unusual light. We pass into the graveyard, where the odor of a thousand bouquets, recently laid upon the graves, gratifies another sense, and bespeaks of a loving tenderness for the departed worthy of all praise and emulation. Are these gentle ministrations evidence of a descent from sea robbers? Most surely not, if the features, vocabulary, and manners of a people are indices of character; for never lived upon our footstool a more simple-hearted and honest folk than these fair-haired descendants of the Vikings.

A Trondhjem paper is purchased. I find in the corner of the paper a telegram from Washington. It startles me. It indicates to my poor translation that President Garfield has been shot, and that it is not expected that he will survive. That is all we can learn, and the anxiety becomes a torture, so much depends upon its truth. The next day, we have this unpronounceable account, which is still more perplexing: "*Washington: Middagsbulletin: Ingen Brækning, naturlig Sovn. Tilstanden vedvarende forhaabningsfuld.*" Some travelers from the south have heard the rumors; but we are compelled to leave Trondhjem without satisfaction as to the terrible news. In this uncertain frame of mind we reach the little town of Tonsaet, a country village in central Norway. It has a Sabbath stillness, and gives us rest. The streams between Trondhjem and this place are torrents, swift, strong, and beautiful. They leap out of the mountain sides, and with a roaring sound seek the valley. The aspect of the country, with here and there a dreary moorland and peat as its product, is quite Alpine; and in the cultivation of the valleys, fields, and hillsides great in-

dustry and patience are displayed. Tonsaet is a good place for fishing. It has a splendid mountain, now in clouds, which bears the name of "Throne," and the town, being itself some two thousand feet above sea level, is cool and comfortable. We prepare for fishing and fish, have our rest from the northern journey and write our letters. To-morrow we move toward Christiania, where the papers may resolve our fears into hope, as to the condition of the President, and of our Government under the new strain placed upon it.

CHAPTER X.

SKELETONS OF VESSELS A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

"Where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report, be an honest woman of her word."—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PREHISTORIC human skeletons have been dug up, along with the bones of the mastodon, megalonyx and other extinct animals, in our American valleys. They have slept together a hundred thousand years. Bits of pottery and fragments of the human pelvis, have been found entombed along with the ancient elephant. The interest of such exhumations has not been more intense than the disinterment of the bones of old ships only a thousand years old. Indeed, the interest which belongs to the art of navigation, is that of the poetry and mystery of the sea. These combine its majestic expanse, and resistless force, its depth, its unity, its tracklessness, its stilly murmur, its cliffs and rocks, its bays and fjords, its chemical qualities, its monstrous forms, its riches and rocks, its tributes and disasters, its requiem and graves, its waves of mighty minstrelsy and its murmur and mirror of placid beauty. Poetry and prose have struggled with each other to wreak their thoughts upon the expression of the blessings, wrath, peril and sublimity of the sea. If he were a hero, who first essayed its wastes toward our

hemisphere, then the Northmen were a race of heroes. Before Flavio Gioia gave the magnetic needle to the maritime world; when the Antilia of the Sea of Darkness was no fable, and the flaming bounds a fiery forbidding ordeal, the Northmen had dared all, to discover out continent. Whether stopping half way at Iceland, or going still further to Greenland, or still further to Mount Hope Bay, Rhode Island, and even to Long Island; and whether they be called sea-rovers, vikings, or "pyrates," whether named Noddo, Flokko, Ingolf, or Eric the Red, Lief, Bjarni, Thorvald Thorstein, or Karlsefne, it is asserted by tradition and record, in the songs of Scalds, and the stories of Sagamen, that the Northmen were first to brave the western main. They were the forerunners of supposed Arab and Welsh adventurers, as well as of Columbus himself. Not only is this fact a grand incentive to a study of the lives of the bold navigators of the north, but to a study of their ships and the modes of sailing.

Steering by sun and star, and with a reckless reckoning, to which no science gave its light or compass, copying the nautilus and creeping over vague leagues, with courage and caution, they still dared to go on and on—till the new world limited their pursuit and revealed their goal!

Discarding the runic stones, the round towers, the poetry of the mediæval time, and other stories of sea adventure to our continent, and without constructing new maps of supposititious isles, it is enough just now to recall the fact, that an ancient ship of Norse build, was discovered on Nawset Beach, Cape Cod, in 1863. This fact was prompting enough, for a second visit to the old ships and the events of this chapter on our return to Christiania. Besides,

being a representative of a ship-building constituency, it became a sort of duty to look into these ancient modes of ship building; and make report to the caulkers and wrights who command my time by giving their confidence.

There are three of these old ships which have survived the rot, dust and wreck of time. One was dug up in Denmark; this I have not seen. There are two here, preserved in wooden sheds within the University grounds, back of the Museum. I have seen and examined both of them. They require a separate description, as they had different objects, and their burial must have been under different circumstances. The smaller ship was both a tomb and a vessel; the larger one may have been wrecked or buried with its living freight upon it. Both belong to the last years or age of paganism in this Northland. It is called the Younger Iron Age, or the Viking Period, and runs from A. D. 700 to about A. D. 1000. From five to eight hundred years before Columbus is said to have discovered America these vessels wooed the breezes of the fjords of Norway, and gathering experience, ventured into unknown seas. Nine centuries before San Domingo loomed up before the eye of the Genoese, Iceland appeared, and became a refuge from the oppressions of the Norwegian rulers. Civilization, whether from Egypt, Rome, or Greece, from Goth, Frank, Celt, or Saxon, has had—if it be not a solecism to say it,—the unseen ever in its eye. An Irishman contests with a Dane the discovery of Iceland. The latter, Gardar, claims to have discovered it in A. D. 860. We know that Ingolf, a Norseman, colonized it in 874. The year 1000 saw the cross lifted in radiant beauty above its snows and volcanoes. And upon this island, pro-

digious of fire and ice, of frozen Heclas and boiling Geysers, where poetry and learning had their electric genius, like its own long night of auroras—upon this island hung the destiny of our New World. It hung upon these hardy rovers of the sea in their little vessels of oak and iron. The printed volumes of Historical Societies amply demonstrate these facts.

Nor is this so wonderful. Did not Columbus himself, before he sailed west, in 1477, consult the log-books and charts of the Northmen at Iceland? Is it not proven that he sailed in an English ship (I think from Bristol, for I have no library handy) to that island, where he received many a hint, if not demonstration, that there was a Cathay beyond the setting sun, which he determined to find?

These are matters of authentic history. They are not marvellous when we know that these same Norsemen, light-haired and energetic, familiar and patient with long days and long nights, and as much at home on water as on land, sailed from the Straits of Gibraltar to the eastern end of the Mediterranean, and conquered, as Vikings, Goths, Vandals, Norsemen, or under various names, other lands than their own, from Northern Africa to Northern Scotland and Ireland. We know that they made William of Normandy a figure in history, and he made England a large factor in human progress. Wherever they went they carried that freedom which comes of the seafaring life, and while they ruled, they civilized in their rude way, or were civilized by contact with other, if not superior, peoples.

In gazing at these boats in which they voyaged, one might well indulge in fancies. We know that they tasted the honey-dew on the grass of Nantucket, and ate their fish-balls in Boston bay and on

Plymouth shore. What would Massachusetts have been had the Norsemen remained? Where would have been the delights of Coney Island, past which they sailed? Suppose they had preceded Hudson, and had sailed up the river which bears his name, would they not have staid till now, owing to the attractions of the island of Manhattan and the scenery of the river? A thousand anachronisms flicker in the imagination. But, in truth, one cannot gaze at these vehicles of adventure, even in their ruin, without picturing the "might-have-beens" of early ages. Neither can one sail amidst these isles of Denmark and Norway without feeling that it is an excellent school for the nurture of seamanship. I have been from Copenhagen to the Arctic Ocean, have seen, under a sun that never went below the horizon, the mountainous rocks which shut and open as the granite gates of this Northland, and the idea has constantly recurred, "What a nursery for the sea-farer are these rough fjords, with their ceaseless fishing and hardy adventure!"

Wherever in the three thousand miles we have voyaged along these waters, we have seen a variety of craft. Some have the awkwardness of Chinese junks, shallow and not good for beating to windward. They are called "snékken," from the snail. Neither are they picturesque. The word *yacht*, is of Norse origin. The *jægts*, so called, bear a similitude to the long-oared and graceful galley, and its likeness,—the old Norse war-ship. The broad-beamed and square-rigged herring smacks are not of the yacht class, whose skeletons we are to visit, and whose models we have seen in these seas. For hundreds of years the Norse ship has had its graceful prow and stern, and a keel that cuts the water with facile play.

Ship-building has doubtless had its vicissitudes. The models of one age are unlike those of another age. Our clipper of thirty years ago—our wooden ship which was the admiration of the world—may have given way somewhat to other shapes of beauty, if not of utility; but whether in iron or wood, there is one model unchangeably, exquisitely beautiful and useful. It is that of the Norse ship whose skeleton is before me. Winds may blow and seas may rage, and vessels may be whelmed upon every coast, but the model which sits "like a swan's neck among the bushes," has a curve of grace beyond the reach of ordinary art. This is the vessel whose prow we have seen from Cape Nord to Trondhjem, upon every fjord and at every angle—the same dainty, divine shell upon the flood.

If it be said, that I am not competent to judge, not being experienced about vessels, except as a life-saving legislator,—well, that may be. Still that is something—for did we not rescue that service from the clutch of the navy, in the name of experience, to give it to the fishermen and surfmen of our own coast, who know how and where to make the keel of the life-boat safely sever the fierce boiling surf? But if it be a matter of æsthetics; is not the Norwegian model, with its thousand years of approval, by the builders of ships, the veritable line of beauty? If it be a quaint boat, still here it is as common in the waters of this long archipelago, as the skiff is upon our own western waters or the yawl on the "Sound." Norwegians have not changed their models of boats. The prow still stands high in the air, and the stern lower; and the broad beam spreads till the sides are almost level with the water. Perhaps the original pattern of this boat may be the graceful sledge of

the Laplander. Indeed all conveyances here have this grace and beauty of contour. The cariole is a little one-horse wagon, made after the similitude of the classic shell. Perhaps these designs originated with that old mother of invention,—necessity; for boat and sledge, snow-shoe and cariole seem fitted for a land and water of ice and snow. The logs of these ancient vessels may seem rough hewn; but there is a divinity which has shaped them; first, to make them seaworthy,—worthy to mate these rough northern seas, because strong,—and next, beautiful, because they have the lines that curve, while they strengthen. It is Venus from the foam, reposing on the arm of Hercules. In his "Harbors of England," Ruskin has had his artistic eye upon these craft. He glorifies them, or those like unto them, as having in their bent plank, a rude simplicity, which is the soul of shipping; for does it not breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea? In his extravagant way he tells us, "that he knows of nothing else that man does which is perfect but that. All his other doings have some sign of weakness, affectation, or ignorance in them. They are overfinished or underfinished; they do not quite answer their end, or they show a mean vanity in answering it too well. But the boat's bow is näively perfect, complete without an effort. The man who made it knew not that he was making anything beautiful as he bent its planks into those mysterious, ever-changing curves. It grows under his hand into the image of a sea-shell; the seal, as it were, of the flowing of the great tides and streams of ocean stamped on its delicate rounding. He leaves it, when all is done, without a boast. It is simple work, but it will keep out water, and every plank henceforth is a Fate, and has men's lives

wreathed in the knots of it, as the cloth-yard shaft had their deaths in its plumes."

A glance at the photograph of one of these boats, with a thousand years of oxidation and decay upon it, would tend to make these words of Ruskin seem excessive. His description fits better Southey's ship of heaven, rigged with rainbows; or Spenser's fairy boat, which without sail or rudder moves at your own sweet will, whithersoever you list. It is fabled that this Norse vessel, and indeed the navy of Norseland, came from Odin. It was made by dwarfs under the inspiration of the god. It had the magic of the famous tent of the orient. It held all the gods, and could be folded up for the pocket. It lacked the steam-engine, and therefore Norway is third only in the maritime tonnage of the world. But let your mechanism reorganize the *débris*, fill up the gaps of centuries, rig anew the sail, repaint the keel, recarve the prow, refix the rudder and call the spirits of the vasty deep, to refill the canvas, and the enchantment of the elder picture will return, in all its grace and elegance. I have seen represented in one of Wagner's operas, an ancient myth of the north, wherein the hero is drawn over the lake by a swan. The will of the hero is the rudder. Without drawing too much upon fancy or tradition, and summoning the bare facts, one might reproduce upon the canvas, a Norse ship, with its benches for rowers; a gilded dragon at the prow, its large square sails striped with red, green and blue; the overlapping shields, red and white over the taffrail, and the soldiers in chain armor, or scarlet tunics, adding their dramatic and scenic personality to the picture, as it skims trim and bird-like over waters lit by an unsetting sun! Upon the decks of such a vessel, the Norse heroes adventured into

the unknown. This is the vessel which after ten centuries has a resurrection, as the sarcophagus of its heroes.

Poetry aside, let us come down to the picture as it is, within the grounds of the university. The first visit we make is to the smaller vessel. It is but forty-three and a third feet long, and was not as well equipped for war as the larger one. It was buried with its skipper, according to a custom referred to in the accounts of the first Christian king here—Haakon the Good. Even the women were sometimes interred in this way under tumuli raised over their boats. Rarely have these evidences of the old custom been found. But it was reserved for the parish of Tune, in the province or amt of Smäalenene, near Frederiksstad, near the Swedish border, and not far from the mouth of the Christiania Fjord, to furnish this specimen. The Antiquarian Society took charge of its excavation, and it has been out in the light for some years. The clay portion of its mound best preserved the timber and iron. The pressure of earth has broken some of the ribs, but the larger part of the wood remains. It is enough to infer the rest, even as scientists construct the whole animal out of a few bones. The vessel is clinker-built, with iron nails, and almost all oak. Some of the nails and ribs are of fir. It is thirteen feet wide amidships. From keel to gunwale it is only four feet. It must have been flat and low, and in this it closely resembles the boats we have met on our trip to the North Cape. The boards are over an inch thick, and number some ten or eleven on each side. The nails have round heads outside and square within, and hold on well. The tarred oakum, or caulking, is of goats' hair or sheep's

wool, and hangs closely to the loose joints of the ship. Where the boards are joined, they are cut off obliquely and nailed. The gunwale was all gone. The ribs were thirteen in number, and are built of three different layers of wood, one above the other, and nailed. The ribs are about three feet apart, and their width about seven inches. They were lashed to the boards by ropes made of willow—a common kind of rope which we have seen in the interior of this country, upon buckets and tubs. On the inside of the boards, at every rib, clamps are carved out of the wood, two holes made in the clamp, and in the lower side of the rib a similar one for the rope. Nails also are used everywhere, especially to secure the boards to the keel. This is not a strong mode of joining, you will say; but it is the best they had, and it gave elasticity, if not strength. There were ten ribs on each side. It had sails as well as oars. The mast was held by a very heavy beam of oak across five of the beams in the bottom. The stump of the mast was found standing in the hole—a square hole about four feet by one, which was made large to help lower the mast; and plugs were used, as well as other supports, for the mast, not so apparent.

This skeleton was not without ornament, and perhaps paint, though as it now appears to be blackened and tarred, I could not tell. There are mouldings upon the boards. A rudder was found lying across the vessel. It was of fir, four feet seven inches long, and about a foot wide. It was fixed by a rope to the side of the vessel, in front of the stern-post.

The body of the captain or owner, was found just behind the mast beam. The bones and teeth of two horses were found, and some colored glass, and cloth which might have been part of a saddle;

also a snow-skate, and some rust from iron implements. Among the ruins were found the handle of a sword of the Viking style, a spear-point, and the boss of a shield, and what is surmised to be the rusty remains of a coat of mail. It is further conjectured that these Vikings kept a barrel on board, for a substantial *bung* was found; but the hole was missing. As an evidence of how some trifling things may be preserved when more important things perish, there were found the needles of juniper bushes in the clay; though what became of the berries, unless they "went down" with the contents of the barrel, it is not stated. Oaken handspikes and spades were found. The whole seems to testify that these rude accompaniments of a soldier-seaman were interred with him, away from the river, out of which the vessel was drawn. A mound was raised, so that the ghost of the deceased might come out of his vessel and overlook the element upon which he had sailed and the land on which he had toiled. The body was buried with the clothes on, as some pieces of cloth and beads indicate. These surmises are more or less sanctioned by the narratives of Norse burials of that time which have come down to us. It is said of an ancient Norse warrior, Harald Hiltetand, who fell in a famous battle, that his conqueror—following our North American Indian custom—ordered the body to be equipped for the other world with its usual companions of this world. His horse was killed, and his saddle buried with the horse and body, so that he could be ready to mount his charger and speed away to the blessed halls of Valhalla.

This vessel, however, was not like one of those which breasted the Baltic, Arctic, and Atlantic or made its perilous and invading voyages to America,

France, Constantinople and the Cove of Cork. It was likely a coasting cruiser. We saw its copy at Hammerfest, manned by Lapp fishermen. We see it reproduced in the cäiques of the Bosphorus.

However, its discovery and exhumation led to much discussion, some years ago, about ship building. This was quickened into excitement, when the larger vessel was exhumed a few years later. I have not the plan of the larger vessel, but the general features of both are the same.

If I could reproduce in English the speeches of the good Frau Brandt, who has charge of the sheds where these vessels repose on their frames, and in a good translation from her musical Norse, it would be more satisfactory; but I must be content with some general observations. Along with her little lame daughter of ten, limping on crutches, and making her gestures to correspond with the mother's interesting recital, Madame Brandt expanded on the various qualities of the larger vessel. It is conspicuous for having a huge log-cabin, with a sloping roof, in its centre. Its *ankerstok* is a heavy oak log, which survives the iron anchor it held. It had three little jolly-boats, which were a part of its equipment, showing that it meant business when it went to war.

In fact, it had evidently been worsted in a fight, for the centre of the cabin was torn out, and there was no evidence of fire. It is seventy-three feet long and seventeen and a half feet wide, and in the same proportion as the other vessel. The rudder was on one side, and both sides were covered with lapped, and it is thought, painted shields to the number of one hundred and twenty, one for each soldier on board. Each shield had a central boss of iron. The shields were like scales upon a colored fish, and doubtless, like the

costumes of the country, rejoiced in the gayest hues, yellow and red predominant. They were made of fir, and their circumference was held by an iron tire. They were covered with the skins of animals. A sledge was found on board, also two respectable bedsteads, many instruments and utensils, and among them a big copper kettle, willow ropes, strong iron nails, and oaken *drikkekoppers* (drinking cups), along with a stout long plank for landing safely, with ridges for the feet. These were found in various stages of decay. The informing genius of this tenth-century boat, a skeleton man, with gold and ornaments about him, was discovered in the boat, with the bones of twenty dogs and some horses. Some of the instruments and parts of the ship were not devoid of decoration. The rudders of the small boats had carved dragon heads, while the cross-pieces, for the lifting of the boat out of the water—a sort of dock—had horses' heads quaintly carved.

What were these horses doing on the ship? We can account for the dogs and sleigh, but the horses! Perhaps the question may be dimly wrapped up in the conundrum: "Why is the crupper of Bucephalus like a ship's anchor?" "Because it's at the end of the hawser." Before expiring over this philosophical solution, both nautical and poetical, let me propound another question. There were found on board the bones of a peacock, which, out of pure vanity at the naked disclosure, at once dissolved on being exhumed. Now what was that fowl doing on board this Viking craft? Why was that particular bird buried with the Viking soldier and seaman? Let our connoisseurs in antiquities, or our æsthetic philosophers who spread their rhetoric about this bird of Juno, revel in the conundrum.

CHAPTER XI.

MOUNTAINS OF NORWAY—PILGRIMAGE TO THE FOSSES—THE GLORIES AND DAMSELS OF RINGERIKE.

"The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near; he knows not whence,
And pausing takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air."—WHITTIER.

WHEN leaving Paris we consulted an expert in travel as to the proper route to take, so as to see and do Norway. The plan given was this: From Copenhagen to Christiania by steamer; then an excursion to Ringerike and Honefoss: by steamer to Bergen, by the southern fjords to Trondhjem, *via* Molde and Stoeren, and from Trondhjem to Hammerfest, *via* Tromsoë. Crossing the Arctic Circle the midnight sun will then become visible. Tromsoë is the old capital of Lapland, where will be seen Lapp encampments, with reindeer herds. From Hammerfest back to Christiania, and from thence through Sweden to Stockholm, and, after doing the excursions, take the steamer to Helsingfors, and from there to St. Petersburg by rail.

The best part of this programme we carried out. Omitting the steamer ride from Christiania to Bergen, we went to Trondhjem by rail from Christiania; and while we filled our promise to go to the nightless Arctic Circle and beyond it, to see in full, round radiance the sun above the horizon, we supplied the

omission of the grand mountain views of the southern fjords and the Molde scenery, by an abundance of such views between Trondhjem and Tromsoë. This we supplemented on our return to Christiania by the tour suggested, to Ringerike, Honefoss, Tinoset and Kongsburg.

The traveller familiar with Norway will wonder why we did not see the Dovrefjeld and the Romsdal, and various unpronounceable localities; but so far as the distant reader may be interested, we have seen characteristic scenery, if not always of the highest type. I am not sure but that the excursion we made to Honefoss is equal to anything of which I have heard in Norway. This was the cabinet picture of our inland trip. We were led to it by the persuasion of our consul, Mr. Gerard Gaade, who extolled it to the skies, to which indeed its mountains aspire.

One could wish that we had an American consul like Mr. Gaade at every considerable place. He is a Norwegian, and, although his office does not pay the rent, he is always ready to show courteous attention to Americans. His wife is an accomplished lady from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and there is some romance, from Italy to Norway, connected with their "happy lot." We were invited by him to his beautiful home near Christiania, where, upon one of the little hills overlooking the fjord, whose waters almost reach his grounds, he cultivates his paternal acres, indulges his scholarly tastes, and flies the star-spangled banner. It was pleasant, as we drew nigh to his gate, to see through the drooping birches which adorn his hundred acres, our old flag. It is seen so seldom abroad. His house is a long range, built on the Virginia plan. It has twenty windows in front, and as many rooms in connection one with the other. It is only two

stories high. There are out-houses, stables, carriage-houses, and kitchen, extending down at right angles on either side, forming with the front a hollow square.

We survey the landscape, which includes Oscar Hall. It is the prince's beautiful residence. This fairy-like abode of royalty, when it pleases to honor Norway with its presence, is situated upon a rocky height of eighty feet. It is in two parts. These adjoin a castellated hexagonal tower, from which we have a splendid view of the fjord with its islands and its surroundings. The front of the building faces the water, and has a balcony. The veranda walls and turrets give a unique view to this pretty royal nest; but if you would know what a treasure it is, go in and see the medallions, busts and paintings which it contains. To do this, put on the felt slipper and slide over the polished floors. Striking scenes from the Saga are in *bas-relief;* but the charm of the palace is the series of pictures of *Bond Lif*, or Peasant Life in Norway, by Tidemand.

Adolp Tidemand, was a native of Mandal, in Norway. He began to study his art at Copenhagen in 1832. He then went to Dusseldorf, and received lessons under Hildebrand and Schadow. Here he painted his great picture: Gustavus Adolphus addressing the Dalecarlian peasantry in Mora church. His fidelity to nature and his ready genius, led him higher up the steep of fame. After studying at Munich and Rome, he returned to Norway in 1843, and began the production of those pictures of the peasantry, which are the chief attraction of Oscar Hall and of northern art. The interior of the church in Thelemarken—which we shall visit on this trip,—furnished the scene for his painting of the "Catechism." It is full of humor. Every figure is a stroke of art; the peasant

lads, dull and sharp,—the quaint schoolmaster and the anxious mother, are worthy of the pencil of Hogarth, thrice refined. The series in Oscar Hall represent the peasant from the cradle to the grave—the "seven ages of man." Of course it begins with the babe; then a young couple, their hair unkempt and flowing, dance the national *springebo;* then the life on the mountain *saetar* or farm; then marriage, and, finally, emigration! Our guide when we were there, was an elderly lady, who has a boy in America. I pointed out one of the paintings and said, "America?" She drew me to the wall and pointed out, on the trunk of the young Norseman, bidding farewell to his home and parents, the words: "New York, 1852." What a tide has swept toward our land since Tidemand made this prophetic picture! From Northern Europe, since then, a quarter of a million have landed upon our shores, to remain. In this year, fifteen thousand of these Norsemen have mingled their future with ours. In the shipping quarters of Christiania, everywhere appear the signs of lines of emigrant ships. Amerika! Amerika! with a "*k*." That is the cry, and westward the Norseman turns his antique prow.

But we forget that we are in the consular library, or, rather, a balcony out of the library. From all around comes up the fragrance of the new-mown hay, the odor of which is nationalized and enhanced by the sight of an American machine doing the work! As we step upon the balcony, a bevy of children shout: "Papa!" and "Uncle!" and greet the consul; while the big dog, held in leash by a young American boy of ten, who had gallanted me to the Storthing (Legislature) a week before, adds his bark to the greeting. It was a rural and domestic scene not to be forgotten,

after our rocky, fishy, nightless, undomestic journey to the Arctic Ocean.

We descend to the garden and lawn. There on a cot reposed the little daughter of the consul, an invalid of many months. She is drinking in the pure air under the shade of a great oak-tree, while her pensive eye is upon an open book. She is a picture which Millais would love to paint. I promised her my "Sunbeams" for the indoors of next "winter"; and our prayers go out toward her and upward to heaven that these sweet, salubrious summer days may prove salutary.

After strolling through the grounds and a conversation with Americans abroad, who called—some from India and some from home—and after a bouquet or so of syringas and violets, and one more delighted glance at the drooping birches, we re-enter the house, where Mr. Gaade talks Norse to a livery man in the city through a telephone, and, before I am aware, concludes a bargain for a carriage to take us over our projected mountain journey.

The old traveller in Norway will wonder that we do not go by cariole. We were quite willing to forego the custom on account of the inconvenience. "When we see a cariole now," said a Norwegian friend, "we know it is a foreigner who drives; for *we* do not go in them any more. We prefer ease and comfort in a carriage."

This cariole needs an explanation. It is a light gig for one person only. As Norway is deficient in navigable rivers and railways, and as there are vast tracts of attractive country where nothing else can be used, the cariole is then the vehicle. The luggage is strapped behind this little canoe on wheels, and when the traveller is not himself the driver, there is a

small boy or girl, behind, who pulls the ropes, which generally pass for lines.

Ross Browne in his "Land of Thor," makes a graphic picture of his cariole ride, over one of the fjelds. His pony would go on the faster, the more he was restrained. Had he not a girl as a *skyd*, or driver, seated or standing behind on the vehicle? How she flourished the whip, and crying out "Flue! Gaae! Reise! Fly! Go! Travel! He was not in a condition to be as gallant as he desired. He had all he could do to hold on. But even then and there, amidst the sublime fields and mountains, in her simplicity, she gave him to know, that she had a lover, and was about to be married. He gave her joy, as she made the horse and cariole fly over hill and dale. I heard of a festive young Englishman who tried to kiss one of these rosy *skyds*, in a shady spot. She pulled up a pine and pummelled him. There is a postal service connected with this locomotion, which is as irksome to the farming people as it is convenient to the traveller. The postal remuneration is small, but the peasants at the *skydspligtige*, or post houses, are bound to furnish fresh ponies when requested. These peasants are required by government to keep the roads in repair. At intervals of seven or fifteen miles, these farming post houses are to be found. They are taverns as well, and bound by law to accommodate travellers. Our route did not require this sort of travel; although, upon some parts of our road, we stopped at the post stations, and the road at times was trying to our carriage. When the travel is lively, there is a great rush to get in ahead at the stations for the first and freshest horses. There is a regular tariff of prices for these carioles; but we had none of them, and congratulate ourselves. The

roads were not all bad, and some of them were splendid.

By noon of the 12th of July, we examine our vehicle and approve of it. It looks a little seedy, and the big sacks of hay and other provender strapped behind make it look bulky and unwieldy. Our traps are aboard, our guide up with the driver, and we prepare for a lovely day. We pass the villas on the heights about Christiania, skirting its beautiful fjord, with its valleys fruitful in vegetable gardens, with sweet peas and potatoes in bloom, fields of rye and barley, and forests of the ever-graceful birch. Our course is southwest, between the Christiania fjord and Holsfjord; for be it known that all these inland waters, not excepting rivers and lakes, seem to be called fjords. This is the road to the famous Ringerike country. The scenery is becoming wild; the valley narrows; rugged rocks mount up on either side as we follow up, up, up, with the winding of a torrent all musical with cataracts, which from point to point answer each other. Tiny tributaries everywhere trip through the pines, to make these torrents.

About three in the afternoon we reach Hommedal. It is a station for carioles. Many visitors are there. We lunch on milk, fish and hashed corn beef, called *cabonade*. It is quite common here, where fresh meat is not to be had. After lunch we adjourn to the rocks in the pine woods that overlook the Holsfjord, fifteen hundred feet below, with a view of the distant Tyri-fjord, ten English miles wide and some thirty long. Upon the bosom of these waters a single boat, with oars, seems like an insect with *antennæ*, while the green and rocky isles make it as attractive to the eye as a Swiss scene. "*Guten-dag!*" sounds a voice from behind, and I turn to greet a New York Nor-

wegian, who is here at the birthplace of his wife, to renew the scenes of their earlier days. They were astonished to find their Congressman so far out of his bailiwick in the deep ambush of Norwegian firs; but after exchanging views and cigars, we shake hands to meet at the polls! The world seems so small when neighbors appear travelling in such remote by-ways as the Ringerike of Norway!

What a ride followed this little rest! All the senses were employed to gather in its delights. The road skirts the two fjords until we reach Sundvolen, the head of Tyri-fjord, which is connected by a bridge and a ridge of rocks, with still another fjord. This road can be likened to no other in our experience than the Corniche, with whose every phase from Cannes to Bordighera, we were made familiar during a winter's sojourn at Mentone. Many miles of it are cut out of the sides of the mountain. The road looks up, as far as it looks down—two thousand feet each way. The mountains are full of great fissures, showing that this part of Norway had a great shaking and splitting up at some epoch. The road is made safe to vehicles by rocks posted on the perilous side, some five feet apart. Conifera of all kinds and birches grow on and out of the rocks, and the deep clefts and roadside are adorned with wild roses, white and pink, in profusion. The birch, however, is paramount. My wife, in contemplating the spectacle, is *struck* with an idea—not with the birch—and she intimates that if my mother had lived on the sides of Ringerike, I would have been a better boy. But I thought, and suggested, that birch was only intended to build canoes for our noble aborigines.

The woods are full of berries. If we did not see the little wild strawberry, we should know it was numerous here; as the naked-footed children rush out of leafy coverts with them, freshly picked and in birch-bark baskets. Twenty-five ore, or five cents, will buy enough for a surfeit. The bill-berry also is common. It is suggestive of bears, of which stories are beginning to be rife between our guide and the driver, for the bears go a bill-berrying a good deal in this part of Norway. It is rugged and savage enough for the animal. There is a sort of fearful pleasure in these zoölogical sensations. But do we not know that bears are outlawed by statute? As it is generally believed that bears understand Norse, they must be aware of their relation to the State, and that moneyed rewards are offered for their scalps. They kept out of our path. The resinous smell of the pines alternates with the fragrance of the violets, and from the fields far below, the keen scent detects the *attar* of clover, which makes a delicious confusion of sweet fragrance.

Are there none but ourselves to enjoy this splendid mountain side? Oh! yes. We pass some of the peasantry—the pride of the Ringerike, in their quaint costumes—the women with black head-dresses and red aprons, inwoven with their kirtles. The head-dress is not unlike a bishop's mitre. The men wear the classic cap of Phrygia, *bonnet rouge*, and their pantaloons, before and behind, show a mutual adventure to meet over the shoulder without the aid of *gallowses*.

Invariably the peasants greet us politely. The men doff their caps and the women and girls drop a quick courtesy.

"But stop! Réné," we exclaim to our guide,

"what's that under the bushes ahead! Bears? Hold on!"

What think you, sprang up? Seven girls, with knapsacks on their backs, and all rosy with their walk or their embarrassment at being caught reclining under a birch-tree. They were just twice the number of the graces, plus one. Now this was romantic. They laugh and giggle, and after greetings, I ask, "Do you speak French?" "*Nae!*" "English?" "A leetle," says the pedestrienne in command, and by the aid of our interpreter we unravel their designs. They started in the morning from home on the Christiania fjord and intend to make Krogleven to-night, so as to see from its lofty and rocky heights the sun rise upon all the land and waters round about the Ringerike! Such pedestrian tours by young women are not uncommon in Norway. They walk a Norwegian mile (eight miles) in two hours, and enjoy the scenery and the promenade with a taste which is illustrated in their drawing books and journals, as well as in their bright, frank, blue eyes and healthy, roseate cheeks. But this was our particular group of Dryads. We had a good title to them all; for had we not discovered them? We announce ourselves as American, at which there was a mutual look and exclamation of wonder,—"So!" We applaud their adventure, and ask gallantly if they do not want a cavalier? They indicate that such appendages are superfluous and a constraint upon their maiden meditation. We have a bottle of the Widow Cliquot, and propose to share it—to relieve their fatigue and inspire their ambition. There never was a cork which sounded more hilarious as it flew from the bottle, than did that particular cork, now in possession of the seven sylvan Norse nymphs. I gave

them to understand that they must each give their names, as they sipped the widow's sparkling vintage, as I was writing a Norse novel and wanted to complete my nomenclature of mountain damsels. Up stepped "Canuta," and the beaded beaker was drained with a courtesy and a "Tak!" Then Hilda, Guldborg, Astrid, Ingeborg, Dagna, and last, youngest and bonniest of all, Olava, daughter of Saint Olaf himself—maidens each and all, worthy of the canvas of Winge or the pages of the Edda. The goblet drained to its last drop, and the bottle tumbling down the gorge, our white Norwegians ponies start down hill with a wild trot, as if they too enjoyed the champagne, the occasion and the mountain air! One reflection: Why is it that such travels by the unprotected female under the deer-hide knapsack are so common and so safe in Norway, and in other lands, not so?

All of these errant damsels were fair haired. They are the models of the angels painted in the domes of basilicas and on the canvas of art. Was it not one of the Popes who punned the "Angles" into angels when he saw the fair prisoners of the Roman slave market? It is related of the wife of King Harold Harfager, that her body remained red and fresh, for three years after death; so potent was the spell of her beauty.

Blue eyed, with flaxen, red or auburn hair, ruddy lips and cheek—these are the maidens who entrance the dark-eyed artists of Italy and Spain, while for compensation the ruddy Sawney or straw-hued Briton is enamored of the Italian and Spanish beauties. The *bella barba bianca* of which southern nymphs of the dark eye and hair are enamored, add much romance to Roman æsthetics and give new graces, by loving

contrast, to the angelic ideals of Seville. It is the pine in love with the palm; the pole with the pyramid!

As the road approaches Sundvolen we go directly north. Above us, three thousand feet, is the hotel, where our pedestriennes are to sleep over night, for their view of sunrise. The fields far below are in fine culture; here and there are large red farm and outhouses in clusters. A little steamer is seen far off upon the fjord. It looks like a toy. All about is the Ringerike. "Ring" was a Saga, and "Rik" is a little kingdom. This is the philology; but I prefer to fancy that it is called this—the King's Ring—because it is a rich and royal circlet of mountains, fit for the wedding of the heavens with the earth.

Far off, truncated Gausta, one of the highest mountains in Norway, shines in cloud and snow. The isles in the fjord, and even the bridge we cross is of rocks, so hard that the moss scarcely clings to them, but tradition does. Did not the giantess Girahaug cast these huge stones at a church in Norderhov? Did not the missiles fall short? Did she not lose a leg which flew off when she was drowned in the water? This legend is said to be a part of the "Wisdom of the Ancients" of this land, and illustrates the fruitless attempts of bad giantesses and other evil genii against the spirits of the just made perfect.

But soon we come to a place renowned for real womanly heroism. It is quite a contrast with the fable which connects the flickering auroras of the Eddas with the nebulous moralities. Near this same church, now undergoing complete change, lived a pastor, whose wife—Anna Kolbjoernsdatter, in 1716, while the Swedes were invading Norway—destroyed

her country's foes by a stratagem. Her husband was ill at the time, but she was equal to the emergency. She made the Swedish soldiers drunk, and set fire to a pile of wood as a beacon, pretending to be warming up the Swedes. The Norwegian heroes in a neighboring town saw the lurid sign, and the Swedes were annihilated. We verified this pretty story by a call at the parsonage, where a picture hangs in the commodious chamber, showing the heroine in the ruse of appealing to the Swedish officers for liberty to send her nurse, who lit the beacon, on a domestic errand. This part was not exactly heroic, but it was much better than the attempt of the gigantic female of the mountain. In this parsonage we noted one thing, that every picture on the wall was surrounded by living, creeping vines, ivy prominent. Ivy is the national plant of Norway, so much is it in favor with all classes, and on all festive occasions.

We are down on a level with the waters now, and still bound northward, as my compass points, toward the end of our first day's journey at Honefoss. Most of the houses away from the fruitful dales (or *dals*), are log built; and "chinked with moss, without daubin'." They are rarely painted, but the farmhouses of the dale are finely built, and are generally painted red or yellow—the national hues. They are called *stabbur*, and are raised on posts, as a protection against the rat. Some of the stables show some carving, of two hundred years ago. The pillars and eaves are of oak or pine, and well preserved. In the earlier centuries, among other graces in which the young peasants were trained, beside that of wrestling, rowing, skating, writing, fiddling, and song-singing, was that of wood-carving. In spite of wind and weather, frost and time, the proofs of this ac-

complishment remain in house and barn, throughout the realm. This page reveals a fair specimen of this work.



NORWEGIAN STABBUR.

Everywhere in the vales the hay-harvest is going on. The men are mowing with a straight-handled scythe, which looks very awkward. The women do the raking. Both men and women put up the poles on the uprights, and spread the green grass to cure upon them; so that the long lines of grass upon these poles in the meadows give the pleasing sight of hedge-rows. At every barn there are sheafs of grain, one or two, sometimes on the side of the barn, and sometimes on a sort of liberty-pole. Indeed it is a liberty-pole; for the birds are free to feed. This is a common

custom in Scandinavia. It is called "hospitality to the birds." But with all this persuasive and refined hospitality, birds are rare. Excepting a few pilfering crows, with a brownish white back, and now and then a singing bullfinch or other warbler, we see few birds. I may except the magpie, which has a kleptomania for rings and other glittering valuables. Some birds have a bad name; but no bird ever did any harm. Even the worst birds of prey act as scavengers, and do as much good as harm. I say this boldly, as a featherless biped, anxious to do justice to this part of creation; and therefore I do not join in the great dislike even of the larcenous crow, vain magpie, or aggressive sparrow. But for the owl, buzzard and hawk, the lemmings—which are a sort of rat—would devour quadrennially every green thing in Norway. These pests of the peasantry produce scarcity, and but for the birds and another enemy, the reindeer, would produce starvation.

There are not many singing birds in Norway. I miss the songs which should give zest to travel and charm to these grand forests. What are primeval trees, gnarled and mossed, however "woodsy and wild and lonesome," without the cheerful carol. This primal necessity of a Paradise, is not filled by the cries of hungry cross-bills, and hooded crows, the chatter of the dandified jay, and the doleful trumpet note of the crane. There are signs of life, in field, marsh, and wood; but they are not jocund like that of the harbingers of spring. The remark as to the paucity of musical birds, should be limited to my own observation, and as compared with other lands. In summer there are many migrant warblers, who leave before the autumn, and make the gardens and woods about the towns musical

while they stay. The nightingale rarely ventures into Norway, though it makes Sweden happy. The robin-red-breast is seen now and then, in the deep forests. But there is a songstress I had nearly omitted. It is called the willow-warbler, or bastard nightingale, which I have seen and recognized on the wing by his greenish-gray plumage and his tail feathers silver tipped. Its song swells and falls sweetly from the silvery birch forests and bushy undergrowth. It is said to be the finest musician of its class. Thrushes, blackbirds, ouzels, wagtails, in fact from the screaming eagle to the twittering tit, there is, according to the nomenclature, much hospitality for birds in these short summers; but we did not see much opportunity for its display.

If anything could fill their places is it not the thousand wayside flowerets, which have a music of their own, the "spirit ditty of no tone?" Everywhere they peep above the rough, rocky ground, and embroider the green tissue of the meadows. Whole fields of violets tricolored, anemones, pansies, wild geranium, harebells, larkspur, columbine, and marguerites, not to speak of the yellow and white flowering mosses, abound in bewildering variety of color and form in this region,

> The asphodel, the golden rod,
> The daisy blooming on the sod,
> And nodding in the wind—

decorate these vast cliffs and glaciers. Some of them are found beyond the Arctic Circle, and even at the base of the furthermost rock upon the furthest isle of the bleak north! But in this part of Norway, especially in the fields at the foot of the King's Ring, there is such an energy in the production of the flower, that the white and red

clover fields are amazing, as well for the size of the cloverheads as for their sweetness and abundance. What a place for milk and honey—for cows and bees! Yet, above these meadows we see, by the aid of the lorgnette, little strips of pasture where châlets, like those of Switzerland, seem to hang to the very edge of the steep mountains. Who can live there? How reach their homes? How return to the valleys? If it be such perilous labor to live in Norway, is it to be wondered that the fertile soil of Dakota and Wisconsin has drawn them to the setting sun? We hear stories of these pastoral mountaineers endeavoring to cut the little grass upon the precipitous heights, and who have perished in their attempts to provide for the long winter, and their poor kine, sheep and goats. How can these remote dwellers be cared for in case of sickness, or death? These questions we asked, and received for answer, that sometimes the bodies of the dead had to be broken at the backbone, and then shouldered and placed on horseback, and thus brought down to be coffined and buried. Sunday used to be the day for the gathering of the dead for a general burial.

Yes; somebody cares for these lonely ones. On our way to Kongsburg we met over a dozen women in their gay costumes, dressed up, as if for Sunday. Each led one or two children. They gave us their bows, and we wondered at the peculiar procession. At last I stopped an old lady, with a two-year old, trudging in the sandy road.

"What are so many children doing out to-day in this lonely pass?" She seemed surprised at the question.

"They are going to the next town to be vaccinated," she said.

The doctor, by order of the government, had summoned the little ones to come unto him, and they were walking six and ten miles, for the purpose. The little ones looked serious and apprehensive of something. If there was any sickness, small-pox or otherwise, in these remote places, we did not verify it. It would seem that the balsamic influences of the piny region should furnish a whole *materia medica;* for one can inhale resinous Norway as Napoleon did Corsica when exiled, not by imagination only, but in very deed, even when far at sea.

Our destination is almost reached, but we cannot forget a back review of the strange and wonderful route by which we reach Honefoss. I compared it with the Corniche road in Southern Europe. It has not the terraced beauties of that famous road, with its lemon, orange and olive trees, although it has the same water view and magnificent mountains. Its waters, however clear and serenely reflective of the shadows of the mountains, have not the prismatic colors of the sea on the rocky shores and surf along the Riviera. One pass may be compared to Cape Horn, on our California route, but I thought continually, as we travelled, of the Corsican coast road, north of Ajaccio, with its untrodden and machie-covered forests. If comparison were needed, it is more like the road from Lake Iseo to Tirano, in the Grisons, and it evoked the same enthusiasm, except this: that while the Bernini pass had its waterfalls, it had not that wild, incessant grandeur for which the *fosses* or falls of Norway are celebrated. To one of these *fosses* we are pilgrims, and our first day finds us at Honefoss, where we rest.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCES—CONSERVATIVE NORWAY—SCHOLARS AND DIALECTS.

> "*The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,*
> *Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own.*"
>
> GOLDSMITH.

IF Ireland has her three F's, as it is said, Norway has hers—fjords, fjelds and fosses! The letter "*j*" has but little sound; as the words are pronounced "fee-ord" and "fee-eld." The Norse has no plural with an "*s*," but adds "*er*" for that purpose. Of course, our old words *ford*, *field* and *force* come from these Norse originals; although their meanings have been much modified by time and usage. The inland waters of the country we are visiting are connected with the salt sea on the south. They flow into the Christiania fjord, which is the upper end of the Skager-Rack, but they are *fresh* water, and are called fjords on the map, though much unlike the grand fjords of the Atlantic and Arctic, or the western coast of Norway, which we have threaded. These inland fjords are sometimes swift-running streams, or placid lakes, out of which the *fosses* leap in *fussy* silvery spray. The old English *ford* is any sort of a river. Our American ford is the point of a river which is passable. The Norse *fjeld* is a high plateau, like our Texas tableland. It has extent as well as capacity for cultivation. The *foss* is one of the peculiar features of Norway. Norwegians boast of it as their

grandest thing; but it bears no comparison with the *fjords* or *fjelds*, surrounded, and in fact, made by the mountians.

"Ah," said our guide, "you should see Rjukanfos It is eight hundred feet high." So it is, but the volume of water is a thimblefull alongside of Niagara and its inimitable thunder. It has no great shake or quake. These fosses are not sublime nor grand; but the best of them are—like those in the Alps—beautiful. They are useful withal, as they furnish water power to cut timber, and grind grain for food and pulp for paper. We do not visit Honefoss, merely to see its falls, nor the water power there utilized. The mountain scenery and its associations furnish the main allurement. Its *foss* is seen from and under a bridge, as we enter the village. It is unmistakably wild. Our hotel gives us another sight of it. From the pretty garden of the hotel we can see up and down the wild Stor river without obstruction. As the big round moon silvered the foss, it had a whiteness that was strange and ghostly. This foss is a watering place in many senses. After some fishing, we find here quite a company of foreigners. There is a matron and two daughters, to whom we are drawn. We thought them English, and yet they had a queer un-English accent. For some time we could not make out their dialect. At length an odd-looking omnibus drives up. It looks like an inverted Irish jaunting car. One of the mysterious young ladies—like Mrs. Edgeworth's hero of the "Brogue"—revealed herself and nation at once by exclaiming: "D'ye see that *machine* now?" Whereat she pulled up as quick as the vehicle, saying: "Mother! will I iver get over being an Irishman?" Yet she had been teaching and studying



HONEFOSS, NORWAY.

seven years in Norway, but with her, as with other Celts, the old mother tongue was still musical with the brogue.

Our second day takes us south, on the west shore of the big Tyri-fjord. This is done by rail as far as Kongsburg. In this excursion, we have many interesting companions; and among them the Czar's master of ceremonies. Like a true Russian, he talks in all the tongues. He is travelling for recreation, and, poor man, has he not earned it? It must be a relief to be absent from the perilous precincts of the Winter and Peterhoff Palaces. A narrow-gauge railroad follows the Drammen river, till it leaves us for the East; then we make an acute angle at Hougsund, where there, too, is a *foss* and salmon boxes. We then follow the Laagan to Kongsburg. One mistake we make. We get into the wrong car. This is corrected by the vigilance of a Norwegian from Wisconsin, who saw our dilemma and nationality and came to our rescue. These rivers are full of logs stripped for the mill and navigation—logs every where: logs at rest, logs in motion, logs in eddies, logs bounding over fosses, logs in a whirl, logs shooting straight down, logs piled on one another and logs in rafts—logs, logs, logs. I have seen our Connecticut River, from its source in New Hampshire, in the floating timber season; but, compared with its timber, this endless pine and birch navigation is not to be mentioned. I undertook to count, somewhat facetiously, the miles, or millions, of logs in a big boom on the Drammen. It reminded me of the way distinguished Speakers used to count the "ayes" and "noes" in Congress. One would think such a wooden exodus would exhaust the Norwegian groves; but the growth alone supplies the loss tenfold, and

leaves the immense forests intact. Most of this timber goes to Holland and England. It furnishes the business for a large part of Norway. Over 110,000 tons of wood go to these two countries alone, from the town of Drammen. Its fleet numbers three hundred vessels, with a burden of 72,000 tons. The timber is sent abroad in all shapes, mostly raw and sawed, but much of it is made into doors and windows, and is ready for the utilities of domestic shelter. The birch is used for tanning, roofing and fuel as well at the lofty glebes as at the cottages of the vale.

There are many uses to which the Norwegian wood is put beside that of lumber. The juniper is used to cover the floors, and, like true goodness, it gives forth its aroma when trodden upon. It is used in spittoons—another ignoble purpose. It is sometimes boiled at the saeters or mountain farms, and is ladled out as cow-tea! The elm bark is often ground with meal. I have tried to eat the *gammel ost*, or old cheese, here, and to swallow the hard *flad brod;* but the experiment of eating wood is yet to be made Perhaps the turpentine beer, drank *à la* Norse out of the unfriendly skull, would give a zest to the experiment. Certainly it would be a mixed, if not a heady drink.

The vegetable energy of Norway is notable. In a large part of the country only ten weeks are allowed for vegetation—to get the crops in and out of the soil. Barley and peas grow two or three inches a day in the season; grass is growing under the snow up to sixty-five degrees latitude, and the birch and pine all the time. Still, I am yet to see trees of extraordinary altitude or girth, such as would furnish the Miltonic-Satanic spear, equal to the tall pine

hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some high admiral. These logs of the torrents and fosses are but as wands compared with the epic spear.

Kongsburg is celebrated for its silver mines. They are situated in the high mountains, six miles from the town. They have collected quite a village in a wild, romantic spot. Compared with our Nevada mines, they are, of course, meagre; still, they are worked by four hundred men, and yield a million of *kronen* per year, or two hundred thousand dollars. We visited the smelting works and bought some chaste argentiferous crystals as souvenirs.

These Norwegian towns have suffered much from fire, and, in some places, as at Trondhjem, wooden buildings have been forbidden. But timber is so cheap that it is difficult to forbid such shelter as it affords. All the houses of Kongsburg are of timber, except the church and smelting works.

We are nicely lodged in an ancient hotel. Here we may study Norwegian heroism and customs. The walls of the rooms are a study, for they are covered with paintings, chromos and engravings of national subjects, running back to the time of the Danish connection. Our dining-room has a picture of Elsinore. This, our Danish guide—now a month from home—leaps to explain, as the *locus in quo* of the great ghostly drama of Shakespeare. He points out the kingly castle and the Hamlet battlement; but what a fall does fancy get! These spots, which on the mimic stage have frozen our blood with their eager and nipping air and spectral apparition, are here colored under summer skies. Green woods canopy the placid wave and furnish a comfortable home where cottage chimneys smoke, while a fisherman's boat lazily floats under languid sail, as if no

weird or wicked thing or king ever haunted this histrionic vicinity.

Another picture our Danish guide dilates upon with jealous pride. It is that of Admiral Turbenskiold, who jumped, with sabre between his teeth, into the waters of Copenhagen and swam to his ship to foil his country's foes. This admiral, we are told, was a tailor, and when he attained celebrity by his maritime skill and valor he was known as the "American of the North of Europe." We ask why? Our guide says that when he attended court, he never wore gloves or white neckerchief, but rolled up his plebeian breeches over his big top-boots, which were never blackened. It was for this eccentricity that the compliment was paid to the naval hero and to the American Republic. Near by him hung pictures of Andersen, the fairy story-teller and fabulist, whom all men, women, and children love. Upon the table rests a volume of "Pilgrim's Progress," with a photograph of Bunyan's tomb in Burhill fields; and etchings of that excellent man Christian, whose namesakes have so often filled the throne, and from whom so many children here have been named. These chance observations and pictures are indices of the thoughts, feelings, and enthusiasms of this simple people in their rustic homes.

At Kongsburg we project a wild tour toward the west. We are told that the path to it is exceedingly romantic, and so we procure provender and carriage and start for Tinoset, at the foot of Tinsoefjord, *via* Bolkesoe. The route is lined with wild flowers, and the air is laden with fragrance. Lakes and torrents are peeping through every covert. Rocks which Titans might have used against the gods are in vast confusion, tumbled all about, even

to the edge of our wild road. The Norway ponies, however, never flag. In fact, they are too impetuous and require the "*B-u-r-r-r-r-r-r—r-r*"—! of the driver to call a halt at the base of the hill. We meet no persons on this route. We stop occasionally to feed the horses at some cabin, which we enter and survey. All these peasants know about America. They take pains to let us know that they have evidences of our continent. Some look up letters from their relatives and friends, and display them with pride. The floors of these cabins are sprinkled with bits of spruce, and as they are trampled upon give forth a pleasant fragrance. Even in the rudest of them, small photographs of Tidemand's Norwegian pictures are on the wall. The children are, without exception, shy "towheads," and their costume is as meagre as that of their mother's is ornate. The women are always busy, and when not spinning at the old wheel are weeding in their gardens.

In the afternoon we arrive at Bolkesoe. Here we find other characteristics, but quite exemplary as to the morality and traits of this good people. Coming over a savage ridge of mountains, we obtain a glimpse of two lakes, Bolkesoe and Fol-Soe. They are not connected, yet they are within a few hundred yards of each other; but the latter is three hundred feet lower than the former. They are surrounded by a superb cordon of mountains; but it is the human nature which attracts us here. As we drive up to a low curious building of antique pattern, we are met by none other than Ole Bolkesoe himself. He is a lethargic man, with black moustache and a red skull cap. He is in his shirt sleeves, and of slow and sanctimonious speech and manner. He bids us enter. We are not much in altitude, but we stoop to enter

the low door. The interior would be appreciated as picturesque by Jans Steen or Wouverman. It is thoroughly Dutch. Bureau, cupboard and old cabinets, are oddly painted in colors, once gay, but now subdued. An old-fashioned mangle hangs against the wall. The silver trinkets and heirlooms are unhesitatingly shown. Pottery and plate hang in rows about the room, which is a cross between the office of an Indiana justice of the peace and a Methodist preacher's study, with the relics of a couple of centuries of rural Norse domesticity scattered about in festive disorder.

My first attack in this curious room is upon the mantel. There, some Bibles and prayer books, in Norse, repose. Opening the former, I begin to read in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and remembering the English unrevised text, the similarity of the languages interested me. Father Ole Bolkesoe watches me out of one corner of his eye.

He asks our guide in Norse: "Is he a priest?"

When informed that I was only a Congressman, he rushed to his docket or register, and with great delight shows the names of U. S. Grant and wife, our Consul Gaade, and the Prince of Monte Negro. They had honored his inn. This was a compliment, which was appreciated. I asked him if he himself were not a member of the Storthing (Congress). He said that his father had been, many, many years ago. This was our bond of confidence. Then, he began, in lugubrious monotone, to deplore the state of politics and religion in all the nations of the world. He was evidently a pessimist.

"Ah, sir, it is a miserable epoch! the world is corrupted! Even your own President is shot, and the Lord's anointed on this continent is not safe.

There is too much dynamite and liberty, too much!"

Thus speaking he turned the seven vials of his wrath upon Professor Björnsterne Björnson, the gifted poet, writer and orator of Cornell University, and who is now in Norway, attracting its people to his peculiar tenets of faith and republican theories.

"Why does he not let us in Norway remain in peace?" exclaimed our host. "Why does he not go back to your country, since he likes its institutions so much? Why make our simple folk discontented? He even attacks our religion; he is an atheist; but he has no business to preach; only theologians should preach."

Here the conservative religionist of the fanatical type burst out of his deliberative rhetoric, until our guide himself is carried away, and exclaims: "Ja! ja! Everybody can preach in America, but we have in our countries *limited* constitutions! In America you do everything you wish." The hearty assent of these good people to this proposition suppressed me utterly, especially as I had to dig through two languages to make reply.

Yet I could not but admire this staunch Lutheran, who would not, though an angel spoke, depart from his ancient highways. My wife asked him how near was his church; he replied, twenty-two miles. He had given evidence of his sincerity by regular attendance at this church every Sunday, year after year. He is an illustration of that pious conservatism which believes that a long Norwegian night is better than mid-day in Elysium. He accepts many of the superstitions of old Norway. He accepts all the tales of trolls, and the stories of vikings and basekers. He is

orthodox, and believes in devils. He believes in the Necs, or sprites of the waters, who arise at night and piteously wail over their liquid graves, as their favorite star keeps watch over them. He ignores not the Hulder who dances unseen with the peasants at the châlets of the summer mountain farms, with cow and kid, goat and lamb, to the tune of the Hardanger fiddle. He takes forces for fairies. He will not disturb the stones on his farms, left by his ancestors; and he uses the same old crooked stick with an iron spike instead of a plough, for stony ground. He believes in the monsters of the air, shore and lake. How could he accept geology, when there were Jotuns "in those days," with Atlantian shoulders to pry apart rocks and hoist mountains? If he were not a bachelor, doubtless the air around his romantic home would be peopled with the pystings—ghosts of babes who flit and wail for their lost mothers in the stormy winters and under auroral skies. But bachelor or not, he believes, doubtless, in the old serpent of Miosen Lake, in its entire length and in its unfathomable watery home. He accepts as verity the great Kraken, whose appearance and movement about Salten Fjord he will not accept as a mirage of meteorology. Who would disturb such placid and pious conservatism? Let the planets go around in their orbits; let comets display their fearful hair and magnificent tails, "perplexing nations"; but to this Norse gudeman, God is God and Luther is his prophet. When he dies, let there be an old oak-tree over his Bauta stone monument, with a runic epitaph.

I glanced about his room and bed, with its sheepskin coverlets, hidden in the alcove, and there, over its portals, were the mottoes which illustrate his life. Such mottoes I had seen in the homely dwell-

ings of the Northland. At the Gaards, or farm centres, you will find, as we found in Holland in the dairies, suspended on the wall, maxims expressing the simple faith of this Norman blood. There is one motto common in Norway and carved around this room of Ole Bolkesoe, and which he pointed at, as his rule of daily conduct:

"Naar vi guaar rind; naar vi gaar ud;
Da taenk paa os, O milde Gut!" *

Another motto we see. It is worthy of a Trappist cloister: "Go to bed and slumber! Reflect now (*Betenk du nu!*) that it may be thy last sleep."

I called this conservative friend Father Bolkesoe. He is, in fact, a bachelor, though a father in the Established Church. Five of his sisters are married and live in the little village which bears their name. He gallants us to one of their homes. There we find English-speaking Norwegians, just arrived for rest and recreation. One of the number has been to Washington and recognizes the writer, and so I am welcomed as an American. One of our companions in travel, we hear, is quartered in the loft of the house. He turns out to be the Dean of the faculty of Christiania University. Dr. Monrad is an old and honored scholar, whose book on philosophy has just been printed in Norwegian and German. We are allowed to visit him. We find him reading the third Book of Homer in Greek, and his wife reading Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* in Norwegian. After some courtesies and much chaffing about my favorite Greek, Thersites, and a discussion about the *Homeridae*, we interchange a talk on philology. He informs me that he learned

* "When we go in; when we go out;
Then think of us, O merciful God!"

his English from books, but that he had no trouble, even before he learned it, to understand a—Scotchman! In fact, to us, his English had a Scotch patois, that sounded as musical as it was canny. The blood relation of the old languages comes out on both sides of the Scotch border, as he expounds his experience. He dilates upon the resemblance between the oldest and purest English, like that spoken in the "Lake Country" and the Norse tongue. Norse is the tongue of Denmark as well as of Norway. Our courier speaks both alike—being a Dane—so that the Norse people think that he is one of them. The vowels are sounded differently: *Par example*, the word *Brunt* in English, is *Brat* in Norse; *Fell* in English, is *field*, a block of mountains; *Heam* or *Yahm*, is our Home, and in Norse it is *Hjem; Holm* is a small island in both languages; *Kilt* is in Norse, *Kytl*, a *shirt*, from which our *Kirtle;* and our word *slip* or *slippery*, has its counterpart in the Norse sleep, etc. The word *Bonde* is indicative of a tie—a bond, philologically and otherwise. When the peasant, or "Bonde"—gets wells enough off to build or buy a *house*—he is a husbonde! *Vel Kommen!* is a gentle word needing no translation. The Swedish language, not only has the same construction as the English, but the sounds are nearly similar: Our "Good day" is Swedish "*God dag;*" our "Come, father!" is Swedish "*Kom far;*" English "much the best," is in Swedish "*Ala bast;*" "I have given to the father," is in Swedish "*Jag har gifvet at fadren.*" In these examples the Swedish, which is more German than English, is, however, kith and kin to the Norse. Upon the vessel, as we sailed, how familiar seemed the words: "*La go!*" Let go! or "*Kom og se!*" Come and see!

This language is still spoken in the Orkneys. It is also used in the Isle of Man, which was ruled by Norway until A. D. 1266. The assemblies in these islands are called *Things*, the same as in Iceland and in the Shetlands.

No wonder our learned professor says that he can understand the English of a Scotchman or of the "Lake" country better than that of an American or a Londoner.

Besides, if we seek for the sources of our mosaic language, we need not go further back than the era of the Roman Conquest of Britain. We then and there find the characteristics of the Celtic race and dialects. They came to Britain originally from far-off Phœnicia and Judea, the Orient, in fact, and later from Southwestern Europe. They were modified by climates, airs and aliments. Drought and moisture, heat and cold affected tones and even muscles. This language remained, however, for four centuries. Then came Goth, Hun and other northern tribes. They sought milder climates over the sea, and bore with their conquering arms a tough tongue and a rude courage. Frank and Norman fixed their habits and language on the Celtic stock. Anglo-Saxons and Frisians, leaving the coast, from the Zuyder Zee to the mouth of the Elbe, joined with the Norse or Danish element, and gave to the Celtic its Gothic graft, and left it with the leading lineaments of our present language.

CHAPTER XIII.

NORWAY—ITS OLD CHURCHES AND ÆSTHETICS—LAWS AND MANNERS.

"Theirs was a greatness
Got from their Grandsires;
Theirs that so often in
Strife with their enemies,
Struck for their hoards, and their hearths and their homes."
BATTLE OF BRUNANBURGH.

BUT we have no time for the science and humors of philology. "*Hest Strax!*" "Horse immediate!" we cry, and the good host, Ole, is at the door to shake our hands, and, must I say it, with his eyes moist, in kindly farewells, he bids us, God speed! Down our ponies rattle, until the "Tind Sea" greets the eye under the evening sun. In addition to other berries and multiform and multitudinous flowers, we find the long-sought *Multebær*. It is in great demand, and tastes like our mulberry, only it is in shape like the raspberry. When beaten into a mass, creamed and sugared, it is a dainty dish. There is a law which forbids any one to gather more than he or she can reasonably consume. It is used to make jam, and we find it at the railway stations, in eager demand.

A few stoppages, a glance into cabins where black wool is being carded and spun by barefooted females, and along a road heavy with sand and wild with moss-covered rocks, the *debris* of earthquakes that have shattered these huge mountains of gneiss and the haunts of bears, lynxes and foxes,—and we are at Tinoset by the lake. Here we begin to fish

from a boat at 11 P. M., with a patent float, which carries a long line, and six other lines—a sort of moving trout line with flies. It makes a wide sweep until we near a *foss* and a boom. We call a halt, and haul in—one trout! This feebly assists our breakfast, and after it, we are off toward the east side of the Orvallo, a timber-laden torrent, to one of our main points—the Hitterdal.

This dale has its church and this church has its traditions. It is an odd edifice, unlike any other church. We make our pilgrimage to this shrine through heat and dust, not to speak of flies, and suffer the first warm day during the entire summer, and that at about seventy-five degrees. This church is so grotesque that nothing but a picture of it will satisfy the description. There are only three like it, in this Northland. It is timber built, of Norwegian pine, and almost black as if charred by fire. It has had seven hundred years of sacred life. Its porticos, steep roofs, gables, angles and pinnacle would worry a devout Mohammedan, Greek or Christian to make out its unities. A belfry stands on the opposite side of the road, and a cemetery surrounds it. The latter is full of monuments and bouquets, but it is not in such repair as we should expect from our observations of the graveyard at Trondhjem. We notice an inscription on the tombs: "*Fred med dit stöv.* The last word suggests "ashes." There is a church at Borgund, pictures of which I have seen, of the same style and age as this curious relic of Thelemark. It, too, has its bell-tower detached, and its odd gables and pinnacles. It is covered with shingles lapping over each other like the scales on a fish. It has runic inscriptions and quaint carvings upon the round arch and half circular apse Its curious interior reminds one of the Byzantine



HITTERDAL CHURCH, NORWAY.

style. Architects trace analogous structures to India and Thibet, and it is not unlikely that Norwegians returning from Russia in the early ages, may have borne its model from Moscow. Of course, tradition attributes its erection to St. Olaf, and if everything that is said of him be true, he was just the genius for such a medley.

We obtain the key from the pastor and enter. It is quite interesting to find in a Protestant Church, and in Norway, a Catholic Bishop's chair with quaint carvings of the elder time. Here, too, are rude pictures of saint and Saviour, coming down from the

twelfth century. But what chiefly attracts is an old Bible. It is of 1633, a present from the Olafsen family, whose graves are plentiful outside. The blank leaves are written over with injunctions to preserve the Book as the surest test of the worth of the precious truths it contains. Behind it are two large candles upon an old altar. Inside of the lids of this old book, are pictures of Adam and Eve, Moses and Aaron, Noah, the ark and the dove, Abraham, Isaac and the fagots, and David and his harp. The book is printed at Copenhagen, is dedicated to Christian IV., King of Denmark and Norway, and of the Goths and Vandals, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and Count of various counties. The motto everywhere seen in Norway, *Regna firmat Pietas*, is visible on the preface, while the text, exquisitely neat, large and plain, has a mode of punctuation like that in chants. The book of Revelations is especially grotesque in illustrations; for every bird, fish, dragon and bewildering thing on, above or under earth, is represented in the picturesque visions of the seer of Patmos. This singular church is lit by square, yellowish panes of glass. The light falls upon yellow pine pews, and the pillars are of yellow oak.

Yellow seems to be the normal color of Norway. Is it not found in the colors of its national flag? Does not every little one whom we meet, have a head of healthy saffron,—Norse buttercups, blossoming for America and the grave? Their flaxen curls, —are they not wooing the winds of our far-off Dakota, and laughing in concord with our Minnehaha *Foss?* Do not yellow bandanas decorate the heads of the mature matrons, who nurse and watch them? Are not the brides of Thelemarken, married with golden crowns upon their heads? Have not the

flowers yellow as their prevailing tint? Do we not see everywhere the little yellow moss flower, and the yellow Marguerite, so unique, lining the roadside and decorating the meadows? Even the homely dandelion lifts its harmless gold, higher and with a prouder air than with us! The large double buttercup, like unto a chromatella rose, is it not found in profusion here, and does it not indicate, without the presence of the garish sunflower, advancement in the æsthetic tendencies of human and physical Norse nature?

As a climax, was not the chariot of old Thor himself, as he came out of the North, with raised hammer and lightning flashes, displayed in the orange hues of the Aurora; and the prolific goddess of the generations of men—Freia—(not our unlucky Friday, though named after her), is she not painted by the brush of Ollsen Blommer, as yellow-haired, with her seven yellow-haired babies, all swinging to her yellow vehicle, drawn by yellow cats, which are driven over a saffron cloud in the richest hues of a heaven of gold? Who says that yellow is not native to the Norseland? If our navigators ever find the North Pole, they will find it radiant with the auriferous hues of the unsetting orb. If a laureate is wanted for this land of ancient Skalds, Oscar Wilde should be nominated, as the lyrical trustee of its beauty and the æsthetic bard of its heroism.

Now and then as in the old paintings in this Hitterdal church, we find the Saviour in red garments, and the altar of the same color, but the sacred cross is yellow, and the sun which gilds with its mild, pensive beauty this singular structure, has its evening radiance, whose splendid topaz is reflected in a golden setting that stains pew and altar within and the strange edifice without, with its dim religious light!

A few miles more and we are at the comfortable hotel at the village of Hitterdal. The *Foss* here is rare, but we are tired of fosses. Our afternoon route lies over the Meheria range, from which a continuous view is presented of all this mountain land. From the mountain above the mines and descending into the rural valley where Kongsburg appears, we cannot but notice the beauty of the fir-trees, in branch and stem. They have a lilac shade, and their apples have the same tinge; while fringing the branches with their delicate young cones, is a green which is too dainty for ink to portray.

Completing our circuit we reach Kongsburg before dark, happy again to be in our old rooms, and repose after our exciting and delightful tour. Here we are on the rail route to Drammen, a commercial town, made beautiful by bridges and villas, and opulent by valleys and mills, and through gardens and grain lands we reach Christiania.

In these mountain excursions I could not but remark that these people are simplicity itself. They take all you say for absolute verity, and that puts you on your caution in talking. They open their secrets to you on short acquaintance. One of the young ladies of the group I met in the mountains, when I suggested a cavalier—was frank to say she was "engaged"—*forlovet*, a pretty word. It is not uncommon to hear your appearance dilated upon under your own eye; and you are expected to swallow, with your salmon and flat bread, all the compliments. No one was taking the census in these mountains, but I had the questions asked me: "How old are you?" "Is your mother living?" "How old is she?"

As we enter this capital, to which we have be-

come attached by a long sojourn, the wide streets and park seem to have been newly dressed in summer vesture. The statue of the national poet Wergeland, midway between the palace and the parliament, looks up in tender grace to the arched heaven, whence he drew so much inspiration.

We confess to a desire to see the legislative bodies abroad. In the North, legislatures are called *Things*. I do not enter into the philology of the word, nor do I mean to say that it is an opprobrious epithet. But it is curious to know, how often these *Things* entered into the early annals of the North. When Olaf's son, Hacon, began to convert the heathen Northmen, he called a Parliament, and he called it—a *Thing!* He ordered them to be Christians; but, like other orders, from headquarters, the Bonder, or peasants, disobeyed. When Olaf Tryggvesen, his son, began the same business, he summoned *Things*, and sent in his messages to them: "Believe or die!" This kind of conversion did not stay. Then in A. D., 1015, Olaf Harerdson, the saint, began. His character is rather ambiguous; but he sowed the seed which bore fruit. He was buried in three coffins—the inner one of silver and the others of gold and precious stones.

How can I reproduce the source of Norwegian law and liberty, or rather the edifices which are the symbols and home of that spirit which has made Norway great, even under its adverse circumstances of climate and soil, without looking at "*Things*"? On our return to the capital—we visited the *Storthing*, before it adjourned for the summer; in fact, we were present at the ceremony of its final adjournment. It was very ceremonious; and had not the gushing "good-by" wherewithal we Solons of Congress, are

wont to separate. Its members were men of plain and simple ways; and in the speeches to which we listened, the fire of freedom, almost to the verge of independence of Sweden and King Oscar, was plainly discernible. The parliament building is of yellowish brick. It is quite as imposing as the palace, which, a half mile distant, it faces.

Other nations need not envy the historic career of Norway, or of Scandinavia. Its history has had its vicissitudes, not as volcanic as Spain, nor as revolutionary as France; but still at times it has been torn by wars, as well between its parts, as with foreign powers.

Yet Norway is well governed, and most economically. It has an educational system, which is general and compulsory. Its literature has been adorned by poets and scientists, and its university is well ordered and thriving. Whatever may be said as to its natural disadvantages,—its very forests, with their spruce, birch, oak and aspen and its fisheries of cod, link and haddock—with their codliver-oil and stockfish, are sources of wealth, through the persistent industry of the people. These fisheries catch sprats and whales, tusk and trout; in river and ocean, in fjord and torrent; by line and steam, by net and spear. They employ its hardy men, from Spitzbergen to Bergen, with the herring harvest headquarters at the latter place, and there are realized some fifteen millions of dollars annually! Agriculture has its potato fields in abundance, its patches of rye and barley and its few and precarious pastures; but the people are not discontented, even when they emigrate to the mountains to summer their little herds, or to America, where the prospect enlarges before their old Norse energy and adventure. Iron and

copper in some quantities they have; and great use has Norway made of them; but, after all, the people, even in their most indigent condition and on the barest mountains and fjords, are happy.

"Why, then, do they emigrate?" It is *not* owing to their laws—for their laws are equal and taxation is light. There are no poor rates. The farmers support the aged and infirm. It is not owing to their annexation to Sweden under a King, for the annexation is a rope of sand, and the King has not half the power of our President. Is it because of their internal administration?

While its police system, or internal government, is not rigid, it is by no means lax. As nearly as I can determine, Norway is divided into twenty provinces, called *amter*, each under an amtand, governor or prefect, responsible to and appointed by the central authority. Under him are two sets of officers, the *foged* and *sorenskriver*. The last is a judge, civil and criminal, and the number of judges is increased according to the needs of the province. No local magistracy is required, as this judge answers all purposes. He has his sheriff, or foged, and the sehnsmand belonging to each parish, which are like our constables. These latter are police, auctioneers, and are generally useful. The army is a militia, and, its officers are permanent. They are only in service a part of the time.

We see marks or boards put up along the highways. We inquire their utility. They are not mile marks, but boundary lines between parishes—a religious division. Each division has its head church and others scattered about, to which the clergyman gives his attention. The country store, as in America, is an institution, as much so as the church. It is

called *Landhandlers;* not that they handle land, but goods for the landed people. The peasants are called *Bonder*, but in no sense, feudal or otherwise, are they in bonds. So that with home rule and honest central administration, the question recurs: "Why do Norwegians emigrate?" The answer which has been given me is: That their wages are so low and their hopes are so high of better remuneration, that they seek America, even in their contentment at home, to better their condition, so as to have something more than enough; and that, we know, is assured them by their frugal, intelligent, honest and industrious lives in America.

We bid farewell to this land of old romance, nightless days, arctic climes, midnight sun and good people, with reluctance. Those who read these words may themselves be prompted to follow our example and summer in these wild mountains and wilder fjords, and receive the instruction and happiness which Norway affords.

If nothing else repays, the admiring student of nature may find abundant novelty and pleasure in the succession of beauties and sublimities which we are allowed to see, by land and water and by sea and lake! All ways, water ways especially, bear us into the very midst of these wonders of our earth. Glaciers that are endless, at least not surveyed by man; snows that never melt; waters that are forever tiding and rushing; clouds never empty of snow or rain, and mountains by peaks, by ranges, by thousands, and islands by thousands that are mountains—was there ever such a weird and wondrous land? And the Gulf Stream makes it tolerable to travel hither in summer, and also in winter, when the borealis has its flickering meteoric splendors, and a new day dawns with its wizzard phenomena!

CHAPTER XIV.

SWEDEN—ITS CAPITAL, MUSEUMS AND MOUNDS.

"What is the Scandinavian's land?
Is it Svealand? Is it Throndeland?
Or where the blue Sound's waters play
Round Copenhagen, fair and gay?
Oh, yes, yes, yes. All, all is Scandinavia."

OLD SONG.

THIS old song hints at a fact which may exist, with many qualifications. Sweden, Norway and Denmark, have one tongue, with three dialects. Good old English is Norsk. It is the Saga language. The German, Dutch, Swedish and modern Norsk are said to be another, though a kindred dialect. The English and German are both from the Norsk. Sweden gave its idiom to the German; and Denmark and Iceland their idiom to the English. So that the Norse is the original stock, and the rest are grafts. Denmark, Sweden and Norway may form a triune land; and while one blood, one hope and one destiny, is pretty as a phrase in a song, over wine and beer, it does not signify the exact unity that pervades Scandinavia. Although Sweden and Norway are under one sovereign, they have had many old wars from which many scars remain, with some ancient jealousy. They fought each other very steadily until 1603.

The Swedes are said to be like the English, in their modes of thought and life; and the Norwegians

like the Scotch. There is some truth in the remark. The scenery of each land bears the same relation as their manners and virtues.

Sweden is half forest, and full of rivers and lakes. She contains about two thirds of the population of Scandinavia, and one hundred and seventy thousand of its two hundred and ninety-two thousand square miles. Norway is sea-coast and mountain; and the Swedes sarcastically say of its people, that they are "only fit to trade horses and pack fish."

Doubtless there is more refinement and art in Sweden, and more simplicity and artlessness in Norway. The latter is not so pretentious; and the former is more gay. However, with but few differences in dialect and manners, they are, after all, of one blood.

The history of Sweden is of more interest to Europe; that of Norway to America. Sweden had in her line of statesmen, soldiers and monarchs, those who left the impress of their Gothic footsteps upon civilization, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean; and in her present dynasty she has a family which bids fair to perpetuate royalty in other lands.

One fourth of Scandinavia lies three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is not, therefore, more than three thousand feet below the limit of perpetual snow. There is a gradual rising of the land; and the glacial period is in sure, though slow process of return. This however, did not disturb our plans. We had boldly studied the lay of Swedish land, before leaving home, with a view to avoid any probable rise, and especially, to avoid the long ride to the Midnight Sun along the Norwegian coast. By the steamer from Stockholm up the Gulf of Bothnia, one may reach Lulea. It is at the top of the Gulf, and not

far south of the Arctic Circle. The cost of the travel is a dollar a day. The people are so honest, that when they leave their houses, they hang up the key on the outside. At Lulea, which means the river Lule, and in midsummer, you may take a boat up the river, which runs from the northwest. There are falls upon the river; and portage is needed around them, and horses are needed to make connections. Thus you may reach almost to the Norwegian border, and see the lovely Lapp and feel the festive mosquito. Here, amidst chains of crystal lakes, and solitary, snowy mountainous wastes, you may enter the mellifluously sounding village of Quickjock. It is within sight in clear weather, of Sulitelma—the highest mountain of Sweden, and not far from the grandest falls of Europe. This region is called the Paradise of Lapland. There the sun at setting displays its richest gold and crimson; and by ascending a mountain, you may overcome the sphericity of the earth so far, as to see the unsetting sun at midnight. Comparing the glories of the fjords of Norway, with these magnificent inducements of Sweden, we chose the former. Sequences have vindicated the choice. Hence, we did not see and do not write so much of Sweden, as of Norway.

It was not our intention to sojourn long in Sweden. We had seen something of its southern portion; and received an idea of that peculiar country, from which the Goths came, and from which they drove out the Lapps, in early days. Besides, we did not take the famous Gotha-canal route, across to Stockholm, as most tourists do. Hence we have not to record the wonders of the engineering or the beauty of its passes and waterfalls.

Our first half day's ride by rail took us to the

frontier at Charlottonberg. There we rested, and next morning, pursued our way, reaching Stockholm late at night. The usual views from the cars,—the foaming Strammen, the lovely lakes, and the peculiar habits of the people keep us on the look-out. We were without the pale of ordinary travel; at least, we thought so, until I saw leaping into the compartment next to ours, a boy of twelve, who said to his elderly companion:

"Pile in, Pa!"

"Waltz in yourself, child!"

Then I knew that Young and Old America were *en route* in Sweden.

The Custom House made our stay over night on the border less an unpleasant memory than our hard beds. There was no hotel; but we had the rare privilege—after some *kronen* disbursed—to lodge all night in a modest bed, of such narrowness and shortness, that the two furnished made it worse. Any one next morning could tell I was born in Zanesville, Ohio; for my zigzag shape, after rest, was that of the letter Z. The breakfast at the depôt was preceded, as all Swedish meals are, by the usual glass of potato, corn, or some other white gin, whiskey or brandy. I took a glass of it—for water—by mistake. The Swedish meal is peculiar. It is worthy of a minute description. It has the preliminary smörgasbord. Our word "smear," and the Swedish word "butter," (*smör*), are the same. There is a side-board laid with biscuit and butter, smoked salmon and dried reindeer. This, with the liquor, is the appetizer for the broth, salmon, cutlets, soles, beef and veal, which follow. They are sometimes accompanied with a salad of herring, and end with whortleberry, or some other jam. When you get

through, you may desire to wash out its memory, with the customary aromatic spirit. You will do this with reluctance; for you are not a Swede. The Swedes drink easy and often. They drink when they meet, before they part, and then have a farewell *skal*. This is the word for *basin;* and basins were the fashion after the enemy's skull went out as a drinking cup; and the "horn" came in. The average consumption of ardent liquor in Sweden is eight gallons a head, per annum. The English drink a pint only, where a Swede will drink you a gallon. Eating and drinking form a large portion of Swedish employment and hospitality. They do both without stint. Many a hearty custom obtains in our families which has come from the rude north; and not the least pleasing custom, is that of the gods, who used the mythological apples, which made them immortal, to make the sauce for the roast pork on which they feasted in Valhalla. The pork was supplied by a perpetual pig that came to life again, next morning, after he was eaten!

Wedding parties on the cars, loaded with wild flowers in lace paper holders, and giddy with glee, distract our attention from the level, cultivated landscape. Neat red and yellow stations, ripening grain, full harvests, birch-baskets of berries, and the privilege at dinner to help yourself, without a servant, and to pay your own score, made out by yourself, with soldiers and officers, chateaux and lakes, shrubbery around elegant houses, canals and shipping, canals and commerce, and canals and islets,—make another Holland, with Stockholm for its Amsterdam and the hundred-isle Malaren for the Amstel. Swift toy-tugs ply up and down in the current from early evening till midnight, before our hotel; and we

go to sleep with music from the roysterers who are making felicity in the long daylight.

The city has been often described. It is founded on many islets. The river is swift as it glides by our hotel plaza, whose stony quay is lined by fishermen. The palace is opposite. Cafés and gardens betoken a sumptuous city. The parks display classic fountains, and bronzes of kingly heroes.

The picture of Stockholm from the balcony of our room, on the third floor front of the hotel, is delineated, by the acute and obtuse angles, which limit the water and wall, palace and bridge; and is only curved when you glance under the arches of the bridges and at the keels of the steamers. The picture at ten P. M. is not unlike that of Amsterdam at eight, or Venice at six,—when evening is drawing her curtain. But what a life is here! The jingle of the tramway bells, turning the corner; the rattle of the droskies over the pebbly pave; the whistle of the little steamers, tugging every instant across our vision; and the music of the band at the café, across the stream, in a sort of rhythm with the puffing of the steamers as they come and go, laden with human freight. All this appeals to the ear. To the eye there is as pretty a picture of the dying day as one could wish of a city with so much land and water. On the left, down the open plaza or bending street, which is both wharf, promenade, and drive, and wide enough for each,—decorated with unlit lamp-posts,—is the museum, a splendid structure; then across a stream is a clump of trees, with a tall red building, where the marine department sits near the salt sea. Then there is an elevated city beyond, already gaslit, full of cafés,—a good half-mile away, but sweeping around, opposite and across the main river, until it meets the palace.

This palace is itself a picture, with a garden in front, and high steps and esplanades on two sides bordering the water, across which, by a Rialto, are the grand grounds, where Stockholm drinks and eats and revels in music night after night. Across another bridge of several arches, and the eye reaches the open plaza or street upon which we look down from our eyrie. Along this quay are steamboats, some decorated in green for a night excursion, some up for "Cowes and a market," and all as neat as the pavement of a Dutch village. Four black steeples, of iron and perforated, point in sharp spires to the rosy evening sky, while the people are moving on both sides of the waters, occasionally stopping to see the fishermen's luck in the swift water. Over in that venerable pile, which we have visited, repose in crypt and porphyry, the Swedish statesmen and soldiers,—the Gustavuses and Charleses of her history, under a thousand moth-eaten or bullet-holed ensigns, and beneath granite slabs, which in vain seek to preserve against time, the emblems of their rank and descriptions of their quality! Altogether the scene is as impressive as it is beautiful. The new museum is near; and between it and our hotel we take a first glance of the famous belt-wrestlers.

This object of Northern art draws my eye, not once or twice, but often, as I pass to the museum. It represents a memorable tradition, of the Halling province in Norway, which we visited a fortnight ago. The peasants of that locality were and are celebrated for their quick, agile and robust qualities. In dancing and jumping, they have no peers. Even in their dances, they leap into the air, to a music quite in character with the wildness of the mountain scenery. Their levity is feathery, and their curves



BELT-WRESTLERS.

in the dance, are both singular and charming,—in an acrobatic sense. These peasants are excitable and fierce; at least they were so some years ago. Their savagery appeared in the duel which the sculptor has perpetuated. What the group represents, the engraving will explain. It is the masterpiece of Molin, the talented Swedish sculptor. The combatants are bound together around the waist by a leather band heavily buckled,—the knives being covered up to a certain distance. This distance is decided by the opponents. The struggle between them is to the fatal end. The sides of the pedestal of the monument is said to represent: 1st. Two peasants drinking at a table; a peasant-girl, the sweetheart of one of them, is filling their glasses; an allegorical snake is ejecting the venom hate into the glass of the other. 2d. The holder of the poisoned glass seizes the young girl by the waist; her lover jumps up and draws his knife. 3d. The girl, on her knees, implores her lover not to fight, while his antagonist measures with his fingers the depth to which the knife must be left exposed. 4th. A tomb at which the young girl kneels, both combatants having been killed in the fearful struggle.

This *Baelts-praelting*, is not to be compared with classic wrestling; nor with the boxing ring. Its fatality was so common and horrible, that the wives and sweethearts of the peasantry were accustomed to carry to the Norse fairs, winding sheets for their possible and probable dead ones. The Runic inscriptions from the Edda tell the old stories of Love and Jealousy, which are the fountain of these fatal feuds. Drink is at the bottom of them all. The evil spirit being prompted by the devil of liquor, as in other lands, there comes the occasion sudden, and

the quarrel deadly, and then the maiden and widowed lamentation, "Oh! why am I solitary like the aspen of the grove! Why poor in kindred, as the fir in its wintry branches!" This is the sad refrain, like the Irish keene, raised over the remains of the beloved and deceased, wherever the demon of drink and the Nemesis of hate had combat in these remote Norse localities.

But it is said that they have changed all this, by changing the liquor laws. The bloody romance died even before the law took away the right to sell, at pleasure. In most of the towns and cities of this peninsula, an association has the monopoly of the drink, and returns to the state, all above a small percentage of the profit. Hence there is no motive to hand out too much liquor, or to give extra drink to a drunken person. This law is said to have worked wonders. At any rate, it has made the duel with the belt and knife only a horrible memory.

Day after day, Stockholm presents its ever-new phase. The palace with its Bernadotte rooms, the moth-eaten cloak of the French-Swedish king, and all the paraphernalia of his room as he left it, even to the glasses, paper-cutters and pens; old paintings on the wall; the king's and queen's rooms, rich in tapestry and bric-à-brac; and all seen by us because Royalty is ill and absent, summering at Elsinore! Another day of ethnographic interest with the Maid of Dalecarlia herself, to show us the costumes of her historic province and the antiquities of the land of Gustavus. Here a Runic staff, which bore its message; there, odd and old caps, bridal crowns and peasants' kitchen wares, and yonder, Lapp and reindeer, as realistic as in the tent life itself. An-

other day is spent in the Djurgarden; driving around and past Bellman's bust, where students meet to sing his songs and sip their beer and up to the Belvidere for the beautiful view of the city. What a range the vision takes over hills, farms and forests, streams, sea, and chateaux. Reasoning, *à priori*, one might infer, that such scenery, with its clear streams, stern grey rocks, and endless woods, would be the home of song and poetry. So it is. Even the names of the people are drawn from nature. A cobbler is called Frederick Birchleaf; a blacksmith, Carl Oaktwig; a washerwoman, Wilhelmina Whortleberry; a seamstress, Ingeborg Runningbrook, and even Jenny Lind's real name was Jenny Limetree.

This love of nature finds its expression in the lichen and moss-covered rocks which line the roads and by-paths of the Djurgarden. Here Bellman was wont to wander and improvise his joyous songs. Here he quaffed the champagne of the air, as he lauded another brand in his verse. This Swedish Pindar, made his life musical with enthusiasm. His countrymen will not willingly let it die. It is a part of their happy nature.

Near the Belvidere, is the sweetest summer palace imaginable. It is Rosendal. In furnish and finish, in locality and loveliness, it is incomparable. Gay pennons and light armor decorate the dining-hall; the salon is frescoed in light colors; gilt chairs, brocade or gobelin wall hangings, with portraits of the royal family, including the Empress Josephine, in the beauty of her gay life, all remind us of the new dynasty which came into the north out of the great wars of Napoleon. How can I display on paper, the old library, the maple-lined hall,

the mahogany stairway, with its ebony and gilt balustrades, while in pretty lighted spots on the wall are pictures of local renown and color; and among them the Nord Cap of our own exploring ambition? To add to the charm of this visit to Rosendal, a Quaker-like old lady, in plain attire and with dulcet tones, explains it all. The porphyry vase, fifty feet in circumference, adorns a garden in front. It is a Dalecarlian trophy, and has a patriotic iron ring in its music. We wound up this day, all sparkling on water and in wood, with a visit to the circus. Miss Ida Washington, an American equestrienne, is upon the programme as, "*i sini storartarde produktioner pa staltradslina.*" Whatever that is, she made us feel proud of her skill and beauty; for she played her part on horseback in a pantomime, which had the magic of the Norse days for its subtlety, and the dash of the Arab for its chivalry.

Still another day; and where? To Upsala; the Cambridge of Sweden. It was the old capital. It is primitive and quiet. The word *Upp-Sala* means the lofty halls of the gods. Here were the old temples. The route is a few hours by rail. It lies through a pleasant valley, and is on historic ground. The meadows are merry with hay-makers, men and women. The fields are pleasant with buttercups, marigold, and larkspur. Some sheepskin coverlets are drying in the sun. Oats and rye, with thatched log cabins, and a few women with handkerchiefs upon their heads, and an occasional rustic Thor, with leathern apron, vary the monotony of the prairie route.

There is said to be an university here, but it is so scattered into lecture rooms, that it is not seen, in any specific edifice. The library is a splendid

building on a hill, overlooking the city. The arrangement of the library, is a model of quiet convenience. It contains a copy of the Edda of Sturleson and other Sagas. But the special attraction is the "Silver Code." It consists of the translation by Bishop Ulphilas, called the Maeso-Gothic, of the four gospels, written in silver and gold; the pages alternating with each other on purplish vellum. It is rich in the old Gothic language, and like the Rosetta Stone, unlocks many a history. It is a trophy of the Thirty Years' War, and dates back to the year A. D., 360. It came from the Goths of the Danube. A Gothic count had it bound in velvet and silver, for the library. Here too, repose Luther alongside of Linnaeus, and in sweet concord many warring religious dogmatists, along with the love letters of Gustavus Adolphus to his wife. A pleasant walk under arching trees outside; and a long look at the "flying buttresses" of the cathedral, and we enter it for a glance at the tombs and effigies of kings and queens, and at many frescos of Gustavus Adolphus in his various characters, assumed and real. The vestry-room with its relics is shown, including a fragmentary image of Thor in wood, which has been well preserved. The three Tumuli of Thor, Odin and Freya are visited. They are like our mounds in Ohio, or those on the plain of Troy; and are only interesting as suggesting the sources of our days of the week. There is a little church near, where a little wooden *Christus* is exhibited by a damsel, who opens the ponderous door with a key as heavy as herself. The image looks like a small edition of Thor. The place where the Kings of Sweden, in less autocratic eras, addressed the people on assuming the purple, is near; but only a half

dozen houses mark the spot where the ancient capital of Sweden stood.

Upsala is a dull place. The students have vacation, and there is no evidence of its erudition, only of its tradition.

The system of education of which Sweden has the right to vaunt herself, is in her schools. This we had a chance to investigate, through the courtesy of Dr. Myerberg, the accomplished commissioner. He gallanted us one Sunday, into his school and gymnastic rooms, up and down, and all around the city. He is known to America, as the commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition, where he exhibited the model school house of the world.

Another day is given to the Redderholm Church, its flags, drums, tombs and trophies. There repose the men who made Sweden famous in war and great in peace. The sarcophagus of Bernadotte is here: it is of porphyry. It occupies a chapel, under the stained and cobwebbed windows. Here, too, we find the family of Oxenstiern; and what pleased us, that of Loewenhaupt,—the ancestry of the minister at Washington, to whom we were indebted for letters to eminent men. What fighters these Swedes were in their day, judging by the flags, armorial bearings, horses, lions, drums, helmets, and lists of battles. The brass coffins and heavy stone slabs seem feeble to hold such bones!

Museums in natural history, mineralogy and archæology make another day fly on golden wing, over silver waters.

We had reserved at least two days for the great museum. Dr. Myerberg was there to explain the mysteries of the Norse myths, to which Northern art has given body and color, with brush and chisel.

Here were Thor, Odin and Freya,—in statuary and painting; and a few classic Psyches and Cupids, chaste and graceful in pose, design and execution, to keep them company. New masters of choicest art—Sergell among them—are worthy of the clime of Thorwaldsen. This museum is replete with illustrations of that Northern refinement, which seems a solecism to the unthinking. Primeval rock, pine and birch forests, plentiful waters and long winters may make their rude and artless stamp upon Scandinavian character. The endless summer of the south, with its luxuriousness, is supposed to be the chosen home of inspiration and elegance. Still paradoxical as it seems, the north has wedded the south, and the result is that genius is born, irrespective of soil and climate, long winter or short summer. This genius has seized upon the rugged outlines of the north and its mythology and tradition, and filled the galleries of Scandinavia with pictures like those of Tidemand, and statues like those of Fogelberg.

I have already expressed my delight over Tidemand's Seven Ages of Peasant Life, at Oscar Hall, in Norway. But his characteristic, if not his best paintings are here. He was an uncompromising Norseman. He disdained to be a copyist of the classics. The "Bridal Procession across Hardangerfjord," and the "Funeral Party over Sognefjord," give him a high place as a genre painter; while his "Gustavus Vasa, Addressing the Dalecarlian Peasantry," has no equal as a historic picture. He associated with his art, other genii of the palette, like Hans Gude; and interpreted to the world, the hidden life of Northland, with its ministers of religion preaching in the cot, its catechism in the Hitterdal Church, its schoolmasters and schools in their native simplicity, and

its rugged bear hunters in their shady forests! He left to others the more ambitious work of picturing the dreams of the Eddas, the exploits of its heroes and the forms of its divinities; but he did not leave this work to them, in vain.

How strange the picture of the golden-haired Freya, with her chariot of saffron, holding her family of blondes, drawn by a team of cats; while Thor with the hammer, is heralded by the lightning and clouds of the Boreal North. He comes forth, drawn by goats! Well, the North teems yet and has teemed from Gothic days, with hordes of human beings; and these prolific animals, though not of a high type, are animated in the picture and symbolic of population!

A dinner with the learned doctor, at the club, which ladies are permitted to enter, and an adjournment to the parlor above the dining-hall,—and this on Sabbath evening;—and then a visit to a delightful American home, whose windows, full of tropical flowers, look out upon the shimmering water; a talk about princes and crowns, books and bric-à-brac, and then upon the streets amidst the throngs of people, with numerous shows to attract them; and we close a week of wonders.

The next day, we prepare to leave this superb city. We visit our vessel, and make our adieux to our faithful Danish guide and to our courteous American Minister. Everywhere, we have been haunted by the good spirits which dwelt in Andersen's fables and Jenny Lind's voice. These and another spirit more sacred, are the memories which transatlantic people cherish, about this once fierce and now beloved Gothland. As we wander and ponder under the mellow light of our last evening in Sweden,—

we think of Margaret Howitt's simple and beautiful tribute to Fredrika Bremer, with whom she was living, when her aged heroine ceased to breathe:

"Fredrika Bremer loved the light. A thorough Scandinavian, she persistently strove after it; but, wiser than the old heathens, who flung themselves from the precipice, to reach, as they said, 'the other light,' rather than endure old age, she devoted her declining years to ascending ever upwards towards the divine, eternal light, and thus, on the last day of the year 1865, entered into the promise which she had selected in her text-book, 'Golden Corn,' for that very day:—

"'There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever.'"

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAND OF THE FINNS—THEIR ORIGIN, CUSTOMS, MANNERS, AND LIFE.

"Egad! I think the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two."—CRITIC.

THE waters of the North Sea and the Atlantic which push through the Skager-Rack, Cattegat, the Baltic Sea, and the Bothnian Gulf, and which temper the climate and surround the sides of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, make a northern boundary to Germany and a western limit to European Russia. The Aland Isles, which upon the map seem like mosquitoes, and which are a part of an innumerable archipelago, divide the Bothnian Gulf from the Baltic Sea. They do more. They furnish pleasant navigation in summer weather between Stockholm and Russian Finland, on the way to St. Petersburg. It is among these islands, and in the Finland Gulf, between Abo and Helsingfors, we now sail. Our vessel makes a four days' voyage, in spite of delay by fog and head winds. It is one of a line, owned by Finlanders, and is called the *Aura*, with an obliging captain (Feilcke), who has captured many a whale in the Arctic regions, and whose prudence amidst these three hundred Aland Isles and five thousand other islands receives constant commendation.

It was a hard matter to leave Stockholm. Its at-

tractions were not exhausted. We were just beginning, under native guidance, to feel our way to the interior life and exterior beauty of the city and its environs. It is itself an illustration of the very sea scenery around us. It is situated upon rocky isles, but they are not uniform in height, as those in the Finland Gulf. But they are all alike covered with pines and birches, and have at every view some decoration by man to help the inadequacy of nature. Those who have sailed through Lake Huron's Manitouline Isles, as we have not, liken these little beauties to its insular multitudes. Those who have, as we have, sailed the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, have seen a faint picture of the rocks, trees, channels and sky, which make this, our first sunny day out from Stockholm, so romantic and resplendent. I do not know that any one has ever taken a census of these isles of the Bothnian, Finland, and Baltic waters; I mean of their number. The number of their people is known to be about fifteen thousand. Although they cannot approach in attraction the line of Western Norway, from fifty-eight to seventy-one degrees north latitude, which we traversed, either in the number of isles, or in the wildness of its labyrinthine maze, yet, like them, they furnish comfortable barricades for the passenger who does not rejoice in the bold, the bold, the open, open sea! We have dodged the sinister movements of wind and wave in certain exposed places, partly by sleeping at particular hours. We are now around the southwest corner of Finnish Russia, and running between the inland isles, and utterly impervious to the thrust of the Trident. The Hudson could not be more placid, enclosed by palisade and green banks, than these channels of the Gulf of Finland. We are

hugging, however, close to the northern shore; but the hug is that of a child to its mother's breast, and it is reassuring.

Let us go upon the deck for an observation. Our vessel is not much longer than one of our New York ferryboats. It is not a sea-boat, like others of the line. It is a paddle-wheel, and has a wide and roomy deck, over which floats the Russian-Finnish ensign—the red, white, and blue, in large stripes, with a small white square field on which is gracefully curled a golden horn. The passengers are most of them Finns, though there are Germans, French, English, Russian, and at least three or four Americans of both sexes. The languages are freely exchanged. It is not infrequent that we find those who speak all these tongues, although we find but two Finns who talk English, and one is our captain. The vessel is loaded with agricultural implements, sheet-iron, and such fabrics as Sweden produces; but the main traffic is that of passengers. The captain tells me that Finland produces timber, cattle, and butter, and that these are exchanged with Sweden for her iron and other fabrics; but he also says that the business does not pay. The line cannot run through in winter, as the waters are closed by ice, but the enterprise of the Finns has made a railroad from Abo to Helsingfors, and thence to St. Petersburg. It cuts through the tough old granite, which bulges up like everlasting warts on the body of all these lands of Scandinavia. For be it remembered, that Finland was once a political part of Sweden. The attachment, however, has been dissolved by time, as it was originally by force in 1809. Abo, where we landed yesterday, was once the capital of Finland, when Finland was the principal prov-

ince of Sweden. But, whatever may be said of Russian rule elsewhere, she has let Finland have her autonomy, with independence in Church and State. The Finns have a legislature of their own. It consists of one body, the Senate. It has a peculiar coinage, with a mark (a franc) and its one hundred pennies. The governor is appointed by the Czar, but in local matters the ancient order and manners of the country are respected and protected.

One is tempted here to ask why it is that autocratic Rússia permits this home rule in Finland? Is not Russia the very antipodes of such a domestic system? Other parts of Russia may and do complain of the leniency and liberality of Russia to Finland, but the fact remains, and it is owing to the orderly good sense of the Finns themselves.

Who and what are these Finns? They are not Scandinavians, in the sense of Norse, Dane, or Swede. They are not exactly Lapps—not now. Their language, at least, is their own. The captain tells me that it has many words similar to the Hungarian, which is Eastern, and we agree to settle it, as all ethnological conundrums are concluded, by referring them to the Orient, that cradle of the races of men. So unlike is their language from that of the Swede, that the captain says that he has seen a driver of a vehicle which he had hired in a town of Finland, where Finns live, to another place where Swedes live, who could not be understood in the latter place, even in the matter of "baiting his beast" or himself.

The Finns we have seen have light hair—yellow or red—and when not too much mixed, are shorter than the Norwegian or Swede. Though rather chunky, they are stalwart and hardy like the Norse people. Nor must these Finns of Swedish history and

association be confounded with the Finns of Russia proper. Wallace, in his book on Russia, has located the latter on a line drawn from the Polar Ocean to St. Petersburg, and reaching to the Ural Mountains. He has a learned dissertation on these Finns, who have now more or less of the Greek religion and Russian characteristics, and who are, as he thinks, the original occupants of this part of our planet. They are now, however, in everything, very like the Russian peasant, and are entirely dissociated with these Finns of the peninsula immediately north of the gulf of that name. It is hard to trace the origin of the races in Scandinavia, Russia, and Finland. Doubtless there is more or less of a mixture of the Teutonic and Goth with the Finns and Norsemen. The poetry of Sweden, to which Finland belonged, is full of the praises of the Finns, who fought against Russia in the great conflicts for supremacy in the times of Peter the Great and since. The Finns like the Swedes better than they do the Russians, though they are not discontented with Russian rule. The Finns are a brave and frugal people. They fear no danger; they court the perils of the sea and the Northern climate. Those who dwell in the remote forests of Osterdal, and who fish for cod about Spitzbergen, and chase the whale around Nova Zembla, are not easily scared by the rigor of Arctic winters or the ice-floes of Northern oceans. The Finns of Norway and Sweden have the same Lutheran religion and many habits of the Norsemen and Swedes, but, in spite of the "schooling" in other languages, their own language remains. The Lapps are not precisely the same as the Finns, although our captain insists that they are of the same primary stock, and not at all originally allied with the Norse

and Swede. Like the Indians on our reservations, however, they are becoming somewhat ameliorated, if not civilized; but the Finns of Russian Finland, along the gulf which we are sailing, are so immersed in the races about them, that they partake of, if they do not surpass, the civilization of their neighbors. They are farmers, cattle-raisers, and butter-makers. They are not nomadic, have no reindeer, and are not violent or ungentle. Their country is more than half water. Its lakes, as the map shows, are as plentiful as those of Sweden. The latter country has credit for a good deal which Finland has accomplished. In science and navigation these Finns are not to be passed by, as if they were some tribe of aborigines, without enterprise or culture. It is enough to say that Nordenskjold, the Polar explorer, was born at Helsingfors. He is a sample of the best Finnish blood, which, before the Goths conquered it, controlled all Sweden. Emerson says, that man is, physically, a thing of shreds and patches, borrowed unequally from good and bad ancestors, and a misfit from the start; so that whether our authentic writer on Russia—Wallace—should trace the Finns to the original fish, from which, perhaps, they have been evolved; or, whether the blood has mixed with Vandal, Norse, Goth, Sclav, or Scythian,—are they not entitled, as patriots, to be tested by a better touchstone than ancestry? Is not a man's country more than rocks and waters, woods and meadows? Loyalty and devotion to some supreme thought, to some primal virtue—this it is which makes the humblest Finn as rich and royal as the greatest kaiser. I confess to a strong feeling for this race, because of its unbought courtesy to strangers and its perennial spring of good nature, and for its culture, indepen-

dence, and pride, under the adversity which it has surmounted!

Last night we left Abo. We had several hours of rest there while the vessel was loading and unloading. We improved the chance to examine the old city. It is no longer the capital, as the Russians removed that to Helsingfors, because, as it is alleged, the Abo people were so ingrained with Swedish associations. However that may be, the place is prosperous. It has twenty-five thousand people, and a long river, running up out of the gulf, or the estuaries which form its arms. On either side of this river is a substantial stone quay. It is lined with vessels and business houses for miles. This river is called the Aurajoke; but to one interested in serious work there is no joke about the industry or the people, who here build ships, refine sugar, and make cotton cloth.

Our vessel remains long enough to give us a chance to hire a drosky and see the multifarious people. Our main difficulty is with the languages spoken—Swedish, Russian, and Finnish, neither of which we know. However, we gather a few phrases and make a few signs, and set off up the cobble pavement to the old cathedral, which shines on the hill. The drosky is a Russian vehicle, barely holding two, and low down, with the driver perched on high in front. This driver stops his horse with a roll of the tongue—Burrrr-r! as in Norway. He wears a long ulster, without buttons—a sort of dark blue pelisse girded with a belt—and his hat is like the "bell crown" of our continental days, after the antique French pattern of the Opera Comique, as if some one had violently sat upon its inverted pyramid and lowered its altitude.

This cathedral is the oldest Christian temple in Finland. The verger spoke no English or French. Our interview with him was mostly "inexplicable dumb show." Still, we got along with the aid of a Dane, who was likewise a traveller, and who lessened our mortification by sharing our ignorance. I could read the Latin inscriptions over the old tombs, and make out the worn carved figures in full length as images of our human kind. But there was a gem there not to be lightly viewed, a marble sarcophagus to Katrina Mansdotter, whom we made out to be a queen of Sweden, and who, when widowed, came to Finland to live and die. She had a chapel of her own, with stained glass, and her face shone upon it supremely sweet! A Scotchman, Colonel Cockburne, a soldier and hero, is also here entombed in much state, and under much Latinity. But the splendid cathedral was no longer Catholic. It was whitewashed and ungainly marred by side galleries. A glance at the monument to a hero of Finland, Porthan; a ride over the stones, all clean, though rough; a scream from the steam whistle, and we are aboard, with a Russian Custom-House officer, who thought—gentle recipient of our francs—to relieve us here at Abo of the investigation in St. Petersburg, and we are ready to go. In vain. A fog arises, and our wary captain waits till two in the morning. In a few hours we are at Honga, where we again land. We see a village of four hundred people. It has grown in three years, by reason of the railroad. We ascend a hill of red granite, from which the bridges at St. Petersburg are built, and from which we have a view of the old forts dismantled by England and France in the Crimean war. It furnishes a splendid prospect of the rocky isles hooded with firs—to the

verge of the horizon. Upon this granite height is an old cannon fished from the sea, where it had lain since the old wars with the Swedes and Russians. There is also a large oblong slab of the granite, exquisitely polished, with a round bowl in the centre, to commemorate a visit of Nordenskjold on his return from his famous successful expedition. The people here gave him a grand reception. The captain tells me that they had a good joke upon him; for he was here shut in with the ice, and could not reach Stockholm—all winter! This was the hero, forsooth, who had gone all around the circle in the Arctic Seas, and placed it as a circlet of gems upon his Finnish brow!

At five next day we reach Helsingfors. Most of the passengers here take rail for St. Petersburg. We did not, and we were sorry; ah, how sorry, a day and night of adverse winds and melancholy rolling witnessed! But we saw Helsingfors, by the aid of a drosky. By the courtesy of a clever Finn, who spoke French, English, Russian, Swedish, and his own tongue, we had learned much in advance of his native town, which he was about to visit. He was a farmer in western Finland, but he said that four languages, at least, were indispensable even for his own vocation in these confused and confusing localities. From him we learn much of the internal government of the province. They have their tax troubles and military worries, like other people, but they have a Senate of their own, and that makes it all tolerable.

Before we leave for the shore the captain gives us four Swedish expressions. He calls us up on the deck, and, in the presence of a jolly crowd of lookers-on of every nation and tongue, he says:

"To you, Mr. Cox, '*Kor omkririg stan!*' To you, Madame Cox, '*Ve vill bese stan; kor till brunsparken!*' To you, Dr. ——, '*Kor till anbaten Aura!*" and to you, Madame G., "*Kor en timma!*"

All which, however well spelled, was terribly unpronounceable; but we played our parts upon the drivers, so as to make them understand "that we would drive around, see the town, go to the main park, and come back to the 'Aura' within the hour!" "All which, ladies and gentlemen," added our Captain Feilcke, "will cost you a mark and fifty pfennings," which is about thirty-four cents for each drosky! We made our bargains, two persons for each drosky, and away we rattled over the stony streets, which were wide, clean, and somewhat grass-grown in places. It was a witching time to see the Orientalism of the Russ mingling, under a beautiful evening sky, with the Scandinavianism of the Occident. We also saw its not unpicturesque architecture. The gilded Greek church, set upon an elevation of rock, glistened in gold. Dome, minarets, and Greek cross shine like a sunlit picture in Bagdad, quite in contrast with the black steeple of the Finnish Protestant church and the gawky old windmill, which stretches out its awkward arms and lazily plays with the breeze, which blows from off the great Sweaborg fortress, upon the verdant isles of the bay. The quay is lined with ships and steamers, and little tug-ferries dance about. Work is everywhere progressing. The houses are long, one-story buildings, with no doors in front, but gates at the end for entrance to a side-yard or garden. The windows are of large panes, through which are seen the geranium, heliotrope, and roses of every variety. Here and there were the Holland mirrors outside of the

windows for indoor observation of the street. On the sides of the houses are spouts of tin for ventilation. On the streets are the long-robed gentry; for everybody, even the children, are ulstered; and the drivers look like old wives, and but for the bell-crown hat and the long beard might be taken for the gentler sex. The roofs are of zinc or tin, and painted of various colors—white, blue, green, and yellow—the green giving a rural effect, not unlike that of the grassy roofs of the Norwegian houses. The best buildings are generally yellow and stuccoed. Huge pumps appear at the street-corners, with six-foot spouts, as large as a log, and a pump-handle straggles around the angle big enough to try the power of a donkey engine. We pass through a market, where eating is going on, *al fresco*, by the noisy tenants of the quay. Along the quay, we perceive, as at Abo and Hango, convenient ropes and life-preservers to rescue those who fall into the river. Life-saving being one of my hobbies, I make a note of the completeness of this provision along these waterways. Soldiers are plentiful, the officers in white caps, and long gray coats, and with heavy, unseasonable collars, and the privates in a variety of uniforms, mostly long snuff-colored robes. They all seem quite civil. Custom-house officers wear the long robe also. There is an elegant theatre and town hall in the public square, a Czar palace on the quay, and the legislature has a building worthy of its function. There is a university, with eight hundred students, mostly Finns. Fulfilling the captain's orders, we drive to the park, whither the people tend. There is the music. Some Finnish Levy is leading the orchestra, amidst the applause of a well-dressed and pleasure-loving crowd. How these

people in the North love music and outdoors—at least that is our *summery* observation.

Our tour of observation is thus made in detail, because here was the beginning of a new order. It was the Russification of a Finland capital, an embryo St. Petersburg, with many features of Russian life, an antepast of the great city, to which our vessel is moving.

When we reached the vessel I paid my drosky his mark and a half, plus a half mark for *pour boire*. He was thankful, and, as we had not communed with him much, this gratuity was easily earned. But our companions in the other drosky, the Nicaraguan physician and wife, who had studied several languages, insisted on the contract, as we were ten minutes before time. His drosky-man fairly frothed at the shortness of his fare. I felt bound to put a few questions to the irate driver. It seemed a duty. It is said, "We are born to interrogate." It is the noble mission of man—of Congressmen especially, who are always asking questions of the honorable member. But how can you interrogate a crowd of Russian-Finns, when you do not know their language and cannot understand their grievance. And when your interpreter is found less able still to comprehend you or your interlocutor? It is worse than the Scotch definition of metaphysics: "Twa men are talking together. He that's listening dinna ken what he that's speaking means; and he that's speaking dinna ken what he means himself—that's metaphysics." What are thoughts in such emergencies, without language? The rose without a scent, corned beef without condiments, champagne without a sparkle! After my failure, the Nicaraguan doctor began in Spanish—with a touch

of German and a lot of French. A general Babel and hullabaloo followed. Talk about the unshuttable drawer of a bureau, or the difficulties of a stovepipe in spring, as exasperating! Try your tongue in an unpronounceable language, which if you could talk you would not understand, upon a crowd of Russ-Finn-Swedish drosky-drivers, outraged by a reduction of their established rate, who cannot understand you, nor you them, and that, too, in a strange land, where they are backed by forty other compatriots and the police. I found it of no use to discuss or contend, as did the doctor; and so, after repeating, with sad, rythmic cadence and sepulchral, solemn vehemence, the familiar verse—

> "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
> A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
> A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
> Punch in the presence of the passenjare;—"

which for a time riveted the attention, if not the good humor, of the crowd of droskies, I serenely entwined myself in an imaginary ulster made of the glorious tariff-laden tissue of the star-spangled banner and retreated toward the Aura. But the doctor did not get off so easily. A policeman appeared, dressed in green, with a sword! The doctor handed over the fifty deficient pfennings, and we breathed free as the Aura, upon the vessel of that name.

It is two in the morning before we leave Helsingfors, and when we do—oh! why should the spirit, or stomach of mortal be too hopeful or boastful! All that day, until 5 P. M., when we came in sight of Cronstadt, the gulf seems to grow wider, the waves more cross, and the wind more adverse. Our side-

wheeler rocks as if crazy. In vain I try to walk with dignified unconcern upon the deck; for had I not been an arctic explorer, a contemporary of Dr. Hayes and Nordenskjold? In vain I seek the bridge, glass in hand, to explore the low, distant line of coast. In vain I study my map, and read the New York papers about political imbroglios—all in vain! I tried to think of Allan Cunningham's song, about the flowing sea, like the eagle free, a snorting breeze and heaving waves; and the world of waters,—our heritage the sea, and the merry—merry men on its bosom; but I could not make it jingle. Sweet thoughts come, of home, adorable, sunny, quiet home, even a home within thy capital, O my country! How my soul leaps at the thought of home! I am overcome by the thought, and incontinently seek my berth. It is well to dissemble in some emergencies. Putting on a smiling mask, I find my Guardian Angel below seeking repose or relief. I address her in Mathew Prior's verse:—

"Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
On the smooth surface of some summer sea;
But would forsake the waves and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the billows roar?"

"Well," responded the angel, "why didn't you let me know before we bought a ticket through by steamer, that there was rail to Abo? But, alas! you look pale. I will not reproach you. Steward! Quick!"

One consolation I usually have in sea-sickness. It is poetry, but that failed me here; for even then and there—

"——I feels plue,
Und all dings lonesome seem;
I vish I vas dot poy again,
Und dis vas all a dhream;
I vant to kiss mine moder vonce,
Und, vhen mine brayer vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me oup
Und tuck me in mine ped."

In vain; for the inexorable gulf yawns, seeking to devour. It would have its due. I hope it feels better now; the obligation was discharged. I have an acquittance in full.

Can it be that this rolling water is to be crystallized, solidified, and hardened for roads and traffic, fun and frolic, that it will be blessed at the next feast of the Epiphany, and that all winter upon its icy surface the festive throng will slide, skate, and ride? Aye. In a few months the sledge will run where our steamer rolls. The Gulf Stream, which is the tribute of our new continent to the comfort of the old, and which, all along Norway, brings the tepidity of the Caribbean and Mexican waters to those myriad of isles which we saw clad in June and July snow, has no effect upon this frosty air of Finland, which makes a "deadlock" worse than those which Congressmen are wont to bring about, in days and nights of legislation. But as evening comes on, the channel narrows; large red buoys and marshy grounds on either side appear, and at length, the fortress and city of Cronstadt! But for these reefs of sunken sand on the left, and the torpedoes and skill of the engineer, and the narrowness of the channel, which clings to the right shore, and the heavy, frowning forts, with port-hole above port-hole in tiers of stone —and but for other reasons—St. Petersburg might have been the prey to the allies in the war of 1854. The genius and courage of Napier failed before the

providence of the Russian, which saved the city of Peter the Great! Since then these precautions have been redoubled, and if future naval fights are to be under water, there will much time elapse before naval or engineering energy can repeat at Cronstadt, by water, what was done by the allies at Sevastopol on land.

Leaving the arsenals, dockyards, wharves, batteries, and ships of this Gibraltar of the Czar—and but for which St. Petersburg might have been burned, like another Moscow, by its own hands, rather than it should have fallen into those of an invader—our steamer glides on what becomes a summer sea of smoothness. The few passengers begin to appear on deck and stretch their vision for the first glance at the imperial city. Upon the right, snug amidst its royal greenery, lies the town of Peterhoff and its domes, minarets, and imperial palace, with its splendid woods and waters. Our time is opportune for a glorious sight, for it is sunset, and the sun goes down here at a discreet hour. Bright dots of burnished gold begin faintly to spangle the sky in front. They are domes, half hidden by the mist and the distance. Then a tall spire, also gilded, brilliant and needle-like, pierces the heavens! It is the Admiralty spire, or perhaps that of the Church of the Fortress, the Westminster of Russia, the mausoleum of its dead kings. A few moments, and St. Isaac's Church, the St. Peter's of Russia, looms up in majestic and stupendous proportions. Its copper dome is surrounded by four others, all ablaze, like burnished gold, and surmounted by the gilded Greek cross which towers aloft, above the bronze saints and angels which people its architraves and its corners, its roofs and its pillared granite cupola! Beneath it, is a city whose

roofs of varied hue cover almost a million of people; a city, the outgrowth from a swamp, in less than two hundred years!

We enter the Neva, whose divided waters flow in canals and lagoons, between grand pavements and superb palaces. At length we are moored—alas! how soon the beatific vision vanishes—amidst the traffic and troubles of trade. We are to undergo a search, the first yet made with rigor since our journey began. Nor can I complain of this rigor. Recent events make police regulations here necessarily stringent. But was it not a little humorous to see the long-robed customs officers scrutinize the heterogeneous matters in our trunks? Nothing was found contraband, but—what think you? New York journals! We had received a mail at Stockholm, and expected to read up fully in St. Petersburg. Some dozen of these journals lay in a pile in my wife's trunk. It would have done you good to see the leonine voracity with which these papers were seized. Who was it that talked of the thousand tongues of the press, clearer far than the silver trumpet of the jubilee—louder than the voice of the herald at the games? These tongues had not a word of protest; the music of their trumpet was frozen like that of the veracious traveller. Out of the bundle tumbled an engraving of Charles XII., the old enemy of Russia! Did I tremble for the ominous spectre of this dead madcap of Sweden? The courteous officer handed it back with a gracious smile to my wife, who reached for the rest of the bundle, while her face flushed at the indignity to and the confusion of her domestic arrangements. But, with a hasty push and an impetuous "Niett!" "Niett!"—(no, no)—our papers were confiscated to the state. The *Sun* would not go down

in this land; the *Tribune* was a voiceless oracle; the *World* ceased to "move, after all;" the *Times* were out of joint, and *The Express* came to a dead halt! But all this had its compensations; for soon we cross the great bridge, and are housed in the Hotel d'Angleterre, where, though no papers were found in our expected mail, plenty of news as to the President, and the land we love, were found in letters, and these twelve days only from New York.

There shine into my windows, in dazzling glitter, the copper domes of that marvel of cathedrals, St. Isaac's, which we saw from afar, upon whose sides and pedestals, encamping night and day about us, are the angels of this edifice of beauty! The guns of the citadel thunder out the memory of this, the birthday of the Empress of this vast empire; and, in spite of all ominous auguries to the contrary, we sojourn in peace and safety in this city of beauty and bazaars, palaces and pigeons, monuments and minarets, domes and deviltry, ceremonies and cemeteries, armies and assassinations!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LAND OF THE CZAR—A CITY OF PALACES AND CHURCHES—COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS—THE MINERALOGICAL ACADEMY—MUSEUM OF ART—TOMBS OF THE DEAD CZARS—THE COSSACK OF HISTORY.

"I am a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly!"

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

WHY does everybody, except the Russians, call this city St. Petersburg? It was not named after St. Peter, but Peter the Great. It is a magnificent city of palaces and wide avenues. Its very hospitals and barracks are palatial, and there is no narrowness to any thoroughfare. Its domes, where not painted blue with golden stars, or green, are gilded, and make the city seem like a Constantinople new-risen upon the North. In fact, with its canals and rivers, its streets, columns and palaces, its churches, and their outside and inside decorations, St. Petersburg combines in itself and in its vistas, in its plan and its magnificence, Venice, Amsterdam, Paris, and Constantinople. If it were not stucco on the yellow houses, if it were only solid stone, how much more impressive would be its mighty and superb aspect! Only one palace is of granite, and but one church, St. Isaac's, of marble. The energy which

has reared such a city out of a bog, in less than two centuries, betokens the one-man energy, which its founder inspired and illustrated. Still St. Petersburg, as a look from an elevation will show, unless it be approached as we approached it, by the gulf and river, is a vast plain, if not a swamp. The Neva saves it. It is a splendid river, and makes its delta where the city stands. It is a city of islands, connected by beautiful bridges. Red granite faces the banks and makes the quays solid structures. Everything is colossal, like the empire. The informing genius of the male gender is Peter the Great, and of the other gender, Catherine II. If these sovereigns were insane, and they were very peculiar for Russia, more insanity is desirable among the princes of the earth. Peter opened this city, as he said, for a window for Russia to look out of into civilized Europe. Peter was a useful emperor, for Russia and his time, although he did many diabolical things.

I pretend to describe nothing but the superficial. If I could, I would not be profound. The chance glances of a tourist are liable to aberrations, and the best sketches of foreign observation are nothing if not tested and winnowed. I only seek to photograph for the eye of others what may fall under my glance. To do this, in a land where the language is unknown, a *valêt de place* is necessary. In all our journeyings in Scandinavia we had a guide, who was both "philosopher and friend." His duties ceased at Stockholm. I heard from him to-day, and in his plaintive French he wrote: "Ah! sir, how sad it was, on my route homeward, night and day, to get out of the train and find no Monsieur and Madame to care for." The rogue! I had to care for him about as much as he for me, and threatened him with

a "counter-claim" for services as courier, whereat he smiled in his blandest way. When I reached this capital of Russia, I was equally if not more fortunate in a guide. He is an Englishman, and Pilley is his name. He has been twenty-two years in St. Petersburg, and can rhetoricate on Peter the Great, and especially on the crown and other jewels, with a splendor of diction which Murray cannot rival. At his beck the doors of palaces and museums, churches and pavilions fly open, as, at the blast of Prince Arthur's magic horn. He has one fear. He has had the impression that I am Mark Twain, travelling under a *nom de plume*. Yesterday, he was disillusioned, and since then he gives me his entire confidence. After much hesitation he asked me about Mr. Twain. He had read of his solemn pranks upon simple guides, and asked me to describe him. I made an etching of my humorous friend. He asked if the humorist would ever come this way, and if so, whether I would not beg my friend to look gently upon him. I assured him that Mr. Twain was one of the most "innocent" of our American tourists, and if he ever happened to serve him, that he never, never would regret it, as the worst Mr. Twain ever did was to invert human nature, and thus produce a pleasant feeling in the beholder. He desired me to present his compliments to Mr. Twain, and say that he would omit many of the usual descriptive formulæ for the palaces and churches, provided he was not placed upon the spit and turned round and round before the slow fire of Mr. Twain's American humor.

I was puzzled to know what I had said or done to create the impression that I was a disguised Twain, and this is the solution: On visiting Peter the Great's hut, our guide called out, "Peter the Great's chest!"

"What a chest for a man six feet nine and a half inches!"

I said to him, meekly—not looking at the little piece of furniture: "Did you say his chest was six feet nine and a half inches?"

"Now, look here! Is your name Twain?"

Why this apprehension of so genial a person as Mark Twain should have invaded this distant realm I cannot tell, but it is a truth that he is looked upon as more dangerous to society here than a Nihilist. I wish he were here, however, if only to take off and add to the oddities of this peculiar social order. To a man like him there is nothing alien. There is to him no Babel; only one tongue. To him chickens and children, knives and forks, dogs and donkeys are cosmopolitan and have the same sweet language. Men may jabber in various idioms; idiots may vary in many jabbers, but a man like Mark Twain is understood in every tongue. Let him invade Russia, "the great land animal," but respect Pilley, my 'umble Hinglish guide!

Does the reader ask: "Is there any humor in the Russian people, for a genius like Twain to interpret?"

I answer—not as yet from observation, but from history—that the Russian humor is like that of Byron, which Edgar Poe said was too savage to be laughed at. Some one calls it grotesque savagery; and illustrates it by the freaks of Russian princes and czars. John the Terrible thought there was no church like that of St. Basil, and put out the architect's eyes, to end any future work of that gifted artist. Peter the Great proposed to hang the lawyers in his realm. He thought one was too much. There is a story of the Empress Annie, who married off her favorite

dwarf or fool in an ice palace and gave them an icy marriage bed, where they froze to death. This I have seen pictured in fine color and delineation. It was a Russian pleasantry. Catharine II. slaughtered many of the men whom she did not love—out of a vagary of fun. Most of the people here hold their revels in graveyards. Peter stuffed the skin of one of his favorite servants,—a tall fellow,—and put him in a museum. Paul issued a ukase against shoestrings and round hats. He was fond of colors, and had fantastic hues painted on bridges and gates. It is hardly mirthful to make an eagle out of gunflints and swords, or portray a group in heaven of Russians looking down on Jews, Germans, and negroes. But this is Muscovite merriment. In the Moscow markets the slaughtered animals are stuffed with sawdust and look odd. It is said of the Emperor Paul that he dug up the bones of those who murdered his father, to pulverize them, and blow them to the winds. He arrested an Englishman for not taking off his hat to Royalty, and ordered him to wear magnifying glasses. This was jolly, but exceptional, for the Russian is not adept in making genial fun. The climate is not genial.

Let it be recorded, for the instruction of those who study nations without going abroad,—who, like the famous Frenchman, make a tour of the world in their own chamber, that it is not wise to discard the observations of transient and superficial travel. Why? Because after a time the scenes presented for observation become too familiar, and become merged in the general mass, so that particular description is next to impossible.

Therefore it is best to take off on the instant, and before scenes become hackneyed, the features of a

people and country. In this a guide like Pilley is invaluable. It is a proper thing in travelling to notice that which is unfamiliar, outré, and peculiar, and for this a guide of the place is indispensable. This city, with its Northern and Oriental costumes, its soldiers of so many tribes, and its riches of various quality, is replete with that which would elicit our attention by its novelty. A catalogue of such peculiarities would fill a chapter. I will attempt a brief list of the more salient features: Long coats are worn by a large portion of the people, and of various colors and cuts. The soldiers, even in midsummer, don their heavy gray greatcoats. A large portion wear baggy breeches tucked into top-boots. The white cap is a badge of the naval, as well, I believe, as of some other service. The old-fashioned cloth cap we used to wear in America is very common here, though drivers, soldiers, and others have a hat or head-dress of their own. While, of course, many wear the French, English, or American suit, both women and men—or, rather, ladies and gentlemen—there are a class of women who have the handkerchief on the head, which is common to Norway, Sweden, and northern climes. The nurses—from some provinces—have a curiously-worked head-dress, more precious in needle-work and stuff than their avocation would seem to warrant. Colors predominate—and they are generally violent ones. I saw three hundred pictures, by one artist, of the costumes of all the provinces of the empire—mostly pictures of pretty girls. It was a wonderful illustration of the length and breadth of this vast realm. The bodice seems to be the special part of the dress, next to the head-dress, which called for the genius of invention. We were ushered into a

gallery, where the uniforms of the past and present armies of all the Russians,—never less than a million of men—were displayed. It was an interesting sight. The old uniform of Peter the Great and Alexander I. down to the latest Caucasian soldier, with his cartridges in highly ornate style upon his breast, and including the uniforms of other nations, were here on exhibition. Here and there, and especially at night, at the gateways of the houses, public and private, you will see policemen or watchmen, wrapped in furs or sheepskins. The waiters in our dining-room are Tartars, and are dressed in swallow-tails! They are trustworthy, as they are Mohamedans, and when you send out for wine they are safer transportation than the imbibing Russian. I have noticed the "bell-crown hat" and long pelisse of the drosky-drivers, and the red-shirted workmen, who invariably place the vest of black over their red under-gear, but allow the red blouse to extend several inches below the vest. The veriest beggar-girl wears a slipper, if she wear any, with a high slim heel, set in the middle of the foot—modelled after that of the pretty wife of Czar Paul. Modern fashion copies it in Paris and New York.

Everywhere we find an old English clock—not merely in palace and bank, in hotel and pavilion, but in church and state. "Why is this?" we enquire. The guide cannot tell, except that it has a sort of venerableness, growing out of an old custom. Perhaps it was Peter who did it first, for all he does is as sacred as the relics of a saint, or as the pigeons which fly unharmed about the churches, streets, and buildings. Perhaps this clock has a sacred meaning; for it pronounces the movement of

time,—Forever! Never! Never! Forever!—with its click, click, click! Is it the skeleton at the feast, to warn of the flight of time—a horologe rather of eternity? And the pigeons? Why are they so numerous? I counted a hundred feeding in front of St. Isaac's yesterday, and while dining in my room one came to the open window and turned its little cunning eye at me, so that I began at once to share my bread and rice with it. The solution is that the pigeon is regarded as the symbol of the incarnation of the Holy Ghost—the dove which descended upon the head of our baptized Saviour, and, therefore, it is a religious bird, and may inhabit the gorgeous domes and pinnacles of these Greek minsters.

Everybody here, except strangers, observes the ceremonies of the Greek Church, and bows and prays at every shrine on the street and every church. These shrines are in all the offices, including our banking office, and at the hotels. Walking in the street from our hotel yesterday, I was suddenly arrested by a bow of graceful dignity, which I supposed was intended for me; for I forgot that I had left polite Norway. What was my surprise, when I found the salutation was directed to the angels on the dome of St. Isaac's! These genuflexions and crosses are the devout duty, of all sizes, and sexes, and conditions. This morning I saw a child of two years making its little cross before a church, as if it had been used to it from birth.

The drosky is an odd-looking, fleet sort of cab, which barely seats two. It is near the ground, and if it upsets, it is safer than when it is going. Its speed over the boulders is immense. Its driver is good, and good-humored. The carts, wagons, drays, as well as droskies, have a peculiar harness for the

horse. The eminent characteristic of the establishment is a sort of harness or yoke, about four or five feet above the animal's shoulders. This is not peculiar to Russia, but it is here developed in a higher degree. It rests on the shafts, and somehow, as I believe (*loquor non inexpertus*), the horse has freer motion and an easier draught under this yoke. It does not strain him about the vitalities, like our harness. He seems to run loosely, as under a canopy of green! I do not mean to say that this yoke is green, though many of the yokes are thus painted and with emblems and owners' names on them. While watching a caravan of these yokes which do not oppress, I had occasion to look through a long line of them, fifty in number, carrying the rye flour in sacks across the city, and discovered another peculiarity. There is a stout rope from the horse's shoulders to the front axle, which extends some two feet out of the hub to hold these extra traces. The strain seemed to be upon these traces as much as upon the shafts; and just as I was driving in a hurried way—for our driver was dashing at the usual pace—one of our wheels came off and rolled a rod, and down we were! Thanks, to the good gray team and some promptitude, we escaped harm; while sympathies all about from the gathered crowd showed that there was much kindness upon the street.

On the Neva we see boats which are used as magazines, till the lumber or hay is sold. They are thatched with straw; while there are vessels of huge rude make, like our old "Orleans" boats on the confluents of the Ohio, which used to be improvised to run out, "on a freshet"—flour, hoop-poles, and crockery, along the Mississippi to its mouth, and then to be sold for its timber. Again, there are

seen vessels from the Volga, with circular target-looking ensigns and flags of various hues, quite foppy and exquisite amidst these heavy-laden luggers from the interior. The entrepôt for these barges of grain, such as wheat, oats, barley and corn, seems to be on the outskirts of the city; for there they lie densely packed, side by side, close to and far beyond the long, long rows of warehouses—far beyond our vision—numberless; while the sacred pigeons, by the hundreds, flock in their wake for food, unmolested and unharmed.

We attended a fire here. Fires are very common; but as the house walls are some three or four feet thick, fires are not extensive in their ravages. The fire-houses are of the customary yellow, with high lookouts, and black walls, to indicate the place. No bells sound alarm. The engines are like ours; but when they go to the fire, some half-dozen wagons with hogsheads of water in them follow!

The Russians drink enormously. Their "particular vanity" is made of grain. It is called "*vodka*." But the peculiarity is not in the drinking; but when drunk and reeling, they are invariably affectionate. They are not quarrelsome or violent. They kiss, and never kick or strike. We saw many rolling over each other in loving embrace, even upon the streets. Women are no exception to this general saturnalia on Sundays and fête days. It was simply pitiful—the sights we saw. Why is it? We hear from others that drunkenness is not disgraceful, because the people have been so lately enfranchised. But is that the only or best solution?

Cucumbers are generally eaten whole, on the table and in the market, as we would eat apples. Sometimes the workmen slice them up and lay them

on their black bread, of which they consume six pounds on an average per day. So constant a vegetable diet has produced effects which any physician will infer, as the only meat diet of the masses of these workmen is some odorous refuse of pale, flabby soaked beef, even including the worst of the viscera and organs! I went through a market where this sort of stuff was sold and eaten. The stench was horrible, and all around and on the ground, we passed—under admonitions from the guard, "Mind your watch, sir!"—between and over the worst lot of human cattle it was possible to conceive. Their long hair is unkempt, their clothes are tattered, their shoes are bundles of dirty sheepskin or rags, and their faces wild and besotted. They are in strange contrast with the palatial pictures of the next two chapters.

St. Petersburg has no end of attractions, but we have taken to new modes of observation. Palaces and pictures are our recreation at odd times; they are not to be seen or discussed very elaborately, for there is no limitation to their number. Scientific and humane objects absorb our first day. We begin with the mineralogical academy, where everything, if not taught by sight and example, is thus illustrated. The specimens of crystals, jewels, and minerals of all kinds—rare, precious, and useful—which are there presented, confuse the sense. The richest ores and stones of the Ural Mountains are placed in glasses and upon frames with nicest heed and order. The Ural Mountains, especially, are on exhibition, with their opulence. Not the lapis-lazuli, malachite, topaz or ruby, garnets, sapphires, turquoises, pearls, and diamonds of all colors, shapes, and values—but the rarest and largest of these aristocrats of the inner chambers of the earth, such as the beryl—the finest

specimen of the world—are here exhibited. Besides these, the opal, with its richest colors, is side by side with the turmalin, a crystal of rarity and of utility for spectral analysis; while a pure nugget of gold, of eighty pounds, is the cynosure of all eyes. These productions are shown in the rough, from the matrix, so that by one glance you may see the precious offspring, which are born only after millions of years of gestation "in which men come and go like rainbows"—passing through fires of gradation and cycles of development so as to perfect their crystals and rear their young jewels!

In other rooms are models of the very mines in sections, showing where these rare children are born, and how they lie asleep in their sunless homes; and finally, how, by the ingenuity and invention of man, they are brought forth to give their quiet capabilities of light. From this school on the banks of the Neva what advantages are derived! What a school for teachers and professors. As we are the great mining nation, will it not be well to copy what is good in this Russian establishment for our instruction and benefit? Would it be believed that under this building, or under its large court, there are sample mines whereby every subterranean object of mineral beauty and value is revealed to us.

We light our wax tapers and enter the vaults. Our guide points out the formations of coal, iron, and copper—the latter running into its relation with malachite—with here and there leads of silver and gold, besides all the strata and crystals for the gems with which the royal, rich, and vain of this earth adorn themselves. After this survey of Muscovite mineral resources, can we wonder at the millions and millions of rubles' worth of gems which adorn the

palaces and churches, the diadems, crowns, dresses and images, and which glitter in polished splendor through the thousands of glass cases as specimens of the fabulous wealth of barbaric pearls and gold, which far outshine the magic product of Aladdin, or the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, and which this new capital and the old capital, Moscow, display?

A half-mile of this underground survey of the mineralogical wealth of Siberia, or rather Russia, and we enter the street again. The great statues in front of the school symbolize the meaning of the work within. It is Hercules struggling with Antæus. The latter touches the earth, and is made strong by the contact—strong in that knowledge of the beauties and virtues, not of the ground merely, but under the ground, which makes the mind a casket of precious opulence, full of concentrated and brilliant jewels.

But is this education, in the largest sense, or is it superficial, after all? Is this School of Mines a fair exponent or sample of the extended scientific culture provided by the Russian Government? Yes; but it is carried much further. In all departments there is the same completeness and exhaustiveness. Alexander II. threw the colleges open to all, and founded scholarship for poor students. Is this "over-education?" Can there be too much intellectual development! Still, he says that the causes of Russian or imperial disquietude are found in this over-education; and thus he reasons: One can be thoroughly educated in the higher branches in Russia for fifty dollars, where in other countries it costs tenfold. The Government provides a subvention for high education. Even peasants' sons are thus enabled to obtain a refinement of education far beyond that of their parents, and beyond the needs of so-

ciety. Such educated people are not needed, not even for teaching, as the schools are not "common" or general for the masses. Therefore, he argues that "education" is overdone. When these students attain their pitch of discipline (so reasons my friend), they grow discontented, as there are no avenues for the use of their faculties and equipment. Their health failing, by application too sedulous, they grow morose and misanthropic; and, consequently, feeling their degraded position beside others not so well cultured, they join Nihilism; and so we read of the student class being the dangerous one! As an illustration, the assassin of the Czar is cited. He was in a lowly condition; and, after acquiring all he could by diligence in his province, he came to St. Petersburg to perfect his studies. His father was the agent here of a timber establishment, and of no station of consequence. The son gave his life, as others will, or do, to destroy a system, or its head, which forbids them to live according to their own idea of their merits.

"What is the remedy?" I ask of my friend.

"Let the Government generously educate the masses—not over-educate the few; and thus elevate all, and provide the avenues to employment for those ready to teach and unfitted for field-drudgery."

Whether this be a correct statement of the situation, I cannot avouch. I gather the facts and inferences from an observant Englishman, who has been here some years. It is a new phase of the assassination solution, and as such I recount it. My own observation already is, that great necessity exists for the elevation or training of those relieved from serfdom, as the church has not sufficient power to accomplish it; and the poorer classes here are lamentably dissolute and reckless, but they are not the

"dangerous class." They are as the lazzaroni were in Neapolitan Bomba's rule—firm props of the throne, and ready to serve the Czar at a moment's warning against rebellious intelligence.

"Do you go down-stairs, and say some hard words against the Emperor or his family," said my guide, "to these drosky-drivers, and you would be torn from limb to latchet. They adore the family, and the more it is martyred, the more they adore it."

Everywhere we perceive evidences of the veneration paid to this family, not only at the beautiful little chapel along the canal and street—now "no thoroughfare" for vehicles—where the bombs exploded and the Czar was killed, but wherever his picture is seen. The reigning house seems to have a hold on the Russian people. The grievances which make the land socially and politically volcanic are not apparent; but I think most of them were written by Jefferson, in the Declaration of Independence; and the heaviest grievance relates to the denial of justice. It is the old, old story of revolution; and it has never been told so aptly as by George William Curtis in his eloquent defence of the real citadel of a nation—its conscience, and not its wealth. "Rome," he exclaimed, "was never so rich as when she was dying; the Netherlands never so powerful as when they were poorest. Assyria, Greece, and Egypt had art, opulence, and splendor. Corn enough grew in the valley of the Nile. The Syrian sword was as sharp as any. They were merchant princes, and the clouds in the sky were rivalled by their sails upon the sea. They were soldiers, and their frown frightened the world. 'Soul, take thine ease,' those empires said, languid with excess of luxury and life. Remember the king who had built his grandest

palace, and was to occupy it upon the morrow; but when the morrow came the palace was a pile of ruins. 'Woe is me!' cried the king. 'Who is guilty of this crime?' 'There is no crime,' replied the sage at his side; 'but the mortar was made of sand and water only, and the builders forgot to put in the lime.' So fell the old empires, because the governors forgot to put justice into their governments." Recent revelations fully justify my sweeping remark as to the denial of justice by the Russian government.

If it were necessary to particularize, read the points made by Birwanski, an imperial state attorney, who was sent on a special mission to report the scandalous outrages at Orenburg. He was suspended for telling the truth. Thousands of those official miscreants, "who clutch foaming champagne flasks in their blood-stained hands, wallow in every sort of enjoyment and lead complacent lives." His picture of the courts and the prisons, the tortures and the starvation, was a disclosure, which might well make a Sclav of the lowest type furious with revolution and revenge. The Nihilist, like the Phantom of Cleonice, forever reminds despotic power, that might is not right, and that it should cultivate justice, as the Avenger is sure: "Tu cole justitiam; teque atque alios manet ultor."

To this denial is added a debauched system, compared with which, in some parts of the country, the most corrupt ways of Oriental luxury and slavery—ancient and modern—are tolerable. The political, moral, and judicial air of Russia breeds secret association. Societies for the suppression of Nihilism will arise—are arising. They are aristocratic; but they lack the martyr-element. The aristocracy will not die

for the Czar, as Nihilists will and do die to annihilate him. Besides, the grandees of the Golden Book of Russia were shocked at the condescension of the Czar. He used to shake hands with ordinary people; and it is said that his grip is tremendous, as he bends easily a horseshoe in one hand!

We visited the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. It is inside the fortification, and is a sort of dynastic church and royal mausoleum. There are the tombs of the dead Czars of this empire. All these tombs are decorated with offerings, medals, and trophies. But first, I was attracted to that of Alexander II., the late Czar. His white marble tablet, which is above the body in the crypt below, was hidden under roses and other floral offerings from all parts of all the Russias. These tenders of sympathy turned my thoughts toward home and toward moralizing. The horrid manner of his taking off, like the deep damnation of the attempt upon our President, has called for more devotion to the object of this frenzied zeal against the laws of mankind. We ask of ourselves and of the most zealous opponents of absolutism, *cui bono?* Does it not add more devotees to the ranks of the imperialist rulers of Russia? Such devotion as these offerings show, and such as we saw to-day at the chapel where the deed was done, are the logical outcome of this diabolism. Martyrs are next to demi-gods. Who dare criticise their acts? Who dare, even in America, to call in question, with that determined spirit of discussion demanded at all times, the acts of the head of an Administration, after it has been elevated by the bullet of the fiend?

It is not without interest that we follow our guide through this church, so glittering in precious stones

and rare pictures—mementos of the dead Czars and their families. They have played great parts in Asia and Europe, and made their mark in the last few centuries. Still I could not help but echo the verse, that—

> "I would rather be some poor player on scant hire,
> Than King among the old—who play no more."

And so rejoicing in my modest Democratic Republicanism, and with malice toward none and charity toward all, I left these precincts with many lessons at heart.

We visit the Museum of Art, not to see the rare works of France, Italy, Germany, or Holland—though they are here—but those which have the raciness of the soil, or rather are racy of the races thereof. This is a good time for this visit, as a recent charitable occasion has drawn from all parts of the empire the best works of Russian artists. Here they are! Battles and portraits, landscapes, real and ideal, sea scenes and Circassians—peasant life and classic lore—and some of "imagination all compact," and each well delineated, but with characteristic and national high color! An endless maze of genuine genius is here, and yet but a fragment of the display which we are yet to interweave into the tapestry of Russian observation.

"What next?" I cry to our indefatigable guide. Without deigning to reply, so rapidly does he carry us about, he dashes us out of one broad street, with strange names and semi-Oriental letters, and into another, until we reach the rear of a building whose entrance fills the fancy of Shakespeare's apothecary-shop, with its stuffed crocodiles, snakes, birds, and beasts.

"Ah!" he exclaims—for he is a scientific guide —"this is prehistoric as well as posthumous. All the Saurians are here in skeleton—amphibious monsters of other ages, when Siberia was tropical. Here are birds of every kind, from a perfectly white peacock to the extinct dodo!"

Here I stop our vivacious and learned guide—on the dodo. Ichthyosaurians, and megalasaurians, and all these curiosities of another era have something akin to them now. The mastodon is but an exaggerated elephant. It may have been possible in the recent stone or flint ages, when our antetypes adventured from Timbuctoo to Siberia to obtain rocks, harder than iron, for the manipulations of industry. Let them wait—for have we not the veritable dodo here? Alas! it is only the picturesque presentment. Our guide says that its eggs were of such good eating that the epicurean hogs in Java—where it was last at home—consumed the last egg; and so the dodo died, never to be resurrected, except in the pictures of fancy.

One more institution gives another glimpse of this eventful life at this metropolis of the great empire. It is the royal stables. There are no horses here at present, as this is the summer season. Royalty is out of town with its usual equipages; but the royal carriages are seen in all their state and richness of decoration. We enter the gateway, and come near stumbling over some boxes.

"What are these?" asks our guide of the warden. They contain the funeral plumes and dresses for the obsequies of the late Czar, not yet laid away. Some crape and other memorials of the fatal act are seen bundled up and about; but we have little time to think of the perils of power, and are called to exam-

ine, one by one, the gilded equipages. This one is the carriage of Catharine II.; that, of Paul, who was strangled by the nobles; the other that of Alexander I.; that one trimmed with gold and blue is that of Nicholas, and so on. Each has its story of funeral, coronation, or marriage, in which czars and regalities come and go, even as the poor horses which played their parts in these historic pageants have come and gone. Many of these carriages are rich in jewels and stones of every quality of richness. One is trimmed inside with diamonds. The panellings are of silver, and so are the heavy mountings of the harness, for three hundred horses, hanging in their showcases. Outside and inside these vehicles, where luxury and opulence glisten, are the crystal and topaz, ruby and beryl, such as in their native, unpolished dress we perceived in the College of Mines. Was not this double row of stately vehicles a vista of historic moment, running down through past years and through the long aisle of metallic and mineral splendor?

Our guide was not a Russian, but he seemed to be proud of these trophies of regal display, and we republicans looked on, and wondered! Upon some of the panels of these coaches are paintings whose value could not be measured if covered with diamonds. The best French painters had decorated one, which Queen Elizabeth had owned, and which, later, Dagmar, the beautiful, had rejoiced in upon her wedding. It was huge in size for a carriage, equal to timber-wheels in solidity, and, as for loveliness, "fit for the daughters of Jerusalem" upon their bridal day. Then we examine the sleighs of various shape and make; some for carnivals and some for state occasions, and one of rough aspect made by Peter the

Great himself, and left by him at Archangel. A grand omnibus-sleigh, in which the royal ladies were wont to have their jolly rides from the city to the country palaces, is shown. It is so arranged that from its sides and end, long red drapery is spread upon the snow, and upon this the cavaliers sit as the horses dash them over the snow-hidden roads. It was a part of the royal fun in other days for the festive females to drop the drapery of their sleigh and the cavalier into the soft, dry snow wherewith these long winters are blessed. Whether these mournful days of royalty contribute to such diversions is a matter of doubt.

What sights to our unaccustomed eyes are on every side as we drive! Little Tartar children dressed in green; the soldiers with heavy coats and long spears, from the tribes of the Don, the Cossack of history; huzzars of red, gay uniform; Caucasian soldiers, with dresses as gay as the Spahis of Algiers —with the various large-breeched natives, in top-boots, or with red shirts only covered by a dark vest —add to the spectacle.

The avenues are wide, and lined with high yellow buildings, palaces, and government edifices, all proportionate to the immense empire of the two continents. The signs look quaint with their peculiar lettering, and the houses, which rarely have doors in front, are unusual in their aspect. The sheet-iron roofs painted green and red; the police in their green uniform and sword; the rivers and canals, full of strange craft darting about in active business, some from far inland, laden with grain, and some bearing passengers over the Neva and under its bridges—all these odd pictures contribute to keep us on the alert. We drive along the Neva, whose splendid avenues

and quays are one. They are lined by the same yellow buildings, where the families of the royal house reside. Then we cross the Neva on a pontoon bridge, called the Trontsen, from which a splendid view is had of the spreading waters of the river—bounded at one end by the elegant edifice of the Commercial Exchange. In winter the river is used for races upon the ice. Then we turn into Alexandria Park, and admire the villas of the merchant princes upon the lagoons into which the Neva is divided. From the rounding point, we perceive the Finland Gulf, Cronstadt, and Peterhoff, and all the points which we passed on our route hither. Then we turn into the Zoological Gardens, where white bears and young cubs, wolves and walruses, along with thousands of pleasure-seekers, together enjoy the brilliant mimic scenes till midnight. There we found (for fifteen cents only) a splendid theatre, out-doors, and famous dogs and monkeys performing, followed by a ballet in pantomime, in which Greeks and Turks play parts, and in which the heroes and heroines of the former are lifted through a gorgeous display of many-colored lights into clouds of glory, amidst the cheers of the populace, which never forgets that Turkey is its natural foe, and that Constantinople is its natural if not national capital.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CITY OF PALACES—A VISIT TO THE CHURCHES—THE SPOT WHERE THE CZAR WAS KILLED—THE GREAT MONOLITH AND OTHER MONUMENTS—SONGS OF THE SOLDIERS—EXCURSIONS—LABORING MEN AND WAGES.

> "*Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,*
> *And love in loss, and life in hateful death,*
> *And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke*
> *Men to their wheel again, to whirl the round*
> *Of false delights and woes that are not false.*"
>
> "THE LIGHT OF ASIA"—EDWIN ARNOLD.

IT is impossible to describe the phases of Russian life in a few chapters, or to make a review of the scenes and places which we have had time to observe. I might have made a more picturesque sketch of the military or dynastic church, wherein lies buried Russia, or her Czars. It would be a pleasure to recount more in detail the visit to the hut of Peter the Great, where he lived while planning this city. The boat and chair, which he made, attract our eyes, while the sacred picture under glass in the corner, set in precious stones and illuminated with candles, is considered so rare and talismanic that it attracts crowds, who kiss the glass covering. It is a famous picture of the Saviour, and lovely in its touching sadness. It has a witchery, for, being borne in front of the army, it incites to victory.

We drive to the place where the late Emperor

was killed. There is a beautiful shrine under an Oriental kiosk-like temple over the exact spot, in front of which are candles burning, and devotees bowing and crossing. There seemed to be an unusually deep solemnity here; and even the guards and ministrants had a more serious air and anxious expression. We went to various other churches, all called "parish churches," but splendid in dome of green, gold, or blue, and rich in decorations, golden decorations predominating, for even the silver is gilded over. No images are allowed in the Greek churches, only pictures. So it is said, but it is hard for us to distinguish between them. Faces of the Saviour and Madonna appear in beautiful outline and color, surrounded by golden aureolas and by enamelled and gemmed frames of rare handiwork. Our last visit on Sunday to church, was to that of "Our Lady of Kazan." Kazan is a town on the Volga, and the reputation of its saint is such as to enrich her shrine beyond all others. The building—like most of the other churches—has pendent from its sides and in its chapels, flags of all nations, taken by Russia in battle. Considering what wars she has had, at home and abroad, you can well imagine what an immense multitude of old, torn, moth-eaten, yet ever-glorious ensigns, from Central Asia to Poland, are hung upon her sacred walls. The gates, balustrade, and altar of Kazan Church are of solid silver. Four fluted jasper columns adorn the altar. At its doors—as at all the churches—are poor people, very ragged, and worn with pilgrimages from afar, who bow to you obsequiously, and present their black portfolios, with a Greek cross upon them, as credentials for their mission to beg for the distant parts of the empire, and their spiritual needs and monasteries.

Upon our drive we notice some fine triumphal arches, copied after the classic models and those of other countries, and other monuments, but none equals the superb Alexander Column, erected in 1832. It is a solid shaft of red granite, the greatest monolith of the world. It is based on an enormous block of red granite. There is an angel on the summit. The monument is one hundred and fifty-four feet high, and has a noble and inspiring grace and grandeur. Other statues to Peter and Catharine, besides statues to soldiers and poets, make every square of this grand city monumental. There is also an equestrian statue of Nicholas. The horse is like that of General Jackson's, in Lafayette Square, Washington, and stands upon his hind legs only. It is so much more elegantly and gracefully posed that I could not but compare it to the disadvantage of our own favorite charger.

On no day have we failed to find something about —Peter the Great! In "the summer gardens" there is an old palace, where are sacred relics of his handiwork, such as chairs, cabinets, and Chinese designs; the kitchen and bath-room have tiles of the old Dutch style, which he greatly affected. The chimney is as huge as the room. Within, is a prison, where he is said to have kept his personal enemies, without benefit of habeas corpus or clergy. It looks gloomy, and the grating seems to be peculiarly adapted to a jail; but it is not very likely that Peter would have enjoyed such society, in his own favorite home.

It is a custom in the "summer gardens," where the military seem to have preference, to have certain days consecrated to song. At least, we gain that impression; for, while sauntering through its shades

towards evening, we hear some strange, unearthly music. We gather near. In front of a statue in bronze, erected to the fabulist and poet of Russia, Kryloff, who died in 1844, were a dozen Cossacks, in full chorus and uniform, and chanting a wild lyric. A triangle and tambourine were the only accompanying instruments. The leader stands in the centre, and directs the music, besides singing falsetto with a funny "burr-ring," as if he were halting his horses. With much gusto he finishes the piece and others, and, looking down at a white handkerchief on the ground, seems to feel its vacuity of cash. We place some kopecks on it. These minstrels give, at our request, their jolliest songs. Some of their rare tunes from old Sclav ditties sound quite like Offenbach. I remarked as much to the guide, who scouted the idea, and said that Offenbach had filched them. This custom of singing in gardens is not peculiar to Russia, nor to this garden. We found the same custom in Stockholm, where the students gathered before the bust of Bellman, the lyric improvisator of Sweden, on his natal day.

The reliefs below this statue of Kryloff represent Æsop's fables and their Russian analogues; for there were the animals making their moralities, from the lion to the mouse and from the stag to the elephant. It was an appropriate and peculiar tribute to the man, librarian, and poet, as well as to that inalienable and inborn love of fable and parable which belongs to all ages and lands, and has its select home in the Orient.

If you would vary this round of visits by an excursion into the country, I should recommend two: one to Sarskse-sello, and the other to Peterhoff. We have made both. At the first are the palaces of the Czar and the Grand Duke Constantine. We go there

by rail. The drives in the parks are beautiful. Therein is a lovely palace where lived the Princess Dagmar before she became empress. The armory here forms a museum of wonderful interest, for it has gifts of untold value from Spain to Persia, and beyond. Every kind of gun, sword, and dagger is here; and those from the conquered sheiks and khans of Asia shine resplendent in jewels by the mass. The saddle-cloths from the Orient, and especially the presents from the Shah of Persia, are the richest known to any collection of the world. Among the manifold things here to be seen are the lock and key found *near* the site of the Temple of Jerusalem; the jewelry of the harem of the Khan of Khiva—a wonderful collection for female adornment; Chevalier Bayard's cuirass; a spear which opens after it enters the body; an alarm-clock which shoots off a gun to awaken the sleeper; the flags taken in the Hungarian insurrection of 1849; the baton of Schmayl, the Circassian chief, who fought Russia so many years; the emeralds, by the quantity, which the Shah of Persia sent to the Czar; the "horse furniture" of the Indian sheiks, and a circular knife which they used to hurl, which cut your head off before you could say your little prayer; and, as a proper apex to this collection of curious gifts and gems—worth alone sixty millions of rubles—the sword of Mazeppa, the brave hetman of the Poles, who will never cease to ride through histrionic and historic dangers on that fierce, untamed charger of the desert!

From the top of this armory we have a splendid view of the distant city and the surrounding country. One of the singular caprices of royalty in these palace grounds is the Chinese village. The houses are large and commodious for servants of the palace, but they are extremely unique, dropped down from Celestial models

into this enchanted wood of birch and linden. There are ornamental waters, too, where every boat known to the invention of man is seen. There is the catamaran which we have seen on the Hudson river, and the Norse boat, as old as the barge of Cleopatra in its style, which appears with its graceful bow in every fjord of Norway; the Indian canoe, or dug-out, is here, besides gondolas of Venice, caiques from Constantinople, skin boats from the Esquimaux, and every other class of boat, including even a rude specimen from Otaheite. Here, too, are the royal sleighs and barges, in the boat-house once used by Catharine II. The keepers of these boats look upon us with much surprise, especially when they are told that we are Americans. I think sometimes this fact helps us to see much which we otherwise would not see and enjoy, for when we apply to be admitted to the palace of Constantine here, the gruff response at first is, "Who are they?" "Americans!" and forthwith, with much graciousness, we are admitted. The palace is evidently in use by the family, as many little domestic matters betoken. There is an abundance of urns, flowers, pictures, and bric-à-brac. The rooms are frescoed in dainty sky-blue backgrounds, and the ceilings and walls are draped in medallions and silks. It is useless to try to picture these multitudinous emblems and articles of royalty. These proofs of wealth, however, are shapes of beauty, and, by whomsoever owned or however purchased, are revelations of taste, talent, and genius. But as well try to make a meal out of whipped syllabub as substance out of so much mere iterative description of these objects of luxury. Every palace in Europe has more or less of this display of art and its treasures; but no palaces are so opulent as those of this city and its environs, in jewels,

and so exquisite in the refinement of adornments, made as well by the pencil and chisel as by machinery, out of the minerals of the Ural Mountains, for which there are special royal factories.

If you would find, in full perfection, the richest in all respects of all the palaces in the world, I suppose the Winter Palace would be that superlative edifice. Since the attempt to blow it up as the royal people were about to dine, it has been closed. I made an effort through Colonel Hoffman, our Chargé d'Affaires, to obtain an entrance for the Americans now stopping here, but vainly. Recent events forbade. The Czar himself will not go into it again. It is shut for two years. This was a disappointment, but it was partly compensated for by admission to the "Hermitage," which is a part or a neighbor to the Winter Palace. But the Hermitage seems to be enough for all our time. All the "masters," old and young, native and foreign, are in profusion here, as well as specimens of the exhaustless mineral glories of Russia and Siberia in every form of carved beauty and tasteful grace. Museums of ancient statuary, coin, jewels, and intaglios, illustrating every age and phase of history, and, as a climax of interest, the relics of the city of Kertch and other places, in the Greek colonies of two thousand years ago—now in Southern Russia—are here. This exhibition supplements General Cesnola's Cyprian antiquities, and would add fresh interest to our home museum. Upon these Greek relics are found such dresses, worn by the ancient Scythians, as our drosky-drivers now wear, and bas-reliefs on these old vases, show horses, managed exactly as my former Ohio constituent, Rarey, used, to quell the worst "Cruisers" of the equestrian world.

But, as a small American boy remarked at the end

of our six-hours' promenade through these corridors, "We feel two thousand years old ourselves, we have travelled so much and so far!"

Do you ask, is Peter the Great to be found at the Hermitage? Surely, he is everywhere. Here are his lathes, tools, and knives, and *plaques*, or disks of copper and ivory, cut by his own hand. Here, too, is his measuring-staff, which was a foot taller than any one in our party, and that of his valet, a foot taller than Peter! How could he be such a warrior, statesman, mechanic, and architect—ruling such an immense and incongruous people so well, and make so many knick-knacks with his own hand and out of his own mechanical contrivance? This conundrum puzzles the brain. We are curious to know the secret of Peter's power and of the glamour of grandeur around this giant of Muscovite history and modern civilization.

In all this wandering for hours through these chambers of rare imagery, we have only one glimpse of the twin palace, the Winter Garden, and that is through the connecting corridor, which is a conservatory of palms and other plants.

The staircase of this palace of the Hermitage has no equal in its size and proportion. Outside there are immense black colossal porphyry figures bearing up the portico, each an Atlas in itself. They are emblems of the eighty millions of subjects, which from every rank uphold this extended empire. With its sixty millions of farmers, now free; its seven millions of villagers, its one million of gentry, nobles, and officers, and its four millions of military men and their families, it would seem that the vast edifice of the Russian power would be stable, supported by such Atlantean shoulders. Is it really so? Time will tell. After all, does not this structure rest on labor, to be

directed by educated brain? Is there much to encourage the lover of his kind here in this aspect? For the welfare of all, it is to be wished that there was more comfort and elevation among these vast masses of men, for, from my inquiries, I conclude that there is not much encouragement to labor here. Laboring men work from six in the morning to eight at night, twelve hours, deducting the dinner hours. Their wage is meagre. They only earn twenty rubles a month, which, at the present price of the paper money, is in our money say ten dollars a month, and find themselves. The women who work in the cotton and other factories of this and other cities and towns get one-half of this sum as their wages. A contractor of dredging in the Gulf tells me that he hires his best men for twenty-three rubles a month, and most of them come from five hundred miles interior. They go home for the long winter and return for the short summer.

From these chance facts you may glean the condition of the ex-serfs, who are the foundation of this social pyramid. But they do not seem to be of the discontented or dangerous classes. They may be roughly and plainly clad—their garments may be made of sheepskin—and when off duty they may and do stand as much of the wildest devil of bad drink as any set of men on the star; but still they are the broad basis of this Russian social order. While they are loyal to their "father, the Czar," and his family, this land will know no hasty, violent or extensive revolution. In this struggle there are many hard problems to solve. Some of them are agrarian, growing out of the emancipation of the serfs and the division of the land. These may be in time arranged satisfactorily by the local communes or legislatures. Escaping this

trouble, there is the vast debt and tax and other financial and currency questions. But this, too, by the genius of good statesmanship, may be a cloud which will pass away. Besides, the Czar has an enemy in his own bureaucracy, more formidable than in the peasantry or the Nihilists. He provoked their hate, by some attempts to reform their abuses of trust and authority. A hundred thousand unnecessary officials cannot be readily disposed of, even by an autocrat. He cannot overcome them, except he falls back upon the masses. He is paralyzed; and will continue so, unless he grants to the people certain privileges. They would like to combine for their relief from social and local grievances; such as epizootics, grasshoppers, epidemics, forest devastations, speculators, land-grabbers, and corrupt judges. Other menaces the Czar has, owing to diversity of races in the realm. Poland has not stifled her revenges; White Russia is not reconciled with the Muscovite. The Cossack of the Dnieper has an alien history. The Baltic provinces are Teutonic. The Ural Cossacks love liberty more than Czarism. Five million Caucasians are still sullen under taxation. Asiatic conquests are held by force. Siberia is an exile, with a load of memory. Can these jarring elements survive and live in a Sclavonic unity; and with the impending threat of Germanic hostility ready to unite with the Latin races against a barbaric foe? Even the Republican Castellar of Spain rallies for the union of Europe against Russia, fearful of the Napoleonic problem: "If not republican, then Cossack?" The *pourparlers* of Czar and Emperor at Dantzic, may unite the eagles for a time; but the nineteenth century is not the tame prey of the eighteenth.

Ah! if only Russia could have a rest from war, and if her vast army could be turned into labor upon her vast and fruitful plains! Russia accomplished the emancipation of her serfs. It was the work of a nation, and not merely of a man, or a bureaucracy. Arguing from this work so well done, Wallace, the best observer of Russian affairs from a foreign standpoint, "confidently assumes that Russia will, in due time, successfully overcome the agrarian difficulties that still lie before her." It is to be hoped.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOWER LIFE IN RUSSIA—DEATH AND LIFE—BIRTH AND BURIAL.

'The tender leaves of Hope."—SHAKESPEARE.

IT is the middle of August. The city of the Czar is not joyous. It is not the gay season, which is winter. The recent assassination does not make the summer merry. We are attracted to the sound of the great bells of St. Isaac's, opposite our hotel. They sound a lament. I look out, only to see a golden tapestry over a hearse, and, as with us at funerals, numerous carriages following. But this is not a funeral of the common people. Of the ceremonies which attend their sepulchre we had a most interesting though painful observation on Sunday. This is worth a description.

We knew that we were approaching the cemetery by the thousands of wreaths of all colors, even red, offered for sale along the streets leading to it. It reminded us of Père la Chaise. We are ushered within the gates, with a throng of people, many of them bent on pleasure and not on grief. These places for the dead are not cared for with that sweet and gentle caress which the Scandinavians give to these acres of God. At the "fêtes of the dead" here, the orgies of eating and drinking over the graves are not to be counted among the solemnities of death, but rather

the festivities of life! We pass within a chapel. It is accoutred in gilt, as are all shrines and domes here. The long vestments and belts of the priests are of gold lace, and many of the covers of the coffins are thus ornamented. As we enter, the service of the Greek Church is proceeding. A band of choristers are responding to the priest, while all about are the bereaved, making genuflexions and crosses. Nearly every one has a lighted taper. Indeed, everywhere at the Russian shrines and in the churches candles are lighted. It is a symbol of the continued existence of life. It is beautiful at interments. Every baptism, burial, and betrothal is pledged to the Holy Spirit—"heavenly flame!" Whenever a Russian enters a church he buys a taper, approaches a shrine, and lights it at the sacred lamp, bending and crossing meanwhile. It is the most common of all the ceremonies here, and it first attracts us in this Church of Smolenski a Wassali, within the precincts of the city cemetery.

We are led, without impediment, within the altar, but are requested not to turn our backs upon it. The first service is giving the communion wine to a dozen infants, who, with various expressions, partake of the liquid from a spoon, and after much blessing. They are thus made members of the Church. Two priests assist in this; one is an old and most amiable man, the other a giant in size, and with a voice like Stentor, and both, like the priests of the Greek Church, are hirsute on cheek and head. But this infant communion is not what we "came out for to see." The church grows warm and inodorous, and we are tempted to the fresh air; but at length the burial ceremony begins. One man, not in priestly array, chaunts from a book, and the choir responds.

The priest also responds, and the pious movements of the people continue, until at last a flutter of agony breaks forth, the candles are put out, and the covers removed from the lids, and the lids from the coffins. The chaunts go on, the censers swing, and the wail of sorrow over the dead begins. Poor, sad —sad—sad people. Mothers mourning afresh at the last look at their babes; children grouped around the dead mother, almost hidden beneath the flowers which festoon the inside and outside of the coffin; old and young taking their adieux, lifting up the dead face, all pale and senseless, to salute it tenderly for the last—last time! It was a scene to melt a heart of granite. There were no unkissed faces there within these shrouds.

After passing about some of the consecrated cakes, to be eaten when spiritually minded, and after the distribution of the bowls of rice and raisins, to aid the dead in their journey home, and after various ceremonies behind the altars, with their pictures of Saviour, saints, and Madonna, incrusted in jewels, silver, gold, and enamel of all colors—the lids are replaced, the candles relighted, the chaunt begins anew. Then the coffins are borne out into the grounds and air, where, followed by priests and people, with a loud chorus of lamentation, the bodies are committed to the consecrated dust. The souls of the bereaved are left all darkened, and the "mourners go about the streets."

These are some of the experiences and scenes of Russian life which the guide-books do not, cannot portray; yet do they not show the inner life of the people? Do they not take us within the portals of the grave itself—the very adytum—and show what the consolations are which this religion gives in

the worst emergencies of women and men, and which to the stranger of another faith and clime may seem merely an idle ceremony?

Let us ignore the dead, and select something more fitting our age of activity, life, and evolution.

Our guide asks: "How we would like to see 2.000 human beings under one roof, and being housed, fed, and saved by a maternal government?"

Surely, we are content, and step forth from our carriage. We enter a vast building under a stone *bas-relief* of a motherly swan which has its dozen of little ones looking up to and feeding from its downy breast; or, if not that, perhaps it is the escutcheon of Louisiana, a pelican, feeding its young out of the blood of its own body.

This is the Vospitàtelny Dom. It is as old as 1778, and is a branch of the Foundling Asylum at Moscow. It is near a canal, and is connected with a lying-in hospital and a school of midwifery, in which any one about to be a mother can find a refuge, without cost, and with absolute seclusion, privacy and care. It is one of the provisions of the Government for birth, and is in strange contrast with that which the church makes for death, as we have just seen it, in the cemetery. Whatever it be, we are ushered into the presence of the most motherly of matrons, who, at a table, seems to be doing a thriving business in infants of tender age. She is a most muscular and magnificent madame. She receives us with a courtesy. She is filling up red and blue blanks. What for? For foundlings! There are eight hundred and four in the building now, some twenty-eight being received every day, and as many sent out to be farmed in the country. The building holds two thousand people, including wet nurses, babies, bread-

makers, and attendants. Besides, it is an asylum where calves are kept, from between whose innocent teats the vaccine matter is extracted; and whoever will, can come and partake of the vaccination freely! We saw the calves in their stalls, and how they were tied for the forced extraction of the sanitary matter.

But this was but an incident of the institution. While there is an opportunity for poor wedded parents to place in separate apartments their children, and while a few avail themselves of the privilege, the great body of the little bodies are born out of wedlock. A gentleman covered with medals gallants us around the building. He is met at different wards by females who once were foundlings, but, being acute and trained, are nurses and doctoresses, making prescriptions and supervising the army of nurses. These nurses wear red, green, and blue caps, according to their peculiar work and ward.

But let us begin at the beginning. As twenty-eight of these illegitimates come in every day, we are likely to see one enter before we go upstairs. Sure enough! An old lady appears on the threshold with something in a quilt. It is in shape, or mis-shape, like a pappoose bundled on a board; but there is a veritable infant in it. Our guide calls us—we being four, my wife and myself, and a physician and his wife—to the front to see the babe unswathed.

The first question asked of the old lady is: "Is it baptized?"

"Oh! yes," says the old lady, "it is a Christian."

So it has a better show, for it has not to be immersed into the Greek Church, and it has, being a Christian, three years in which to be otherwise redeemed! Our guide facetiously asks of the old lady:

"Are you its mother?"

With a jolly laugh she replies: "Oh! no, only the midwife. I am seventy years! My name is not Sarah!"

"How old is it?" is the next query.

"Three days."

Well, well! It was born on the 16th of July, and in the old style! Let it not be misunderstood that there is more than one style of being born, whether under Czars or Presidents, and that is the "old style." But it should be remembered that the calendar we use for the days of the month is that of Pope Gregory of the Latin Church, and not that of Russia. It is an historic fact that when the "old style," or calendar of the Greek Church, was abolished some centuries ago, the intelligent British bacon-fed people revolted, because twelve days were subtracted from their precious lives by the Catholic calendar. The Russian has had, according to the logic of the Jack Cades of Old England, twelve days longer to live than those of other nations. This child, though born, according to law, on the 16th of July, according to our date was twelve days older, and therefore illegitimate! This logic is from the "Pirates of Penzance." It has—as an international babe—lived fifteen days in three! But what is its sex? That is ascertained, and the blue ticket is tacked upon the waif. It is a boy. We proceed upstairs, where the child turns up also, but with a different number from that which is sent to the mother, for she must not be allowed to know the real number, else she may have hopes of recognizing her child, get into the asylum as nurse or help, and thus foil the charitable intent. Two young lady attendants proceed to undo the baby-boy once more. He is nude before us, and gives a sneeze in recognition of his inheritance of future ills. Then there is a bath of

warm water, into which he is placed. After a little whimper and scream he is thoroughly washed, enjoying it to the innermost core of his little sensibilities. Then he is delivered over to a wet nurse, who is summoned from a room where nurses are in waiting. She begins at once the lacteal diet, and keeps it up till such time as the child is removed to the country.

We then enter the room where there are twenty-four babies already admitted for the day, and it was but four o'clock! There must be more nurses on hand for the new-comers than there are babies; though some of the nurses in the other rooms had two babies in charge. These nurses are healthy women, but not any of them handsome. They wear a red bodice over a white habit shirt, conveniently arranged for the purposes of nature's fountain.

We visit a half-dozen rooms in each division, where, in various stages of care, these nurses are at their posts of duty. There is not much crying among the children, but there is considerable astonishment here and there among the nurses at our unexpected presence. The attendants who are supervising each room wear blue checks, with plain blue bands on the sleeves, and seem very intelligent. As my male companion is a physician, he is permitted to see what otherwise might not have been shown to us. So we are next gallanted to a room where are several bright, shining copper boilers, filled with warm water. Over them are neat cradles, in each of which reposes in calorific content several little ones! These were babes prematurely born! They are being fully born—some seven, some eight, and some not quite nine months old! It is a matter to awaken the quaint speculation of Montaigne, or the fun

of a Rabelais or some other humorous lover of his kind, to see these little inchoate birdlings, who have chipped the shell too soon, being steamed and warmed into the full glory of human existence over a kettle of vaporous water, while their little hands and eyelids are folded amidst genial cradle-clothes! Here are those who are to assist in bearing up this vast empire—these little Russians, who are to take, with their big-sounding names, their whiskey straight, or add a *'koff* to their other complaints—who are to wage future wars or study the sciences of the coming time—who, from the Crimea to the Neva, and from the Chinese Wall to the Lapland of the Arctics, are to upbear the Greek Church, with its ages of veneration, and the enormous realm with three hundred differing tribes and tongues! Here they lie, sleeping unconsciously, yet maturing for the duties of life! Near by them is a scale, with a few weights—very light weights—to test the strength and health of these incarnate immaturities. Their normal weight is said to be nine pounds, and if they attain that in a certain time, under these incubating processes, they are well insured. We are told that of these only twenty per cent. are saved, which is a consideration not to be forgotten by a veteran "life-saver," as I often boast myself to be.

One of these little Muscovy ducklings lifted its trembling pink eyelid and looked at me, a little doubtful of my object. Its tiny fingers faintly twined about mine, and with a sigh and a timid chirp—hardly a sound—it sank again to its nebulous contemplation of life and its mysterious surroundings, I cannot recall any of my infantile emotions, or fragmentary ideas. The child may be the father to the man; but it must have some little maturity to dominate in a paternal way over the full-grown sire. Poets have

sung of the premonitions which we have of an immortality before birth, and I should suppose that something of its "trailing cloud of glory" would hang at least in ragged fringes upon our novitiate in this world. But whether these things be or not, I felt like singing the refrain that—

> "Gentleness is a little thing
> Dropped in the heart's deep well,
> The joy, the good which it may bring,
> Eternity may tell."

Indeed it may be told in this world, sometimes from certain rules of heredity; but that, in this institution, is only one-half known, as the parent of one sex only is known. How could one help wondering what would be the fate of this *filius nullius?* Who knows but there are here Potempkins and Orloffs in potentiality, Todlebens with trophies of future Plevnas, and diplomatic Gortschakoffs dressed in all the decorations? Why may not imagination conjure up a Peter the Great not born to the purple or smothered in fine linen, a founder of empire, or a Catharine II., bold, skilful, and wonderful in ability? If Gray could fancy mute, inglorious Miltons and guiltless Cromwells in a country churchyard, is it too audacious a flight here to draw upon the same faculty for hands to sway the rod of empire or touch the lyre?

Recalling the little ones I once saw next to my own house in New York, when Sister Irene opened her arms and her door to the foundlings of that city, and leaving the morality of this city of 667,000 people, with its foundlings rating 10,000 a year, to be measured by others than myself, I was aroused by a call to go below and see how the black bread

was baked, and to drink some of the barley beer with which the establishment is run, through the kindly agency of the wet nurses. In fact, it may be stated that the future of these infants depends on the digestion of these stalwart women.

One room has nine infants laid out in little coffins, covered with white paper. We take a peep at them. They have each had a *post-mortem* examination, and their life record is made up and entered near their number on the rolls of the infantry. Nearly all die of catarrh of the lungs or intestines, their mucous membrane being the tenderest of their susceptibilities. I noticed that the lower lip of these little dead people had been slit. Why? I am told to show the development of the teeth, for some purpose not very clear to my mind.

Then we visit a room where the diseased are cared for. Some are malformed. One we noticed with "talipes." Its tiny feet were being treated so as to make them walk straight—a possible cure, says the doctor. Another has a harelip, which an early surgical operation may amend.

Then we ascend to the upper story, which is a clean chapel of the Orthodox Greek Church. Its altar is richly bedight in gold and pictures of saints and children, with beautiful representations of Him who did not disdain to care for the little children of this world. A dress of the Czar Paul's beautiful wife—her coronation dress, which the ladies admire greatly—is shown us in a glass case. It was a present from her to the institution, of which she was a patroness. Other pictures of royal personages, who have given their aid and patronage to this good end, appear about the walls; and then, after many thanks and some copecks to these guardians of the lost chil-

dren of sin and poverty—we feel refreshed by the open air.

Thus in one day, in this strange palatial city, we have seen the phases of death and of life; and the human or humane provisions for these emergencies of our race. They form strange contrasts with each other, and, together, a still stranger contrast with the wealth and splendor of this empire, which has scarcely any bounds to its realm, and none to its ambition.

CHAPTER XIX.

PETERHOFF—ITS PLEASURES AND PALACES—ITS REGALITIES AND RICHES.

"The smoke ascends to Heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope:
Yet, in that meditation will he find
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
So wide a difference betwixt man and man."

WORDSWORTH.

IN no country in the world has there been such distinctions of caste, between ruler and ruled, between Czar and people, between master and serf, as in Russia. In no time has this been more apparent than when the regenerator of Russia—Peter the Great—ruled. The serfs were from the earliest days called "black," as distinguished from the old dynastic race of Russia—which was alleged to be of Rurick the Fair, from which the name of Russia is derived. He was not a Sclav, but of the fair-haired race of the north, whose civilization we have traced in our journeying. The Normans were the ancestors of this ruling race, and from them, as from a fountain, came the great lords, whose names were written in the "velvet volume," or the "book of gold" of the Russian noblesse. These proud nobles were the boyars, who were held by Peter not fit to unloose the latchet

of his shoes; and this Peter was called "The Great," because he was so far above all that he could afford to condescend. He could, without loss of caste, carve furniture, make tools, and construct ships and houses with his own hand. There is nothing which the hand of this Cæsar did not endeavor to build. The most elegant of all his works—and they are beyond computation—is that of the palaces and parks of Peterhoff. It is not one, but many palaces; and cannot be omitted by any one who makes a study of the Russian realm.

To it we gave one of our most delightful days in August. It is not difficult to reach it; and, as it is the present residence of the present hunted Czar, who makes a covert of a part of its secluded grounds, it had and has a peculiar interest. Our guide, had advised us, days before, of the charm in store for us. After seeing it, we record it as far beyond our expectation.

Our way to it, is down the river Neva and into the Gulf of Finland, a two hours' journey over the broad surface, but in a narrow channel. The steamer, though not large, is an elegant one. It is not crowded to-day, and we have plentiful opportunity to wander about the boat and look at both sides of the river, without curious eyes peering after us suspiciously. We pass the many elegant yellow brick-stuccoed houses and palaces on the Neva, and are especially attracted by the grand Museum of Art, which we had already visited. From the river, as we gaze back, the splendid gilded spire over the tombs of the Czar, as tall as Trinity, and as bright as crystal, dazzles the eye, while the gilded dome of St. Isaac's minster is never out of sight. The quay along the river is of heavy granite. The river is as wide as the East

River at Brooklyn. There are boats of huge dimensions in the stream, or moored by the banks. These are made only for temporary navigation in the far inland country, on the Volga, or some other stream, which the canal system of Russia enables to flow to the capital. They are laden with grain, hay, and other farm products. Soon we enter the gulf, and its low state appears by the very color of the water, and by the buoys that mark the channel. Over to the right we perceive the dredging machines of the American company—about which our English friend, Mr. Burt, advised us, and of which he is superintendent. They are making a new channel; and under many disadvantages not of a mechanical nature. It is the slowness of the pay, and its uncertainty, and the red tape of the officers, or something worse, which hinders this improvement. So poor are the navigation facilities that it takes as long to get goods from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, only twenty miles, as from London to Cronstadt; and the cost is greater. Lighters have to do the last and smallest portion of the voyage. However, this shallow channel once had its advantage, in the Crimean war. It enabled Russia to foil Napier and his fleet. It was the safeguard of the great capital. Since then it is doubly guarded. Its old fort is strengthened; and it seems now as if the city were impregnable from any attack by sea.

On our voyage hither, from Sweden and Finland, we had remarked the beautiful grounds, on the south side of the gulf, and a mile or more from our channel, embosomed in green trees and decorated with palatial edifices. This was Peterhoff. We then promised ourselves a nearer view, but when we land, we find many preliminary vestibules to the palace itself,

which are even more interesting. If it were difficult to build St. Petersburg on a firm foundation out of the low marshes of the gulf, it was not so with Peterhoff, for it has a rise above the level of some sixty feet! This is not much, but in a level country, like Russia, it is a good deal. What of embellishment Peter refrained from putting upon his capital and its palaces, he lavished here, for its factories and homes, its waters and palaces, its woods and ruins, are the crown jewels of his edifying genius! It far surpasses, in its surroundings, any place of the kind we have yet seen, not excepting Versailles and Hampton Court, Windsor, or the Copenhagen Hermitage. The palace itself is a Koh-i-noor, set in the midst of a dozen brilliants, each worthy of an oriental crown!

I have perused a volume written by an Austrian Secretary of Legation at the court of Moscow in 1700. I found it—a lone copy—in an old desk at the Constantinople hotel. If this diary at the court of Peter be a true account of the conduct of this czar, he was as blood-thirsty as he was energetic. The knout and the torture were his instruments of extracting testimony to condemn his own sister and his best subjects. New racks were made for every fresh rebel, and every fresh rebel was the object of this czar's inventive diabolism. But for the romantic glamour around Peter's life, as a ship-carpenter and general genius of all work, history would regard him as execrable. This book contains an account of the tragic execution of the Strelitz; and it was this account which irritated the czar against the author and his volume. It has a description of the figure of the colossal square wagon fort, in which the Russians used to march against the Tartars; and other mat-

ters which would be of engrossing interest to Mr. Schuyler, who is now writing Peter's life. Among other objects of interest in it, it is said that the Czar Peter, in the year A. D. 1700, had no mines of gold or silver; but it was believed that they had been discovered, in rich veins, at a place called Kameni, in Siberia. Skilled men were brought into the country to test this discovery. This was the tentative experiment, the crucible in which the first precious elements of Russia were tried. To what a prodigious success this has been carried has never been well stated by any one whom I have read. What, you ask, has this to do with Peterhoff? The sequel will show.

The value of these mineral resources of Russia has not been fully shown or known, because articles of *virtu* and art, made out of the raw material, are monopolized by the nobility and royal family; and, because the iron in the raw and in the manufacture has never been greatly exported. The Sevres porcelain and Gobelins tapestry were exclusively for "our royal cousins;" and so were the articles of Russian art. Still the recent developments tend to break down these monopolies of the earth's precious treasures. It is not grain, tallow, hides and honey and the product of the field which make Russia great in her work. It is not the cutlery of Tula, nor the iron of the provinces altogether, which make up the stock in trade of the great fairs of Russia, although these are abundant. It is computed by a writer in the *London Times*, who followed us closely in our travels, "that at the Nijni Novgorod fair of last year 7,453,163 poods of iron (62 poods to the English ton) were brought in for sale, of which 887,002 poods were not sold." This year 6,000,000 of poods are here already;

and not only will the quantity of last year soon be exceeded, but all will be bought up, for the success of a Nijni fair depends on the conditions of the harvest throughout the empire; and while 1880 was a year of famine, the crops of this season have been most satisfactory, and the provincial traders, as well as the peasantry, have money enough to afford the journey hither and to make their purchases.

Even what one sees at Nijni Novgorod, however, cannot give a sufficient idea of Russia's wealth in mineral produce, and especially in iron. The statistics of 1875 give, in round numbers, 26,000,000 of poods of cast and 18,000,000 of wrought iron, with 789,280 poods of steel. Much of the cutlery one sees on the tables of hotels and restaurants at the capital, or in provincial towns, is of home manufacture, chiefly from Warsaw; and almost all earthenware, china and glass equally proceed from imperial or national manufactories. It is, as a rule, inferior ware, and in bad taste; and the knives are evidently made "to sell in the home market, as the rule is: 'Keep your money in your own country; stick to home articles, however infinitely better and cheaper may be the goods that you might get from the foreigner.'" The earthenware, china, glass, as well as cutlery, are home made. Russia makes a good deal of poor quality. She is "protective" and endeavors to supply herself, to her own cost. Her Siberian and Central Asian possessions are the repertoires of her choicest jewels and values. The region of expiation and exile is now looming up as Australia came forth out of the convict land. Civilization is claiming Siberia for herself. Her mineral resources, however, are what attract the most attention.

Among the many items of interest which the

Austrian Pepys has not omitted from his gossip in the chance volume referred to, is one which recognizes the discovery of the mineral and jewelled wealth of Russia, then just opening in the Ural Mountains and in Siberia, under the energy of Peter the Great, and now such an immense source of values and traffic in Russia. It was shortly after this that the Czar began to build St. Petersburg (1703), and twenty years afterward he began the construction of this country palace of Peterhoff. He had found the lamp of Aladdin in the caves of Siberia.

When we first arrived at St. Petersburg we visited the School of Mining, where the minerals and precious stones of Russia are collected in the matrix for instruction, and where underground there are artificial galleries made to illustrate the teaching in this vast domain of Russian affluence. In our visits to the "Hermitage" and other city palaces and museums, as well as to similar places in other capitals, we had been wonder struck at the immense number and richness of the trophies made by Russian art, out of her own Siberian and Ural resources. Vases and gems, monuments and marbles, gold and silver ornaments of every shape were the gifts of Russian royalty to the royal houses of Europe.

It seemed that in Russia itself there was a profusion, for which we could not account by any modes of fabrication yet seen. This was all made clear, however, when we were ushered—hats off and in whispering awe—within the imperial marble factory at Peterhoff. It was our first visit there. To its explanation our guide Pilley gave his best energy in English and knowledge of science; and it must be said for him that, whatever his chances for study may have been, gems and marbles are his specialty.

This we found out afterward, when he opened his budget of mineral beauties to us—for sale. How he rolled as a sweet morsel under his tongue the very names of these hard metallurgical substances! Pictures were tame, shrines tawdry, and waterfalls noisy nothings compared with his eloquent exordia and perorations upon this, his favorite topic. Rising with each object of value and *virtu*, he at once measured its value in taste and in rubles. Rubles seemed a word so roundly rich and golden that the very phrase for the estimation of jewels and jaspers, malachite and amethysts seemed itself a gem of inestimable worth.

"Look, lady, look!" he would cry. "This is nefrite—see! It is in the rough; but it is worth alone four thousand rubles as it stands! This is jade! It is to be made in all shapes. What is in this glass case is a fortune in rubles! That lapis-lazuli is enormous. Look! It is worth twenty-five thousand rubles! It will take months to work up one piece into a vase like that! Come! See these revolving tables. The workmen are at dinner; but that man will show us. Observe those plans on the paper; those engravings on the wall; that portfolio of designs—all to be reproduced out of these flakes of jasper! Panels for palaces! Look, sir, look! Furniture out of that malachite; the shades of nature set in vernal beauty, all put together as if of one piece! That lapis-lazuli, lady, is worth one hundred and fifty rubles a pound! See, lady! There is a bushel of emeralds, all in the rough, but not more valuable in rubles than the rodenite in that mass yonder!"

The men soon come in from their meals, and begin the slow process, by wheel and lathe, to grind down with their polishing diamond pow-

der the hard substances. Here are the items which, when put together, make the unaccountable sum in rubles, vases, and mosaic! Each of the precious stones were being polished down for veneering, and marked and graded as to quality and utility. Crystals were being made into vases, objects of *virtu* and bric-à-brac, in countless forms, for the boudoir, and of every hue and form of beauty. Aqua-marine, with its tender blue tint, and lapis-lazuli, black with richness, in pieces of fifteen-pound weight, were seen about the halls—being copies from the galleries of paintings and drawings upon the walls. Round about upon their pedestals, themselves to be counted in rubles, were placed the finished articles, on which years of toil and skill had been employed. They were ready when sent for, and waited the caprice of the royal owners.

We passed out of this valuable collection, through a guard of Circassian soldiers, and past fences of straw thatch upon the rustic road. Before we know the total value in taste or gold of this museum, we are whisked away from the factory and its products by our rapid guide, to a fairy palace, called "Mine Own."

It is a French châlet, upon the imperial domain of Peterhoff. It is surrounded on its four sides by gardens of flowers, and a lake, a bridge and a chapel in the shrubbery. It was a petite Trianon; only it seemed so fresh, and wore no air of sadness or antiquity. Each flower seemed to be bedewed that morning, and the light gave it a fragrance and a sparkle quite harmonious with the gems which we had just left unplucked by the royal hand. In the chapel a lamp was burning at the shrine, where the products of the factory glistened in sacred loveliness.

There is no mention in the guide-books of this pavilion, and there is no equal to it which we have seen, except the Rosendal in the Deer Garden, near Stockholm—a counterfeit presentment of this royal nest. We mention it with enthusiasm, because it was not of the august order, but rather of the domestic, as if woman's fine ethereal taste had graced the plans for its erection and adornment. I found that my wife darted from one dainty room to another, with a bird-like flutter of impatience at not being able to take it all in at once. The walls were hung with delicate brocades. Each room had its pet color—blue, yellow, white and pink. The bed-room contained a gilded couch, whose bath-room had a sculptured marble basin and a ceiling of mirrors, the effect of which was as unique as it was unexpected, for it reversed us as we looked up, and must have had a curious effect on the living Naiads who disported doubly and upside down in its waters. We saw ourselves that the nymphs which held up the marble baths were doubled by reflection. Polished floors and rarest pictures, were as exquisite as art could design, money buy or royalty wish; and everywhere the result of the rough dust and whirling lathe of the factory we had already seen. Ah! that "Mine Own" was only fondly mine own! What joy to gaze at the exquisite delineations and colors of Van Loo and Watteau, Greuse and Isabey—whose palettes were employed by endless rubles of reward and crowning guerdons of genius! The odor of sandal wood fills the pleasant chambers, and makes, with the shapes, lights and colors almost another sense. Here in one chamber are all the beauties of the courts of France; for is it not a *petite palais?* Here, we see the silks of Moscow and the china of Dresden.

"All good, all—look, lady, look!" cries out Pilley; "no Brummagem!"

One of the rooms thus decorated contains all the female relations of the Czar. It is of richest yellow, a color quite as much the vogue in Russia as in Norway, or in æsthetic-land. Around upon tables are porcelain vases of curious design and pictured loveliness. The chapel is discerned out of one of the windows. You may know it to be regal by the golden crown above its gilded dome. We enter the elegant little church. It is devoted to the patron saint of Russia, Alexander Nevsky, whose image—only painted, not *graven*—is enclosed, all save its sad, dark face, by chased silver and rich enamel.

We pass into the sylvan road again, and look about us. How common that woman looks outside, in her rude attire, after seeing these portraits of the princesses and queens of the Romanoff and Bourbon dynasties. How patiently she weeds the cabbages! These are the oxen, are they—who support the great basin in which the luxuriant children of earth lave their delicate limbs?

But moralizing is of no moment here; nor calculations in rubles, as to how much of the Russian public debt the crown jewels, silks and vases might discharge if put under the hammer. For we are out now under nature's sweet air, under avenues of oak and birch; to be repeated for another wonder, in the English palace.

This is in an English park, laid out by an English gardener, after English style. It is a large, roomy and tasteless edifice, into which, as not into the French palace, "Mine Own"—no royal permit is needed. Balls are given here for charities. It was built in 1781, by the Great Catharine. It holds her

contemporary sovereigns in portraiture. A Russian Empress, Elizabeth on horseback, is striking; and not less so, the black boy running in Oriental style by her side. In another chamber Catharine is mounted, like John the Baptist's head, on a charger. She rides, like our Indian squaws and Turkish women, astride. She is barbaric and rides well. In fact she looks every inch a man, and she is not too easily confounded with the gentler sex. This palace cannot readily be forgotten, for its portraits are perfectly appalling—in this, that the royal ladies are pictured in the quaint fashion and the hideous immensity of the time, when panniers were worn on hip and back. It made monsters of them! Hogsheads do not furnish the Brobdignagian metaphor adequate to express the grotesque behemothean largeness of these mothers of princes. Maria Theresa was simply mountainous and the Grand Duchesses about her were even more grandiose than Maria! What they were about, no mensuration can tell.

As we re-enter the park, we begin to observe in every avenue and at every turn the Cossacks of the Don on horseback, with full apparel, cartridge, gun, overcoat and folded blanket. Each horseman is on the alert. There is something unusual astir. Is it the Czar?

We read of the precaution of the officers of the Czar in dodging public curiosity, as to where and when he will be seen. No wonder, since the late assassination. We also hear of the dishes which he eats and of his enormous appetite, which he whets by the Russian caviar, or zuluska. Without this—which is a mixture on a side table, of herring, dried salmon, sardines, cheese, bread and butter, with raw beets soaked in brandy and bitters and *vodka* (the

worst of Russian liquors)—the sterlet of the Volga, a rare fish, and the soup, beef, chicken and substantials would be eaten without relish and with much indigestible suspicion. There seems more danger to the Czar in this appetite than in the dynamics of chemistry or the bullet of Nihilism.

But were we not told by the guide and by the journals that he was not here to-day; that he had not yet arrived from Moscow and the Novgorod fair? But we seem, nevertheless, to be an object of vigilance, and so we return the vigils and watch the Cossacks of the Don. However, we are not challenged, and drive to the "Straw Cottage." It is of brick, but thatched with straw. It is to the left of the main palace, and that we are near to that, the presence of the Cossacks attest. The rooms of this odd cottage—a freak of Catharine—are mirrored all over. They add, in appearance, to its size. One room is checkered in diamond pattern, with artificial vines and a mirrored ceiling, a leather divan and a garden outlook. We still follow our guide with one eye, and have the other on "the Don," and not on the guide-book, which seems to be quite meagre in its details of Peterhoff and the many planetary splendors which surround the main orb, toward which our centripetal guide is bearing us

We next visit Marly. This was a favorite place for the Great Peter. He lived here. The furniture is of his time and make. Here he used to observe his fleet in the Gulf. His bed is here: how many beds he had—a restless man! All made by his own hands! The clothes presented to him by the Shah of Persia and the Chinese Emperor are shown; and the *works* he did, including those of a watch. But these are not the marvels of Marly.

We go out upon the balcony overlooking a little lake, and M. Pilley throws food to the carp who rush ravenously in schools for it, at the sound of a bell. These were Peter's fish. There is also an oak which he planted here.

We were soon again in the park, with an eye single still on the horsemen of the Don. Then we go to a curious palace, small and old, odd and outré. It is called the Hermitage, and was one of Peter's pets. It had a dry moat about it. If the moat was not always dry, its old inmates were not either, for this is the place where it is said Catharine had her orgies. We are shown an upper chamber for dining. The tables and chairs remain, and contrivances by which, on ringing a bell, your plate goes below, and your dish of meats comes up. No servants were admitted. It is said—how gossip runs riot in history—that the debaucheries of the royal nudities of the time were here celebrated. Certainly there was some design in this culinary mechanism, and if the half be true of Catharine, Potempkin, and the sorry lot of that time they needed some *patent* to keep them hid. The room now seems dead and bare; the champagne has long since lost its sparkle. The garlands of these roystering royalties are faded; their fragrance is—unfragrant. There is a serious part to these performances of the great empress, but it is not found in the rear of this house of ill-repute, and it is no less than a comic piece of clock-work in water, by which, when the fountain is turned on, some artificial ducks swim around. They do not squawk like the famous one Vaucanson made, but there is a dog which follows them, and he barks, while they all spurt water in a funny way. I observed this closely, but I kept an eye out for the Cossacks of the Don.

Montplaiser, is another little palace, once belonging to and inhabited by Peter—for he was not Peter the hermit, but lived wherever he could plan or build. At Montplaiser, the Empress Elizabeth turned cook, they say, and made her own porridge and ate it herself. Peter put in some of his Dutch purchases of paintings here; for while he worked as a shipwright at Zaandam he had an eye on Paul Potter and his cattle, and Wouverman with his gray horses. This palace is odd, and takes its honors as a quaint whim of royalty.

While thus roaming amidst pleasures and palaces, we are passing between the beautiful fountains which are the special charm, the prismatic glories of Peterhoff. This is their hour and day for play. There are fountains here of every conceit. There are green hedges and gardens, with fountains and rainbows. There is the "Alcove," where you may be seated while the water runs in divided silver over the roof that covers you. There is an artificial tree —the old joke at Chatsworth and elsewhere—where a seat invites you, and innumerable jets in the rear of your seat dampen your ardor. There is the open Greek temple, surrounded by *jets d'eau*, and with bronze divinities and nymphs—a most graceful and classical adornment. The hillside gives us the step waterfalls, one of which is of white marble and has its balustrades and statues of similar material, and another of gilded steps, down which the water trips in light, fantastic beauty, and still another of black and white checker-work—or rather an inclined pavement flanked by statues over which the water glides in fleecy lace-work until it falls in shining sheets upon the successive steps before the final cascade, and still one more of pyramidal form and of exquisite effect. All these whimsical water sprites seem to

be but "ministers of grace" to the magnificent Sampson jet of eighty feet high. It is so named from the bronze man of Gath forcing open the jaws of the lion, from which rushes the lucent lymph, and from which is thrown, horizontally and vertically, other fountains full of sheafs of limpid sunlight, all prismatic with the spectra. From this are a succession of jets, out of a canal which is fringed with trees, and decorated with gardens, extending five hundred yards in an avenue of shady loveliness, where it finds rest in the sea! The colonnades give fairy retreats at intervals, with fancy tea-rooms near fountains, used exclusively by royalty!

This complex beauty of the waters is more splendid than that of Versailles. They have, when lighted. by lamps behind the sheets and fountains, a rarity of optical beauty incomparably fine. Oh! for an illumination here of our electric lights!

All these are but incidents of the palace, and serve but to set it off. If we enter it, is not the pleasure gone? Does not the external so surpass the interior delight as to make the latter pall? No; for here again are the exclusive productions of mineral wealth, tazzas of marble, porcelain and malachite, as well as articles of taste, tapestries, and pictures of national and local color. Each one is a rare gem of its kind. Here are three hundred and sixty-five pictures of Russian maidens, in provincial costumes, representing the beauty of fifty provinces, a present by a noble artist to Catharine. They look alike—all handsome girls—asleep or smiling, gayly or plainly attired, in different positions, to give some variety to their unity. The playthings of the Czars when babies, are here in Japanese and Chinese rooms, gilded rooms to make one wonder; Dresden china

ornaments and glass ceilings to make one amazed; eider-down cushions to make one ache to sit down, and tapestry so rare that one cannot tell it from the richest product of the easel. One painting is of especial import. It represents the scene in Peter's life, when in crossing Lake Ladogan he took the helm from the frightened mariners, and with a "*You carry Cæsar!*" saved all.

It was a relief when we reached the air again, for the park is lovely. At least so thought our Cossacks of the Don, for on hill and in vale, in shadow and in light, at the ends of avenues and in the woods by the pleasant paths and sweet waters, they sat or rode, vigilant guardians of the wood where Alexander, the new Czar, lives! As we turn one point, we see a cavalcade of carriages hurrying by, and not dreaming that it is the Czar, are not eager to look or pursue. It turned out, as we learned, that it was the Czar, just arrived from Moscow unexpectedly, as Czars come and go.

We had noticed much preparation to guard the grounds of Peterhoff. Everywhere were Cossacks on horseback, their guns done up in black sheepskin and hung neatly on their backs. They watch our lonely carriage with more than usual heed. What can be the matter? Is this usual? There are other watchmen, who unexpectedly appear in quiet spots in the big forest. In fact, except a few boys who are fishing in the waters, or at certain other places, a few carts, there is not much of human, but a great deal of real, nature to be seen.

I ask often, of Pilley: "Do you not think the Emperor is here?"

"No," he answers, "he is at Moscow; he has been to Novgorod to open the fair."

"But why," we urge,—"this preparation? Surely it is not to protect his Majesty against us?"

With much impatience, Pilley says: "If I could get you near the cottage, the cottage within that large gate we passed, you could not see the Emperor or Empress. They don't live in palaces, you know: bless you! no! They live in a little cottage in an immense park, within that gateway; and are as quiet and retired as English folk in their parks and homes."

When I arrived at the hotel and found the "Journal de St. Petersburg" of the 26th July (7th Aout, new style), I was sure that the Emperor and Empress had arrived; and that we had missed them. We learn that they returned to Peterhoff yesterday, at "deux heures de l' apres midi." The same journal gives an account of their enthusiastic reception at Yaroslavi and other places on the route hither, where the customary bread and salt were presented; schools and militia reviewed; and pictures of saints and images of Christ, tendered. At one of these points of royal pleasure it is recorded that—

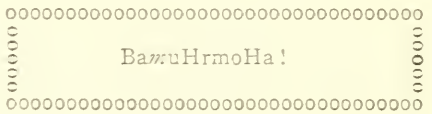
"À la cathédrale Mgr Jonathan a complimenté le Souverain, qui prouve par son voyage l'affection qu'il nourrit pour ses fidèles sujets."

This Mgr Jonathan,—can it be our own Jonathan? Has his affection turned toward Russia? We are ready to believe as Pilley tells us, that high-born ladies smoke and "liquor-up"; that Peter the Great made all that has been shown us as his handicraft, and that Russia is a land of liberty; but can we believe that Brother Jonathan, Puritan, in a cathedral, has apotheosized the Czar?

We were not permitted to enter the palace where he lives. We could only look through the barred

gates. It adjoins the gardens of the old palace, but it is not open to those who hesitate on the old query "Aut Cæsar, aut Nihil."

In disregard of all inner monitions, but without any molestation from our Cossack couriers, we drive to the lake. A little flat ferry-boat bears us over to a fairy isle. It is called Queen's Isle. The pullers on the pullies are sailors in white costume. They hold us with their glittering eye, as we hold them by a glittering ruble. Our guide bethinks him that we are of the land of Washington. He takes us beneath the shade of an oak some thirty feet high, whereon is hung a brass plate. The plate, registers under the signature of an "American" the fact that it grew from an acorn whose oak was near the grave of the not-to-be-forgotten Washington, and which was sent in respect to the Emperor Nicholas. It was George Sumner's present. It is of thrifty growth. I was curious to see how Washington's name looked spelled in Russian. I have not the Russian type, but the nearest approach to be made is



I asked the guide to spell it. "*Va-sha-ei-n-g-ton-a!*" Pretty well sounded. About as near as the Czar is to Washington in political sentiment and popular freedom. Still the oak was of our soil and as such we picked some of the thrifty leaves to send to friends as a reminder that the tree of Washington may not be altogether of hopeless growth on this Muscovite soil.

There is a pleasant pavilion upon this island. A blue and white column of twisted glass gives brightness to the picture. There are some rooms of Pompeiian style, with marble vases and statues, and a beauteous Psyche and a butterfly. There are mosaics everywhere. Returning, we drop into a cottage by the lake, and for twenty-five copecks (or ten cents) get a jug of rich milk. It was refreshing, as we had missed our dinner amid the unusual excitement of this day in Peterhoff. But more is in reserve. Not more milk, but more excitement. We must hie to the Sampson pavilion, and see the source of these waters—the birthplace of these playful naiads of royalty! Far off it shines upon a distant hill, with an acropolis or crowned temple, and a huge windmill to mark it! Passing some houses in the village, and two pieces of straw on a pole—a sign of the number of regiments quartered in the town—and seeing soldiers practising in the fields, and passing some Finnish girls who are working in these fields and gardens, and who do not disdain to chaffer with the guide, we reach, through meadows of sweet hay, the Babylon temple! We ascend to its balcony. St. Petersburg is in view on the northeast. One object glitters like a diamond-star, burning to a focus of white fire. It is the top of the Admiralty minaret, under which dead royalty sleeps. There are hills further to the south, but not high; little patches of towns are on the plain. On the north and east the Gulf of Finland, like a sheet of silver broadens out, with Peterhoff between, at our feet. This is one of the finest views in all Russia, unless it be that at Novgorod and the one from the Kremlin at Moscow. To fill up the level landscape, black and white cattle and some twenty villages are in the

foreground; patches of green and yellow, grain and oats in growth and just harvested, and the wooded park all about the palaces!

At our feet is the model mill, to which we must go, out of respect to Peter the Great. It is moved by the *fosse*, made by the water here at its source. It is a cottage, with a big wheel, and is both a house and a factory. It has its crockery and other appliances as a pattern of the housekeeping for a miller's wife. This reminds us of the real model house of the Czar, which we now visit. There we find the peasant's comfort, as the ruler would have it in theory, perhaps. One room shows the plates and salt-cellars, out of carved wood such as are used in receiving the Emperor when he visits the towns of his realm. Many of these are elaborately carved and rich, and betoken the opulence of the city; others are plain, and indicate a peasant's present on a visit by the Czar to his hut. Many old costumes and stoves are preserved. In fact, the model house is a sort of rural museum, and it is worth a better study than we gave it.

What other objects of interest Peterhoff presents, such as the newly manufactured "ruin" in the heart of the forest, and the lake, with its variety of boats of all nations, it is hardly necessary to dilate upon. Altogether, it was a royal day, and, being such, no Cossack of the Don called a halt upon its enjoyment. Driving to a restaurant, where the *élite* of the town—*a rus in urbe*—were gathering to hear music; and, with a view—all resplendent—of the gulf, we dine *al fresco*, and finish in time for a pleasant sail, to St. Petersburg under a rich evening glow, and conclude the most delightful and least wearisome day of our travel.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW—THE COUNTRY BETWEEN —THE CAPITAL OF THE RUSSIAN GREEK CHURCH—JOHN THE TERRIBLE.

"When with the ever circling years,
Came round the age of gold."

WHATEVER may be said of Russia, nothing but praise can be awarded to her railroads. In so far as they run—and they run further even into the East than we are wont to believe—and in so far as we have tried them, they are nearly perfect. We came over from St. Petersburg to this ancient and ecclesiastical capital of Russia, *via* rail, four hundred and fifty miles. We left at 7 P. M. and were here at ten next morning, and slept on our way as snugly—more snugly than in our American sleepers. The guards were all in uniform, and we had no official interruptions, but much aid from them. The beds are wide seats, and are at right angles with the long car, the ceiling of which is high and well ventilated. Each sleeping room is apart, though there are accommodations for families. The trains are not fast, but sure; and the depots are substantial and elegant; the track well ballasted and the bridges safe and beautiful. The meals *en route* were all we could wish. Perhaps this is an exceptional road. One feature of the car is, that at the end is a glass-windowed apartment for smoking, recreation and observation.

When I arose at six, we were reaching a depot in a village, and I took the liberty of spending the time until our breakfast at Klin, in looking out upon the landscape.

The country, two-thirds of the way to Moscow, is prairie. The remaining third of the way is rolling, but it is pretty well cultivated. There are long reaches where the fields or ranges are bare of all but shrubbery or brush, reminding one of parts of Long Island. I was surprised at the breadth of grain and oats sown. The wheat is ready for the sickle, and the sickle in the hands of men and women is already at its work. A good deal of grain is already stacked in little shocks, and tied in pyramidal form—to shed the rain. Adding these reaped fields to the oblong green and golden fields, spreading far off from horizon to horizon, and interwoven like tapestry with the tracery of pine and birch forests, here and there, and with the meadows full of haycocks in neat rows, or with herds of cattle and horses, and you have a landscape in harvest time in middle Russia. There are villages, too, plenty of them—old, dingy-looking, unpainted and tumbling down. They are made of logs and thatched with straw. They do not indicate improvement; although there are cars on the track for grain and cattle by the hundred, and not a few immense flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and droves of horses in fields by the way, which do indicate much advancement and great industry.

We notice quite a large number of animals, guarded by an unpicturesque person—like a Kabyle in Algiers—in a flowing sheepskin, and with a hermit's staff. He was a gentle shepherd.

There are more or less of fine farm-houses, as the nucleus of large farming; and about this nucleus are

trees and outhouses. The trees are of birch, looking so natty, clean and whitish, with their thin and slim trunks, that it was a delight to the eye. They seem to illumine the woods. Occasionally we discover some peasants going forth to the fields, the women in short kirtles and the men in heavy coats—for the men seem to affect heavy and long dresses, even in summer.

As we approach Moscow, all necks are craned to get the first glance at the Oriental city. Soon the vision dawns. I had read when a boy the picture made by Walter Scott, in his "Life of Napoleon"—of the exquisite and charming aspect of the city, as it was first seen by the French soldiers in the campaign of 1812. How it shone, and has shone ever since to my memory, with its gilded and green domes and minarets, its many-hued roofs and white houses, its alamedas of foliage and its far-off Oriental magnificence!

Was this vision realized? Well, I must confess that a rainy day and a sloppy street and some other matters rather disenchanted me of the vision of the morning of my life. Still let me not be hasty. I will enter a motion to reconsider, and sleep over the matter till morning.

The motion to reconsider is *not* laid on the table. It is carried. With the aid of a bright, sunny day, and the American Consul, the genial Mr. Weber, and after the kindest attentions from our Belgian landlord and a splendid room and dinner, and a rousing, or rather an unroused sleep, we begin examining the Kremlin, within its sacred walls, and the *tout ensemble* of the city changes! Nearly a thousand years of traditions and veracities, with the architecture to match and confirm, along with the childlike credulity with which we are learn

ing to observe, and some slender chance views of the city, we are ready to swear that our disenchantment is disenchanted!

Aiding us in our interest in this city of romance has been the spirit of Ivan (John) the Terrible! He is to Moscow what Peter is to St. Petersburg. He is omnipresent, though dead these several hundred years. When he was not observing the decapitation of his subjects in the Bloody Square, he was busy praying and propagating his religion. When we drove through the Bloody Square, we expected to see sanguinary sights! In fact, there is remaining here a stone circle, enclosed by stone walls and "grilled" in by gates of iron. This John used for cutting off heads, while he observed the ceremony from a green tower one hundred feet above and two hundred yards off upon the walls of the Kremlin.

The place now has an innocent look, and is an eligible place for a band of music. The harmony of this thought was disturbed by a cracked bell, not lying exactly upon the ground, but raised on brick. It only weighed when it last fell in a fire, in the year A. D. 1737, 444,000 pounds. It is decorated with the figures of the Czar Alexis and his Empress, and has on it some scrolls and sacred writing.

There is a fragment, about one tenth of its weight, lying near by on the ground. There are some fissures perceivable in the bell. There is a bit of romance about this big bell, for it was all jewelled. It is said that the ladies of Moscow threw their gems of silver and gold into the incandescent metal while the bell was being prepared, and these offerings of beauty led to the fissures and weakness in the bell. When did the tender sentiment of the fair sex fail to make dangerous the high sounding—but I

cannot gracefully end the sentence. Is not my wife looking over my shoulder?

We dismount from our carriage to examine this enormous bell. The clapper requires two dozen men to handle it. Talk of political *rings!* What a ring was here, my countrymen! Through a gate, and near by—within these walls—we perceive a big gun whose calibre would not be full, if a ring of twenty-four men were shoved in—as wadding.

There are on these festive ramparts eight hundred and seventy-six other guns, mostly French trophies, small and great. But they showed no disposition to go off—so we went into the Assumption and other churches under a score or more of domes and towers of gilded copper. Some of these were bell towers, and one of them has the largest active bell in the world, but it is a baby beside the enormous one I have noticed as disabled. These churches are more or less faded, and the pictures on their exterior do not show very nicely, although even in their decadence they remind one of the gay mosques of Moslem lands.

I thought we had escaped John the Terrible; but our guide points at the steps upon which he sat when he ran his cane into the foot of a messenger of ill tidings, and killed him with the same staff with which he killed his own son; so that when the Emperor was here last week the sanguinary memory was continued by having a *red* carpet put down on those steps—for the Czar! One would think that these tragedies and the memory of them would not be encouraged in Russia at the present time.

We rest a while upon the battlement, overlooking the River Moskva, which makes a letter S, within whose curves and to the south lies the smaller part

of the city. It gave us a grand prospect. You may think Brooklyn a city of churches. It has a couple of score or so; but Moscow has three hundred and eighty-five! I counted from this Kremlin height on the south one hundred and eighty alone! Most of them, like the roofs of the city, are painted green on their domes and minarets.

"See yonder," says the guide; "there are the Sparrow Hills, from which Napoleon viewed the city, in all its sun-lit glory, before it roared and cracked in the fiery furnace of patriotic devotion! And that is the gate—that red one, with the tower above it—where he entered from the west to make this, his ill-starred capture. Those woods on the elevation are the highest about this city; and it is from that point that the Napoleonic soul glowed over the prospect of spoliation, to which these hundreds of silver and gold shrines of the Eastern Church were subjected."

Moscow is a city which has walls within it. There is a sort of Chinese quarter, which is walled; but there are no Chinese there. They have "gone," if they ever were here. Within this quarter are plenty of shops. The Oriental bazaar is a part of this Oriental place; but the Kremlin, with its twisted Byzantine architecture and its many-hued domes, is a place by itself. It is surrounded by a turreted wall, with towers of green at intervals, and the river bounding it on the south. It has been destroyed often, and as often rebuilt. It has within it not only the religious but the dynastic buildings, and on a fair day and with its large plaza clean and its colossal monument, looks quite imposing as well as quaint. Often and often have its besiegers sought to gain entrance within this walled citadel, and only once or twice has there

been success. The gates, too, have a sacred character. Indeed, Moscow is a sainted city. If there were nothing else to sanctify it, the patriotic holocaust caused by the French invasion would do it. What a victory the Gaul had! But of his 450,000 troops, 400,000 were left upon the plains of Russia. What a defeat! Dazzling, bewildering, wonderful Moscow! Marvellous in its building and rebuilding, and more marvellous in its vicissitudes!

The tour through these various churches, with their victorious flags and gifts of precious stones; their tombs of the Romanoff Kings until the time of Peter the Great, and their chapels and altars of silver, all gilded, is the work of a week. We essay it in two days. One impression follows. It would seem that gold was the prevailing æsthetic taste when they were built, as every available space not dedicated to paintings is gilded. These were the days by "Prophet bards foretold"—the golden age.

But they did not give the era of peace; for these years of golden decoration were full of conflict, which no angel choir celebrated as the dawn of the millennium. To these old altars come pilgrims from all Russia—descendants of the ancient Scythians and the recent Tartars. I noticed three poorly-clad, naked-footed females drop their sacks and tin cups in the church of St. Basil, and deliberately make the religious round, kissing every image on their way. It was the work of a whole day. We met them at every turn, making their genuflexions, their heads touching the stone pavement and their crossing being devotedly incessant. The French are said to have taken away five tons of this sacred silver from Moscow and its churches, yet how much remains!

Did we leave Moscow without a full view of the

city from the tower of bells, where some thirty-one of these favorites are hung to make their sacred fête days more sacred? We had a bright day yesterday, and improved it from the Bell Tower. Such a vision cannot be had from any other place! It is surrounded by the green hills all round the splendid circle, within which live nearly a million souls. What gives such attraction to this view is the many colors of the roofs and the domes and spires. Some few are of silver, notably that of the church of the Catholics. It glistens like a temple apart from the rest; and so it is. Below us, from the tall tower of the bells, are the courts and palace where a dynasty of many hundred years has been nurtured or murdered—or at least gone!

A new and a better order prevails in Russia now. Much as it might be improved—one thing is to be said, that she has local legislatures, or communes of her own for her local, land and other affairs, with their tax and other questions ever rising for home-rule settlement. Wallace, in his volume on Russia, thus describes this legislature:

"The zemstro is a kind of local administration which supplements the action of the rural communes and takes cognizance of those higher public wants which individual communes cannot possibly satisfy. Its principal duties are to keep the roads and bridges in proper repair, to provide means of conveyance for the rural police and other officials, to elect the justices of peace, to look after primary education and sanitary affairs, to watch the state of the crops and take measures against approaching famine, and in short to undertake, within certain clearly-defined limits, whatever seems likely to increase the material and moral well-being of the population. In form the in-



ST. BASIL'S CHURCH, MOSCOW.

stitution is parliamentary—that is to say, it consists of an assembly of deputies which meets at least once a year, and of a permanent executive bureau elected by the assembly from among its members. If the assembly be regarded as a local parliament, the bureau corresponds to the ministry. . . . Once every three years the deputies are elected in certain fixed proportions by the landed proprietors, the rural communes and the municipal corporations. Every province (guberniya) and each of the districts (uyezdi) into which the province is subdivided, has such an assembly and such a bureau."

"The reader may perhaps imagine that the zemstro has, like the rural commune, grown up slowly in the course of centuries, and is in its present form a remnant of ancient liberties which has successfully resisted the centralizing tendencies of the autocratic power. In reality it is nothing of the sort. It is a modern institution, created by the autocratic power about ten years ago, and represents the most recent attempt to lighten the duties and correct the abuses of the imperial administration by means of local self-government."

Mr. Wallace says that the Russians are indifferent in these councils and do not care to do more than sleep, while a few talk and manage. There is one remedy for that—education. This Russia greatly needs, for her masses. But the time is advancing for all people, and Russia is not altogether exceptional.

By a glance at the map I find that we are further East by many degrees than Constantinople, and instead of going thither *via* Vienna and the Danube, we propose to go *via* Odessa and the Black Sea. We leave to-day, and so next Sunday we will be within the Sublime Porte—going in by the back door and not by the front door, as we expected.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN THE HEART OF CATHEDRALS AND RELICS OF MOSCOW.—FAIRS AND FIGHTING GROUNDS.

"To see clearly, is poetry, prophecy, and religion, all in one."
—RUSKIN.

IT may not be the usual route "up to Jerusalem" which we have taken, but it makes up in interest what it wants in directness. It is said, in morals and mathematics, that the best and shortest way between two points is the right line; but is that said of touring? "A tour" means a voyage "round," and we have come *via* France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, thus far *en route* to Jerusalem! The city of David and the capital of Judea, *via* the Arctic Ocean; from the pine to the palm; from the Pole to the pyramids; *via* Palestine!

How much to remind us of the Arctics and the home of Saviour, prophet, and saint, is to be found here in Moscow, midway between the two localities! Was there ever such an assembly of ecclesiastical memories as Moscow offers? Its five hundred churches faintly illustrate, within and without, this constant devotion of these Greek Christians. It is not for me to measure the sincerity of any sect, much less to weigh a great hierarchy by the ingots of silver and tons of gold, or by the richness of clerical apparel, or parures of gems, which adorn

religious shrines, pictures, and temples. If the Græco-Russian Church is to be tested by its outward splendors and ceremonies, in so far as we have seen it in this land, then its devotion is beyond all competition, if not praise. But this wealth of outer show does not tell the inner life. It is the shell—the symbol only.

The cathedrals within the court-yard of the Kremlin are shown to gaping peasants, and, I may add, tourists, who gaze with amazement upon the thrones and crowns, cradles and sepulchres of patriarchs and kings.

We visited the Assumption and St. Michael Cathedrals, which have retained, in spite of war and fire, their early form and glory. They fairly burst with ancestral glories. Here Czars were crowned and primates elected. Here princes swore fealty to the throne, and here are shown jewels worth whole satrapies, estimated by mercenary men at $250,000. In the first-named church is shown the tomb of a patriarch, Saint Philip, murdered by "John the Terrible," and a portion of his forehead over the silver tomb is exhibited. It is kissed fervently by hundreds every day. The Emperor on his visit here last week, among his few felicities, I suppose, kissed this sacred forehead. There are five domes over this Church of the Assumption. Next year the present Czar, after much fasting and seclusion, is to have his coronation in this holiest of holy churches. He places his crown on his own head, being an autocrat; and then that of the Empress upon her head, coming from the inner adytum of the temple, where he has partaken of the communion. One may see from this why it is that the religion of Russia is so closely interlaced with

its autocracy. An old throne is shown to us in this church over nine hundred years old. Here, too, is a figure of Mount Sinai in solid gold and silver, and an immense Bible, which takes two men to carry. It was given, gems and all, by the mother of Peter the Great. The number and value of the manuscripts, not to speak of the relics here preserved, stagger belief; but assuredly no one can doubt that this is the Kremlin, and that these are its surviving glories. Nor can any one doubt—unless one has the "historic doubts concerning Napoleon," suggested by Archbishop Whately's tractate—that these very buildings were used by Napoleon and his army, as well as abused. This chapel was his stable, that church a hospital, and the other a warehouse. No one can doubt, either, that under that splendid enamel and gold, studded with gems, is an illuminated edition, all genuine, of the gospels of A. D. 1125. These relics are too precious to be—counterfeit.

In the course of a morning we pass through other sacred edifices, equally historic and preserving ancient and authentic records of the days of the early Christian church, and each having a special function in this hierarchy. Within and without this sacred inclosure, one sees that, at least, the great mass of the people have absolute credence in these rare and rich treasures. Who shall deny them this solace? If one believe that the emblem of salvation is of ivory, when it is only of wood, who shall deny the devotee the consolation?

As we wander amidst these mazes of pictured gold and under lofty arches, the slant beams of the sun in great bars, flash against the gold and jewels, and the motes, like human souls, move in

the lustre, aimless, it would seem, and yet illumined, poor atomies, by this precious yet dim religious light.

I have said that the sacerdotal and political in Russia were one, but it has not become so altogether, without a protest; nor is the unity perfect. Still, in looking over the immense palace within the Kremlin walls, the former residence of the Czars—built about the time Columbus discovered our continent—there is much to recall the duplex association. Halls, drawing-room, bedrooms, even bath-rooms, galleries, and courts, have their sacred memories, and chapels, showing that this Russian dynasty, and the one which preceded it, had been built upon the petrifaction of the human heart, as well as upon its sanctification through the elements and promises of the unseen world. In spite of fire and carnage, these relics of the rulers of Russia make a splendid show, which the people rush in crowds to see. At every turn we perceive a long line of Russians, following a guide, who shows the treasures of the past with a hurried rhetoric quite equal to that of the warder of the London Tower. Here are galleries where are seen standards captured in battle from Tartars and Swedes, coronation and other robes in glass cases by the dozen; crowns with mounted gems of all sizes and values; presents from khan and king, shah and emperor; aye, even the chair of the mad Charles XII., of Sweden, in which he was borne from the luckless field of Pultowa, and the flags given by Alexander I. to the Polish army, which, the inscription says, they dishonored by rebellion; and here also is the constitution accorded by him to the Poles! This written benefaction—this Polish constitution—is

shown, and in no satirical or ironical mood it is here seen, in a black box, over a portrait of the imperial benefactor!

It is time, after such an exhibition, for pure air. So we dash out and up—up again into the Tower of Bells. Bells on bells arise in tower on tower, thirty-one in all, not counting the big one on the ground, cracked and useless. I cannot estimate the weight of each or all of these bells, but one of the clappers weighed 4,400 pounds! Inside these metallic monsters are chalked the names of visitors. One would think that Russia had run out of bell-metal, or that the article was scarce, for two of these big bells are of silver, and the biggest one, which lies cracked and fragmentary on the ground, is the largest of all, or larger than all put together. They are symbols of the religious devotion, of which Moscow is the great nerve-centre of the empire.

When all these bells, led by the dethroned monarch, were tintinnabulating together, whether merrily and euphoniously for a wedding; in terrific alarm, with clang and clash, for fire, or in a solemn melody in the silence of the night, when ghouls are pulling at the rope,—the rolling and moaning and groaning, and sinking and swelling and clanging must have made Moscow mad! Edgar Poe heard their Runic rhyme, and set them tolling in his verse.

From this tower, whose walls are eight feet thick, we have an observatory of all the wondrous scenery in and around this marvellous Moscow. Turning to the west are the Sparrow Hills, whence the cry of the French went up, "Moscow! Moscow!" as they gloated over the expected capture

and the approaching loot. Winding around and away into the distance is the pleasant river beneath the Kremlin walls. Far away it winds, beyond our ken, till it joins the Oka and the Volga, to mingle its waters with the Caspian Sea. The gilt and silver domes, the crosses above them, and the eagles on the spires dazzle and blind the eye, which seeks relief in the long yellow palaces for soldiers and foundlings, and the bridges which span the Moscow stream. A few flags flutter in the breezy sky, double-eagled as they fly, while the green roofs and green horizon of the hills beyond make up and fill in a circlet of artificial and natural beauty which no other city or prospect in the wide world can parallel.

There may be a surfeit even of external religion, such as these structural glories symbolize. It is a relief to read the sacred script of Nature, in whose sylvan temples, and without bent knee or anthem, in the vast cathedral of the woods, the silences may become choral and the soul seek its Source of Light and Love, without the intervention of voices and imagery.

Let us to the hills beyond. Can we not visit the heights, and renew, at least, the emotions of the army of invasion? Yes. Can we not recall the glittering array of that immense Gallic and German host, and feel the throbbing pulse of that king-compelling conqueror in his pride? Here, in the land of the Muscovite and Tartar—a land where war seems to be the natural condition of men or dynasties; where intrigues have supplemented force in endless succession, regardless of human weal or woe—here, in those September days, sixty-nine years ago, came into this land of battles the great

Corsican. In the heat of summer he had pushed from the Niemen to Wilna—cunning Russian Fabiuses discreetly drawing on the victor of Austerlitz. The wary De Tolly at length feels the presence, very near, of this victorious invader, for he is at Smolensk. Once more the Fabian policy. At length the impatient Emperor Alexander tires of Fabius, but he rues the day of Borodino as a consequence. The French, too, were weary of the long struggle; and as despair was about settling upon their ranks the golden domes and dazzling minarets, now shining in this August sun, catch their eye from this hill of vantage! What followed, history records. What the Nemesis was is truly told in the terrible ravage of palace and temple, monuments and miracles of art, cradles, tombs, homes, and lives—all by one great besom swept into the abyss of destruction and revenge.

Let us look above us—as we change our excursion to the road north. It is a monument of victory under which we ride—Russian victory over the conqueror! Black as a funeral hearse it spans the road to the summer palace. "What is it?" you ask. An arch of triumph made out of the charred remains of this Moscow of 1812—the compacted cinders of the great self-immolation! Beyond it is a vast plain, typical of Russia; for it is covered with tents, and in them bivouac fifty thousand troops—the police of Moscow. Over a good turnpike we drive for some miles past the gas-lamps and long-haired Russians, passing the heavy carts and curious omnibuses, until we perceive a huge brick edifice within circular walls. Let us drive through its park, called Petrofski. It is not old; for the year which gave our colonies the battle of

Lexington — whose shot was "heard round the world"—saw this palace arise amidst these grounds of loveliness. The Emperor sometimes visits it, and, in safer times, he used to hold reviews on the plain in front. It was here that Napoleon retired when the fire of the burning city made the Kremlin too hot for him to hold his court and council.

A rain comes on. We take refuge in the famous Sax's Garden, in the park, where one may have the best of dinners while listening to the gypsy songs in the Russian tongue, and seeing their dance, a dance which has, like themselves, no nationality!

There are many excursions about Moscow which a tourist is bound to make, besides the theatres, museums, cafés, and other objects of mere local and social interest. The excursion to which we had solemnly dedicated ourselves was to the fair of Nijni-Novgorod. It had just opened. The Czar had been there to dedicate it. This city of fairs is not far from the Asiatic line, and is only one night's ride from Moscow, for there is now a railroad thither. Did we go to the fair? No; we sent ambassadors. Four young Americans—two from Massachusetts and two from the West—started out and were to report. Did they see the road lined with marvels? No; it was a dead, level plain, and not as interesting, as a wheat and cattle producer, as the land between St. Petersburg and Moscow. And the city? They tried no hotels, though they tarried in the town all day, leaving their traps at the station, and went out disgusted at nightfall on the train. Did they see the hundreds of thousands of Asiatics, and their temples of worship, and marts of trade? Did they make the report which only a

few years ago every visitor made—of barracks and Cossacks, mosques, pagodas, idols, and idol-breakers, dignified Turks and long-cued Celestials, Hindoos of high caste and of low degree, and the rivers Volga and Oka in wild conjunction from the heart of Russia, and the Kama from the Ural Mountains, all alive with barges and boats and their denizens, and the heights above the old town, with the magnificent view over the boundless prospect? Yes, somewhat; they viewed the heights, the fortress, and an immense assemblage, with their trades in active chaffer. But the great fair itself, and its ceremonies, together with its varied and manifold commerce, its piles of tea and cases of diamonds, its robes and shawls, its furs and gear for man and horse, its fair, as we have heard of it in Western climes, from tranced and poetic pens, is now obsolete. Steam and rail, telegraph and progress, have made Novgorod and its fair almost as venerable as its namesake of the earlier centuries. Greek and Persian, Asiatic and European, are there, but in a very unromantic way, selling and buying, amid rain and mud, and not in colored booths, like the fabled fair of other days and of the Orient.

When our committee returned we asked: "Did you see the Russian in sheepskin, haggling with the Persian in his gaudy robes? Did you see the baggy-breeched Ottoman, in manifold turban, talking Turkish to the European, in beard, waistcoat, and trousers of formal cut? Were Tartars and Circassians dickering about furs and wools, arms and jewels, with Koords, Turcomans, Arabians, Chinese, Scythians, Greeks, bond and free? Above all, did you see the mujik, in jack-boots, blue pantaloons, and red shirt?"

"Ah!" exclaimed our committee, "the mujik was everywhere, the rest nowhere; he, the type of Russia, whose hair is dirty-hued and racy of the soil—long, too, and which he never combs, but which he swishes out at monthly intervals, as a horse swishes his tail—he was there, the pre-eminent genius of new Nijni-Novgorod!"

This was true, though unromantic.

Our committee of four, therefore, reported that the ride of two nights and the observation of one day were not compensatory. We, therefore, gave up Novgorod, and, with the advice and aid of our considerate Consul at Moscow, Mr. Weber, we prepared to move from Moscow toward the sweet South, where the salt wind of the Euxine might give its salubrity. Then the question arose, Shall we go to the Crimea or to the Caucasus? To either of these points there is railroad accommodation. Be it known, that it is easier to go to Sevastopol and Kertch—the one to see the scenes of modern valor, and the other to observe the tombs of old Grecian civilization—than to Odessa itself. Nor is it difficult to go to the interior of the Caucasus, and to its capital, for the railroad is on its winding way through the possessions of the Russian. From Moscow, due south, it runs to Kharkof; thence south-west, and through the land of the Mennonites—now being depopulated by emigration to America—to Taganrog, at the north-west point on the Sea of Azof, and from thence south-west, until its last station on the north side of the great chain of Caucasus is found at Vladikavkas, under the shadow or snows of Mount Kasbak! This we considered quite a feasible route; but if we had gone there—could we have hesitated at leaping the

mountain chain, where with some precaution, and after a little more effort, the Persian clime of beauty and the realm of rarest romance and history, would make a fit ending of an oriental tour? But we hesitated, owing to some temporary illness, and, amid many regretful farewells, we found ourselves, minus a guide, and in a land whose language was unknown, on the way toward Odessa.

This is no small journey even by rail, it being over one thousand miles; but it is *en route* to Jerusalem, and it goes by way of Constantinople.

I need not say that there was, and is, a feeling of relief quite ineffable, in even a tendency toward Turkey and out of Russia. Why we have had a perpetual disquietude since we stepped on Russian soil, it is hard to define. There is an unrest and anxiety here, much more serious than mere postal irregularities. It may be better expressed, and with reasons, when I find the land of the "cypress and myrtle" within thy precincts, O Stamboul!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EASTERN CHURCH—ITS ARCHITECTURAL GRANDEURS IN RUSSIA.

We hate not the religion of bare walls,
We scorn not the Cathedral's pomp of prayer,
For sweet are all our Father's festivals,
If contrite hearts the heavenly banquet share,
In field or temple, God is everywhere.

—EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE Greek Church has in its communion nearly all of the people of Russia, not to speak of Greece and Turkey. It comprehends seventy millions. No other church, except that of Rome, equals it in the number of its worshipers. I need not narrate its history to illustrate the observances which are here in Russia so prevalent. It had its four patriarchs in the Orient and another at Moscow; but Peter the Great, who did everything here, from the making of a chest or a ship to the making of a war or the unmaking of a religious or royal dynasty, suppressed the Moscow patriarch, and the church government is now in the hands of a synod of bishops. About the year 1054 the schism occurred between the Eastern and Western Churches. The Crusades embittered the division by some excesses in the East, which, after many centuries, culminated in a fight over the Holy Sepulchre, out of which grew the Crimean War. The Lutheran, and, if I mistake not, the Church of

England have sought more or less of unity with the Greek Church; but all efforts in that direction failed. The Greek Church stands isolated; yet the affections of a vast population centre around it. Its monasteries in the East and its churches in the West, as these in Russia, are wonderful in their kind.

The customs and rites of the Greek religionists differ greatly from those of other sects. There is still to be seen the women's separate gallery in the churches, to keep up the ancient division of the sexes; and yet the priests in the Greek Church may marry, must marry. No images are allowed in the Greek churches, but at every turn we see pictures; sometimes hidden, all but the face, beneath silver and gold robes. But, say what we will of this Church, it is ancient, and its devotees are seemingly very devout. I have been inside of twenty of the "parish churches" of the city of St. Petersburg, and everywhere I have found, week-day and Sunday, a devotion only equaled in Catholic countries like Spain, Ireland, or Italy. It is said that the priests are illiterate. Of that I do not know. I see that they wear long robes and long hair, and have an oriental aspect quite venerable. I find, also, a service which—without the aid of organ or other instrumental music, but with the aid of pictures, colors, and gems, and very sweet voices hymning of mercy and Christ—is extremely beautiful, alluring, and sacred.

Whatever be their doctrine, and howsoever it may separate the Greek Church from the Lutheran or English hierarchy, or from that of Rome, it seems to be indispensable here in Russia, as an element of social order, if not a necessity for the best aspirations of mankind.

Is it not almost anomalous that a nation like that of Russia in the North—of the raw, cold, boreal regions—should have embraced with so much fervor the theology and dogma of a Church of the Orient and of the South; yet at every view of this city we find Athens and Constantinople in their æsthetic architecture, art, and traditions.

Look at that admirable example of architecture in St. Petersburg, St. Isaac's Cathedral. It has only one comparable to it in Russia. That is the Moscow Temple of the Saviour. It has only one superior in the world—St. Peter's. It is said to be in the renaissance style; but, whether old or new, its gigantic monoliths of red granite are not spoiled by the gaudy and jeweled decorations of its interior. The service in this church we have attended, and attended, too, thoughtfully and reverently. It is not in the dialect in common use, but in the ecclesiastical Sclav tongue, quite musical as it is toned by the priests and sung by the choir.

One could wish that there were fewer gilded gauds about pillar and altar; fewer gems of precious value and mercenary association; and fewer pictures of unknown saints; and that, like other similar edifices of proportionate and simple majesty and elegant and graceful porticoes, it relied more on these intrinsic elegancies of taste and superbness to attract the worship of our God and Saviour.

The place on which it stands is hallowed, for here the ubiquitous Peter the Great, as early as 1710, built a place of worship. This was destroyed. The present structure has absorbed a forest, at a cost of a million of dollars, to make the piles alone upon which its foundation is laid. It is a Greek cross in form, with one hundred and twelve

pillars of granite. It is three hundred and thirty-six feet high from the ground to the cross, and its cupola is supported by thirty red granite pillars. Its cupola of copper is overlaid with gold, and as we saw it from Peterhof yesterday, although in a mist, twenty miles off, its dome glistened like a diamond pierced by a sunbeam of electric dazzle.

The four smaller cupolas are counterparts of those of the church, and the bronze doors are monsters in size, but as harmonious with the building as genius could contrive. Inside, the malachite columns for the screen are thirty feet in height. They exceed all that the fancy could picture of rich yet graceful ornamentation. Into the inmost shrine we of the ruder sex only were permitted to enter. It is a temple of itself, and its precious and polished beauty from the mines of Siberia, presented by Prince Demidoff, have cost the sum of one million rubles, or half a million dollars. The pictures are equally worthy of admiration.

But why endeavor with dull pen on blank paper to produce to the distant eye these elegant elements of sacred art? Let us out upon the cupola and view the grandeur of the scene, lit up by no tapers, enchanted by no sacred song, but flooded with the splendors of the Sabbath morning upon the waters, roofs, and domes of the capital!

While below the incense and song are rising amidst the mystical light of the vast structure, we stand upon and within the rotunda over the great dome, and look down upon the throng of worshipers, far, far beneath. The hum of religious recitation begins, but when the doors of the *ikonastas* are closed, the chant ceases. Then the incense-bearers withdraw, and we await in awe the

august ceremony. The scene changes. The royal doors are opened, prayers are said for the royal family, and all are attentive and prayerful.

Whatever may be the creed of this Eastern Church—and for this I refer to the late Dean Stanley's history—and howsoever it may differ as to the primacy of the Pope, the relations of the Holy Ghost to the Son of God, and in rejecting works of supererogation, or however it may agree with our Baptists as to the necessity of complete immersion, or the obligation of marriage on the secular clergy, most certainly its ceremonies are not like the austere Puritanism of the earlier days of America. It may have its feasts or fasts, and use or waste half the days of the year in its services and sacred memories; its outward forms may be, as it is charged, mere mummeries, without meaning; but one thing must be recorded by the tolerant observer, viz., that its worship seems to enthrall its devotees. It exceeds all the expectations which we had formed of this or of any other form of faith on reading the history of its establishment and the manual of its rites.

When we think of the inner idea of this and other forms of Christian belief which consist of bestowing the beatitudes on those who do good and make sacrifice of self and passion for the glory of God, and then gaze upon its grand cathedral in this capital of autocracy, we cannot refuse to pay the tribute which Hawthorne pays to our Christian faith, when he likens it to a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. "Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor."

Since writing the foregoing, we have come, in these middle days of August, to the sacred capital of the Greek Church, Moscow. We have been within the jurisdiction of Prince Dolgorouki, uncle to the late Czar's second wife. This Prince is a lineal descendant of that Prince Dolgorouki who was the son of Vladimir Monomachus—how Greek!—the founder of this city of Moscow, in 1147.

What ravages Moscow has had from Tartar, Pole, and Frank! What fires, from 1536! What thousands have perished here by flame and sword, by pestilence and famine, not to speak of the grand national holocaust in 1812, when its governor, Count Rostoptchin, sixty-nine years ago, gave it to the fiery elements in preference to the French. All this is a part of the illustrated editions of the life of Napoleon and of the Greek hierarchy.

Immediately across the street where I write, in Labiarika Street, the scene was enacted by the governor, in 1812, of giving up to the fury of the Moscow mob the innocent son of a merchant, as the supposed traitor who had delivered Moscow to the French. What a wild rush they made, these Russians, when they found that their sacred city was devoted to the God of Fire! Bull Run, as it came into Washington, in 1861, I saw; but the comparison between that flight of untrained patriots and that of the multitude on their way to Vladimir from the invasion of the French utterly fails. There never was a scene in history to compare with it, unless it be the flight of that Tartar tribe, as delineated by De Quincey, under the inspiration of his opium and his genius.

But this is not the scene that Moscow presents

to-day. It is a city of religion. It is the Rome of Russia; a city of churches, nearly five hundred in number. Its domes of gold and green, its minarets and pictures, its jewels and sacred robes can be found in no literature except, feebly, in the description of the Jewish temple and its grandeur of ritual and robing.

We have wandered two or three days within the battlements of the Kremlin. I am just from its tower of thirty-one bells—the largest weighing 440,000 pounds—and through its arabesque and gilded minsters, chapels, and altars; and I say that language utterly fails to describe the oriental and superlative magnificence of the scenes here presented to honor God Almighty! One is dazed by the confusion of the outside, with its Byzantine and other orders of architecture; and when it comes to going within the penetralia of this seat of the many temples of the patriarchs and people of this Eastern Church, we are in wondering mazes lost.

These churches in the Kremlin are the nucleus of what seems on the map a spider's web of streets and buildings. The river makes a half dozen curves through the city and its walls and houses; but, above all, high and aloof, shines in splendor that picture which Bonaparte saw from the Sparrow Hills, before he entered the doomed city!

But how can I describe this Kremlin, this home of sacerdotal dignitaries, fighting boyars, and "terrible" kings, with its churches, gates, towers, and walls? Yonder is the Tower of Ivan, with its bells on bells, until one is crazed with the idea of the silvery brazen noises they could make if in full diapason.

There, in its ruin, lies the King of Bells, dis-

tracted with the fatal fires and calamities which have surrounded it since the Middle Ages, when it was first cast. There, too, is the palace, with its crowns and jewels; its pictures and trophies; its halls of state and its crypts of religion; its courts of gold and its steps of blood; its thrones, wardrobes, insignia, flags, keys, images, relics, charters, gifts, and treasures! These are of the past. They are the residuary radiance of a thousand years of memory.

Is this religion all, all vain? Are there no signs of its advancement in the affections of its children? What is its last phase, either in ceremony or architecture, in faith or fight?

Pondering these things we perceive a dome of resplendent lustre. It is outside the Kremlin. Before its gilded glory all the green and yellow of the faded spires and crosses and domes fade afresh. It is "The Temple of the Saviour." Its fame had reached us at St. Petersburg. It is the peer, at least, of St. Isaac's, but of a more beauteous type, and of a make, genius, and loveliness more luminous. It is not yet dedicated. Can we see it? Within the first hour of our entrance within this city we send to our consul to answer this query. He answered it in person. The answer was as courteous as it was substantial. It was from Prince Dolgorouki himself. It was a written permit for the writer, spelled in Russian "*Koxcz!*" and ten others. Were these ten ready? Yes; adding Californians, twelve. We assembled at 1 P. M. at the door of the Temple. Our two extra tourists nearly cost us our pleasure. Our guide was about to tender two extra rubles, when lo! the local police and some Russian soldiers, and much

inflammatory talk. An hour's halt and babble on the steps of this church, so white and beautiful! Much trouble and much intervention. Soldiers, custodians; but no priests. Our guide is arrested. Several tears come to his eyes. He is mortified, surprised. "Can I not offer two rubles without a charge of bribery in Russia?" Alas! too many mercenaries are about. We are a dozen strong; but the great and Beautiful Temple, which we had done so much to see, is about to be closed, and to our apostolic number. My wife insists that we stand by our guide. I stand by my wife. We all do. Out comes a gallant man, the main angel of the precious Church Beautiful. He asks my card. All say: "Put down your name. Congressmen are respected in Russia, if from America!" I write the magical "open *sesame*." We enter. The guide is with us.

Was there ever on our orb such a beatific splendor? Is it painting? It is there. Is it sculpture or relief? Outside and inside. Is it saint, angel, Saviour, or martyr? Is it a scene in dramatic relation, or lyric, historic, or tragic? It is here and all luminous under gold-shine, and silver-glitter, and the glory of azure sky, and the all-prismatic sun. Forty-two years of Russian art, as clear and clean as if out of the crystal palaces of the Empyrean. And then such altars and precious art! Not gaudy with common ruby, sapphire, turquoise, and diamond—pah! these are stale and flat; but all is lucent and beatific and beyond all the dreams and phases of fancy, or the ecstasies of saintly religion.

The grounds outside were in form a Greek cross. The church is in similar form. It is as large nearly

as St. Isaac's, or St. Paul's in London. The dome is exquisite and sublime; sweetness with light. Light, light everywhere, in its richest radiations and rainbows, and, under its most exquisite spectral analysis, beyond the reaches of art, poetry, or description.

And this is the religion of Russia, outwardly! These are the saints of a thousand years, whose images are so worshiped by royal and rugged alike! These are the influences, for good or ill, that are preparing a future for eighty millions of subjects of a great empire!

We go soon toward Constantinople, the seat of the Eastern hierarchy, where St. Chrysostom gave to the world, from golden lips and with a Hymettian honey sweeter than the philosophy of the Academy, the Gospel of good tidings, of which these Greek churches are the outcome in the afternoon of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LEAVING MOSCOW—ON TO ODESSA—IMMENSE GRAIN FIELDS AND LONG LEVELS—FREEDOM OF TRADE.

Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin
To all that is. —EDWIN ARNOLD.

MOSCOW, as you see it from its towers or on a plat, is like a spider's web. Its streets radiate from and unite about the Kremlin battlements. Like the web, it has many a mesh for the unwary, and from its labyrinths it is hard to be disentangled. With the aid of our consul and a guide, not to speak of the Belgian host of the Hotel Billo, who prepared our passports, we left this ancient home of patriarchs and Czars; and not without that indefinable fear of that "John the Terrible," who is even yet its tutelary genius, or of some of his descendants and servitors, we retreated from Moscow—like Napoleon in 1812—somewhat discomfited even by our success. My wife was under the Moscow weather, and it was with much trepidation that we started on the long journey to Odessa. However, there is but one way, and that by prompt decision and railroad, out of Moscow. Bidding adieu to our incomplete plans, to sacristies, libraries, universities, and monasteries unvisited, and to gardens, palaces, parks, and museums but half

investigated; leaving its archæology and theology but dimly studied, but with the one ever-beauteous white vision of the "Temple of the Saviour"—the finest edifice ever built by man or genii, in dream or in fact, not excepting the Temple of Solomon—we prepare to depart. With all our failures here—or, as some poet has it, with the "barren memory of unkissed kisses"—yet clad in a rich robe, all jeweled and embroidered with precious experience, we reluctantly take our last looks. Pardon the enthusiasm, for Moscow is the concentrated focus of fifty millions of Russo-Greek religionists. Its Kremlin is the burning centre of that focus. Our farewells seem to linger in its radiance as in a trancing and unearthly light. But are we not going out of Russia—political, autocratic, spying Russia? What a respite!

The entire journey from St. Petersburg to Odessa—from the north to the south of this empire in Europe—is one thousand four hundred and forty-one miles. There is a shorter route by way of Belostok, but our chosen route is of much more interest. To Moscow is about one-third of this route; and we find ourselves at its depot about noon, for a journey of two days and two nights further on.

Our guide, Mr. Bergemann, was born in New York. He speaks tolerable English, being a Swede, and a resident here, where years ago he came with his father, who has helped decorate the palace, being a skilled worker in brass. He delivers us at the station. There we meet the consul, who kindly introduces us to Mr. Janiskowsky, a Pole, the superintendent of the road, and to an American, Mr. Lerce, of Baltimore, who

is in charge of the rolling and other stock. He came out here with Messrs. Winans, who built the road, many years ago. The guide bought, with our own tickets, one for himself, as he was to go with us part of the journey. What was his surprise when he was ordered by the police not to go! He had no passport. The authorities keep up their espionage from town to town. Then came the tug to get our fifty rubles back, which was the price of his ticket. This was done, however; and, after much worry, we were housed in a first-class car, without a word at our command to reach the servants of the road.

"It's right good to see you," said the genial Baltimorean. "I've been twenty-five years from home, and to see an American, why it's glorious!"

I never felt how useful "the party" was till thus saluted.

"By the way," he added, "just look at that bull's-eye of mine!" pointing to a locomotive that was creeping up to hitch to our train; "and don't forget, half a mile from here, right side, to keep a good look-out for a house, boarded up. It's the place where the dynamite mine was laid for the Czar a year ago last December, and which the police are still working up."

"Were you along?" my wife inquires.

"Yes, indeed," he responded in the Baltimore dialect, which came over me like the sweet South over a bed of violets. "Came near going up, madam—missed their man though,—struck a baggage train. Can't reform here, or anywhere, by forcing it with dynamite. No, madam. Good-by!" And the bull's-eye tackled the train, and away we sped over the fateful ground and past the

famous spot where Hartman and Sophie Petrosky, and other Nihilist companions of the mine, endeavored, through great risk and endurance, to reform by dynamite. There was not much to mark the place, for it is obliterated "as a damned spot." There was not even a sacred chapel, such as we see over the fatal locality in St. Petersburg. But the Nihilist object was in part attained. Fear blanches the royal cheek at every turn. The Czar was not particular, in his visit here last week, to advertise his journey or his places of visit and rest. Threats of mining the churches he visited, threats against his wife and children, threats as to the coronation next year, threats in epistles laid in stealth by unknown hands upon the tables in the rooms where he slept, threats in the air, and a feeling of suppressed and choking apprehension everywhere—is it any wonder that his wife grows pale and his own familiars are hardly trusted, except a few minutes in advance, as to the palace or room where the Czar intends to sleep, what streets he will traverse, or what train he will take, or what changes in his triumphal tour he will make, as the father of Russia, to bless his dear children?

Our railway conductors could not understand us, but we knew by an inward feeling when a buffet was reached, and by fingers and gestures we could indicate the minutes of refreshment.

These conductors dress in a dark green beaver-cloth, loose and plaited, with top-boots, and the oriental loose pants tucked within them. They look quite elegant. Their manners are suitable to their uniform, and both are exceedingly nice.

After a run of a couple of hours out of Moscow, we come upon a manufacturing centre, where

we cross the Oka river, which leads to the Russian Missouri—the Volga. Even there, where smoke-stacks appear, there are grisly memories of "John the Terrible" and his one hundred thousand Opritchniks! Tula came next, notable in these long reaches of level land as the city where immense steel and iron factories are carried on. It has reminiscences by the hundred of Tartar inroads and Polish sieges, not to speak of conflicts and conflagrations; but it is now the seat of skilled labor, where lathes are run by water-power through vast iron cylinders, for the making of swords, guns, cutlery, tea-urns, and other metallic ware, even to silver snuff-boxes and bric-a-brac of nobility and royalty. The mines of iron and coal, worked by the descendants of Dutch and English artisans, together with railroad communications and a splendid city of sixty thousand people, contribute, along with its Tartaric history, to make Tula a truly royal place in many senses. I bring home one souvenir of this place, a wire puzzle, which made me forget for a time the terrors of "John the Terrible," and afforded some employment to unravel its Asiatic mystery. Out of the city, on either side of the railroad track, down the embankments, are peculiar green slopes, strengthened against rain-gullies by many-colored stones, set as mosaic in the grass. The effect is unique and beautiful.

Soon we are in the open country again, where great areas of ploughed ground appear ready for the winter wheat, and hay-stacks break the level with their frequency. The villages look like hay-stacks, as each house and barn is low and thatched heavily. The country reminds one of the Pacific overland route, except that here and there are many

paddocks piled together in fields for sheepfolds as occasion may demand ; but the general cultivation, as far as the eye can observe, is that of our prairies. The little hillocks, made, I suppose, by moles, are not so frequent as those of our prairie-dogs ; but they remind us of our own domain. The soil, where ploughed, and where it crops out, is as black as the sheep, and in this it is a great contrast to our alkaline plains. We perceive, as far as the horizon's verge, immense fields of grain and meadows of hay, and these remind us of California and its golden grain grounds of recent date. Black sheep and pied cattle are common. Some of the fields are in flower. What can it be? Buckwheat, and in such a width of acreage! These scenes before our first nightfall exemplify our whole way to Odessa, with some variations.

These variations, however, do not weaken the impression, most emphatic and prolonged, produced by iterations and alternations of golden grain with greenest meadows, both alive, so to speak, with the sheafs and sheafs and sheafs of wheat, and the endless cocks of hay. Oh! the opulence of this great golden harvest of Russia. It astounds one, as well by its vast area as by the neatness of the work. Many of the fields, like those of France, are subdivided, and with varied product and hue. Where are the people who have cultivated these prairies? Are they housed in the villages? We see few isolated farm-houses, and few of either sex at work, and these seem lazily wending their way across the unfenced and unhedged spaces.

Now and then we paused in the very midst of a shorn field, a square of a tenth of an acre or less,

where are objects that look like sections or stumps of trees, or seats about four feet high. They are placed in symmetry, and over them some bushes dead in leaf. What are they? We confer together, for our conductor gives no sign. At last we begin to reason: first, they are near the buckwheat in bloom; and, second, they are not stumps or portions of trees, for there are no woods.

"Perhaps," suggests my wife, "they are temporary camping-grounds for religious bodies."

That will not do. Nor are they for stumpers. Russia is not yet popularized for the sylvan tribune. It may be that here their local commune or Zemstvo meets—an assembly as old as the time of Catharine II; for, like the ancient Germans or Norsemen, the people of this land used to gather in outdoor conventions by chosen law-makers, the Witenagemote of rural Russia. This is an ingenious guess, and smacks of the shop, but it will not do. Eureka! Is it not said that the ancient Scythians, the ancestors of these Russian Sclavs, were celebrated for two things; first, the quantity of liquor they could throw themselves outside of without detriment; and, second, the cultivation of honey? a combination which suggests our peach brandy and honey, so dear to the Southern heart. Are not these hollow squares *Bemas* for the convocation of politic bees, politic because near the bloom of the buckwheat? Thus we solve the riddle, the sweetness of which is enhanced by the discovery, without guide or volume, and by pure reason?

Before evening we reach the city of Orel. Here is a pet town, founded by that same John the Terrible. We see here a pious man say his prayers and light his cigarette at the same time. It showed

the influence for good of the terrible founder of Orel. The Greek domes shine in the departing light, and the glamour of Polish chivalry and adventure bathes the city in the dim poetry of tradition. Hemp, wheat, tallow, and cattle, not omitting holy candles and civilizing soap, make Orel, with water and rail communications, a place of such practical and unromantic consequence that the ten thousand carts which trudge daily from its surrounding plains into and out of its precincts are a fair test of its matter-of-fact ways and business. During the night we observe but little, except that there is no sign of a forest or hill, only that same rolling plain of wheat and hay, cut and uncut, and of ploughed ground and flowering buckwheat. No light of cheerful home, no holiday of happy peasant appears. There is no shout of home-bound reapers; no song of the vintage; no dance to the twinkle of guitar or the merry violin. Russia has not a happy peasantry.

When the morning broke the same perpetual scene, hardly varied by villages under thatch, whose low buildings are unpainted and unpicturesque, and its few people seem indifferent to the great work already done or to be done. It is difficult to translate for the distant reader this huge volume, "bound in Russia" and ornamented with green and gold—gold and green—of this spacious land, without repetitious words; its leaves unfolding over and over in vast areas with the same illuminated capitals of green and gold! No sign of manures, a few cabbages and potato fields, and a church and dome occasionally; now a windmill, or a dozen, for grinding grain, now standing paralyzed, movable with a lever, to set sail to catch the wind when it comes; now a woman driv-

ing geese and ducks; some "commons" near the towns, where cattle and horses and sheep are watched by sleepy people in sheepskin coats; and, again, black ploughed ground; the few peasants, generally, when seen, in dirty blouses, baggy breeches, and the same little cap and hirsute beard, with an exceptional one in a "butternut" overcoat, and sometimes a field being broken with ploughs drawn by four or five yoke of white oxen; but nothing in all these outward scenes adequately shows how or by whom this immense field labor has been so well done and done so quickly. Can it be that the American patents have been here? No. Throughout the 1,500 miles of these levels we saw but two labor-saving machines, and these were run by steam, and for thrashing. The short sickle and the flail; women to bind, men to reap; men to mow, women to rake, and so on to the end, and but few, after all, seen, compared with the immense work which seems to have been done by hand. It was not rainy, except for a few hours, when we perceived the peasants smoking under their carts and behind the hay-rows. All the long, sunny days this wonderful iteration of the harvest and sign of toil; and yet how little to see of the calloused hand and beaded brow with which rhetoric condescends to decorate labor.

How do the peasants look? Slovenly; the hair long like that of the classic Scythian of two thousand years ago, sunburnt and almost dirty in its hue. Now and then there is a Tartar face, very like a Sioux or a Kickapoo. The roads are not bad; but it is summer, and the lumbering carts tumble along easily enough. Is there aught as

yet to break the monotony? Yes, after the second day the flowers begin to show signs of the southern sun upon the meadows, and some sorghum fields appear, with busy bees; buckwheat still in rich flower, but the never-ceasing wheat in green and gold remains to the end to amaze the mind.

Our Belgian landlord at Moscow had told us that Russia was an El Dorado to those who would work. What if American energy and its agricultural machines should take hold of these vast grain-fields! Ah! but the government—let us pause! Do you say that the Russian government itself uses American ingenuity upon rail and river? Are not the Russian railroads of our make? And do not eight hundred steamers of the "American kind" drive up and down the Volga? This is all so; but why are these fertile plains weak competitors with us, notwithstanding? Are there not canals and rivers connecting every part of this vast land as the arteries of an immense body? What hindrance is there to Russia rivaling America in its grain product? Is it Russian dearness in transportation and our labor-saving machines? May not these impediments be obviated in time, and then where is our vaunted supremacy? It will be a long time before Russia can compete with our grain market, unless our crops are short; not because of the soil, for the Russian soil is not unlike that of our best. But the co-operation, skill, concentration, and economy of the American cannot have a rival. Consider the Red River valley of the North! It is 300 by 50 miles, or 15,000 square miles, which, at 640 acres to the square mile, makes 9,600,000 acres. Every dot of it is arable. The average yield is 24 bushels of wheat

to the acre. Dalrymple's farm of 25,000 acres is a sample of it all. It is divided into separate farms of 2,000 acres each, and this division enables the owner to make in gross $400,000 per year, with a net of one fourth of that sum. He reaps, thrashes, bags, and ships his grain in one day. He draws immediately on his warehouse receipt, or on Liverpool, where his account is kept. A railroad runs through his farm; and he can send his wheat to the sea-board as cheaply as from Ohio. Until the Sclav can do this, how can he compete with the American in ordinary years? I ask this and other questions, but do not answer them. The crops this year are abundant in this vast area. But are we prepared for a season of good crops abroad, or a bad one with us? Are our economies and tariffs suitable for reciprocity? What with her rain, soil, and sun, her muscle, and her patient laboring masses, and our stupid policies of selfish isolation, may not a change come over our prosperity? I have already answered these queries in a volume on "Free Trade and Free Land," where, from facts, I have prophesied results now fast hastening to a conclusion which may make our farmers open their eyes when too late to redeem the time from evil and makeshift policies.

I am not, however, feeling lugubrious about our future or present crops, and their outgo or income. Where good government assures the harvest, seed will be sown. Two weeks ago there were on store nine millions of bushels of grain in Chicago, and on one day; while about the same time, in nine of our wheat ports, at this season, there were receipts and shipments of wheat alone amounting to one and a quarter millions of bushels! Not counting flour

and oats, chickens and cheese, barley and butter, corn and cattle, cotton and coal, hides, high wines, honey, hams, and hogs, veal and vegetables, beans and beeswax, old rags and old rye, canned meats and mules "on the hoof," lumber, lard, and liquor, eggs, oats, apples, et cetera, have we not something more than "alliteration's artful aid" to enhance the value and glory of our American farm factories? Nor do I care whether hogs be "weak," or whiskey "steady," sheep "quiet," or oats "easy;" nor into what corners our keenest speculators may, for a time, conduct the market—the outflow from America, with its vicissitudes, will go on! Who can arrest the needs of our kind? When will the millennium unhorse the armies of non-producers in these lands of Czar and Kaiser? Let economists preach retaliation instead of the old noble liberality of trade; let France threaten to shut her ports against our diseased pork and cattle, and abundant corn; there is no power to turn back the shadow upon the dial. We shall be compelled to abolish the exacting bounties to our comparatively few exporting manufacturers, and learn to buy fairly at best rates, and sell even more abundantly of the blessings of our soil. So that, while dazed at the frowning and gigantic proportions of Russian fields and harvests, let us welcome every product, whether under the dominion of the Czar or the star-spangled banner! With this cheerful optimism we are dashing toward Odessa, whose harbor is as lively with grain-lading vessels as an American city upon our own inland seas.

We breakfast at Bersula, and not far from Poland's belligerent border. Let us be fortified for fresh scenes and pastures new. The scenes are new, but not differing greatly from those already

pictured. The pastures are not new. Large towns at great intervals, and villages in plenty, appear, with long inter-plains, as before. Some cities are passed with hard Russian titles, and Roman history, and prehistoric *tumuli*. Earthworks, like those along the Ohio, appear, along with old bulwarks between contending and barbaric races ; Tartar relics and Cossack battle-grounds, and proofs of old nomadic raids from the heart of populous Asia, close upon the frontier, where the early Normans fixed their limits of conquest, not to speak of recent fortresses, where Pole and Russian fought for supremacy, and Crimean khans contended with their conquerors. These serve to break the monotony of wheat and the blackness of the furrowed ground.

At last the Jerusalem of Russia, Kief the sacred, looms upon our sight to dispel the sameness. Its history is that of the Norman knight, and is coeval with the rise of Christianity, when grand dukes with Russian names began to build churches and make conquests. Here is the Ukraine of the early centuries—the very land of the Cossack and the Pole—the border-land, where Greek and Catholic made treaties as to their faith, and after breaches and collisions, and with many a wall and castle, built by skill and ruined by conflict, left to Kief a splendid name, only equaled in Russian ecclesiastical annals by Moscow, and in secular greatness by St. Petersburg. We had a fine view of this town of one hundred thousand people as we approached it upon the rail. It is situated upon a noble bluff of the wide Dnieper, which is spanned by a bridge equaled in no land and by no engineering. Its fortress is a romantic picture, which is photographed forever upon the mind.

Trees and gardens, monastery and dome, give to Kief and its suburbs a beauty which relieves our long journey of its tedium.

We feel, too, that we are nearing the south, with its warm, classic memories; and yet this is the seat where Perun, Horsa, and other heathen gods exacted their idol worship from the earliest inhabitants. Here, too, many a picture, fresco, obelisk, and pillar have been unearthed or unwhitewashed to revive the artistic glories of the ancient Catholic hierarchy, which once held spiritual dominion at Kief, as its source, centre, and capital. In its monasteries and churches are monuments of Mazeppa, the far-famed Hetman of the Poles; while outside these sacred buildings, or from their roofs of green and red, rise gilded domes like those which make Moscow, like Memnon, musical with the celestial harmony. Interesting, too, are the Catacombs of St. Anthony, in the excavations of the limestone cliffs which we perceive hanging above the broad Dnieper. Pass within their torch-begrimed caves, and you will see, horror of horrors! not John the Terrible, for we have left him to the rear; but human bodies in open coffins arranged in niches, and dressed, these cadavers, in costly garments! You may kiss, if inclined, their bony fingers. Their names are written, with their virtues, over their several sepulchres. Some of these martyrs had immured themselves when alive, leaving apertures to receive their food, until nature gave them final respite. It is said that two hundred thousand pilgrims annually visit these horrific wonders of this wondrous religious land. This is a fit spectacle,—in a city where the persecutions of the Jews have been cruel, beyond even their martyrdom in history!

Let us away again to the plains, for the fresh air is already laden with saline salubrity from the Black Sea. Thistles indicate a less fruitful soil; and the sorghum grows in sparser rows and of smaller size. A few strange birds—storks—stand about observing the peasants garner the grain. They are picking up a living, undisturbed by gun or boy, in places where the thrashing is being done. The air is clouded with multitudes of little birds, who make their feasts off the harvest. Another bird, quite peculiar by its platitudinous and dignified style, contrasts with the twittering vivacity of the little ones. It is a large white bird with a black tail. It struts about with the consequence of a czar or a senator, amidst the millions of lesser birds which people the fields and air.

Everywhere the cultivation of Muscovite æsthetics is apparent as we progress toward Odessa. It is the sunflower, in garden and on plain, in groups and in isolation—everywhere it turns its broad, coarse, good-natured face to the sun. We ask our Russian companions, with whom we are beginning to exchange French, what object has this flower here?

"Oh! it is for the children," they respond. "They eat the seeds, and grow fat on the oil."

We are happy in the information, for it is a relief to see any variety of cultivation, floral or otherwise, on these ranges of land. The æsthete of London may be long-haired like the Russ, and, like him, worship flowering saffron, but he is at least the object of fun, if not funny himself; but throughout this vast expanse of meadow and field there is no merriment, objective or subjective, perceivable, such as the haymakers and peasants of England and other lands are wont to indulge in!

Are the Russian peasants only to be stirred by their grain brandy into maudlin flashes of vivacity? Where is the happy peasantry, their country's pride, such as the poetic license of the English bard describes, "swarming o'er the jovial mead," youth and maid, stooping age and prattling infant, adding the aroma of good humor to the "rural smells of the russet haycocks?" Russia may be indeed, as Thomson sings, wide from dale to dale, but we have heard from the thousand, thousand fields we have seen, from the Neva to the Euxine, no voices resounding—

"Of happy labor, love, and social glee!"

I would rather have the clattering fun of a thrashing-machine than the dead monotony which makes the peasant and his land—a part of the earth, earthy. This remark is limited to the peasantry whom we saw on the route. What they may do on occasions when off duty and on pleasure bent, we cannot determine.

One thing in closing; and that is that we found genial companions in travel before we reached Odessa, who were most anxious to assist us. Especially do I remember with pleasure an engineer, going to Bulgaria to enter upon the new railroads there projecting. He handed me his card at parting. On one side it was, Charles D. Schoultz; on the other, "Margaret and George," or "Carl—Constantinovitch." I asked for the interpretation of the mystery. It was simple—the names of his father and mother, of pious memory, thus honored constantly by the son, "that his days may be long," which we devoutly pray!

CHAPTER XXIV.

ODESSA—OUT OF RUSSIA—STEAMERS IN PORT—AFLOAT ON THE EUXINE—GLIMPSES OF THE BOSPHORUS.

OTHUS. *This superb successor,*
Of the earth mistress, as thou vainly speakest,
Stands midst these ages as, on the wide ocean,
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,
That in some grand and awful ministration
Of mighty nature has engulphed been;
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs
O'er the wild waste around, and sadly frowns
In lonely majesty." —CONSTANTINE PALEOLOGUS.

THE Black Sea, or Euxine, has a bad name. Although Greek scholars have quarreled over the philology of the word, whether it mean hospitality or otherwise, we find it serene and debonair so much so that it utterly refuses to rhyme with the sickening Saxon with which Childe Harold mated it.

It is a good day in two senses. It is the Sabbath, and the sky, sun, and sea unite to make writing as easy as it is pleasant. It is a good day—to resume the threads of our Muscovite experience. But it is due to a sea, so anathematized by Byron and others, that it should be vindicated. The Sound or the Hudson never had a smoother surface or a more delightful breeze. Although out of sight of land, we feel that classic and historic influences are wafted around us. There is a temptation to forget the past few weeks and write of the present associations. This we resist.

After the ride over the ranges of Russian grain-fields, we breathe the salt air of the sea along with the dust of Odessa. Notwithstanding the dust, refreshment comes; and with it the desire of leaving this realm. We have no cause of complaint. We have had courtesy and kindness. No spy has invaded our chamber "No unwinking espionage" has dogged our path, but the feeling of insecurity, even in the Peterhof grounds and upon the railway, is not delectable to pleasure tourists. Therefore our hearts leap up as Odessa appears in its robe of white dust, simmering in a warm sun, for it is the last step out of Russia and toward the towers of Constantinople! We have a good view of the city of Odessa in passing around the base of the rear hill. The city is on a high limestone cliff by the sea. After manifold anxieties at the station, a porter, with a proper badge, seizes our light baggage and our trunk tickets. We follow him meekly, without a word, bid adieu to our Russian companions, and mount the carriage. A strange gentleman seems to be its occupant, and he disposes of our traps with *sang froid*. We demur; in vain. Not a word is interchanged or interchangeable. I protest in several broken tongues, including a few remnants of emphatic English. He finally masters enough of the language to say:

"Me vagon."

This was astounding intelligence, at which I hesitated. If he had only said, "I am the wagoner," or "the commissionnaire," it would have been intelligible. We were nonplussed, till it occurred that he had *us* in charge. Gallantly raising his yellow umbrella, he conducts the driver, carriage, and ourselves through the long avenues to the ticket office, and

we meet an agent who is familiar with English. Our steamer tickets are arranged, and we proceed to the dock, bound for Constantinople! After being supervised by a Russian policeman with a sword, and our passport examined and mutilated, not without anxiety on our part, we are introduced to the captain. He turns out to be a spirited Irishman — Captain Duncan Thomas—all of the olden time! The best and biggest state-room is given us, and we are at liberty—awaiting the hour of departure—to survey the city and harbor. They are not Russian, and the very breeze seemed to clarify the atmosphere of autocratic odor and dynamitic danger.

Odessa means business. It is cosmopolitan. It is the wheat capital of the world, next to Chicago. It has two hundred thousand population, and the refinements of good society; nevertheless, it is partially cursed by Czarism. You see that I begin to breathe and speak freely, being aloof from the all-pervading autocracy of despotic Russia. Odessa lies between the mouths of the Dnieper and Dniester, and has a history of classic and belligerent vicissitude. Cossack and Turk, Genoese and Venetian, Russian and English, Greek and Turk—fights by land and sea—make up this vicissitude, while commerce, inland and maritime, has held various sway over its destinies. Once a free port, and even yet with evidences of freedom not accorded to other places, with admirable pavements and superb buildings, it is a city set upon a hill and lighted by the pharos of commerce, so that it cannot be hid while Russia grows grain and the world is hungry. When the wheat transportation begins, its fine harbor is choked with vessels. Its suburbs are dry,

herbless, and dreary, but its resources are manifold as a place of comfortable residence and profitable trade.

Many years ago I was requested to come here and establish the elevator system, with the aid of government privilege. This was twenty years ago, when the grain from the vast plains of Russia was carried across the city to the harbor by women, in baskets or sacks, upon their heads. What a business man Odessa lost, when I chose to be "elevated" otherwise! and how little, alas! has politics gained.

My first observation was directed to the conveniences of the grain transit and lading. The mole which makes the harbor is substantial and elegant. It is built up out on either side, so as to make a breakwater, and upon it the cars run with the grain; and out of them, by the good old force of gravity, runs the grain into the ships and steamers beneath. It is not our plan in America, but it answers the purpose of despatch, as well as the general object of safety, without storage, however.

It was a funny work, as we entered our steamer, to see the Turks,—our first glimpse of the old fez-headed genii of former memories,—helping the Russians load our craft with sheep and cattle. We had to walk through a flock of the former, and under the latter, as the cattle were swung up by a belt and dropped deftly into the hold by machinery. The docks are jammed with crowds of carts, bringing in English iron for the Black Sea ports, and wheat for the English steamers, which carry it to market, for the English do most of the trade here. Stevedores are as busy as upon our own New York wharves, loading and unloading, and coaling up

with Cardiff coal. I count over a hundred steamers in the harbor, and but a half-dozen sailing ships. Our ship flies the eagle of Russia, double-headed and triple-crowned, holding scrolls in its claws—not Nihilistic pronunciamentos, but royal screeds! Flags of every nation are seen—French, Greek, English, Italian, Turkish, and German—not one American! The forts shine on the cliff, the dredging-machines ply their work, the cars thunder around the harbor, the grain is paid out, bales of goods are hoisted in and out of vessels, granite blocks for Russ pavement are piled upon the dock, a few gulls sweep about, and swoop down for their lunch of fish; lighters and tugs are alive; and the vessel we are to sail in for three days is being crowded with animal life, including other than sheep and cattle. What a motley lot of people are fixing their beds, and arranging their sacks upon the lower decks, between the bridge and rear deck. Some of these strangers are devotees on their way to Jerusalem and Mecca, pilgrims by steam! The captain says that often he carries old women of seventy and upward to Jaffa, who have walked from remote parts of Russia, hundreds of miles, with packs on their backs, and devotion in their hearts, to pray, if not to die, at the Holy Sepulchre! The white cattle are all in; the sheep, all rams, have ceased their bleating, the windlasses cease to rattle, the whistle sounds; we take a look at the palace of "the Princess" upon the green hill, a glance at the city clock, observe the manifold operations of the port, and bid farewell, with a great sigh of relief, to Russia!

The sea is like glass. From under the awning upon the upper deck we cast our last look at the

receding land, and then—for are we not human ?—down at the composite group of the steerage. After saluting our new companions of the first class, who are Russian gentlemen bound for Egypt, and after an introduction to the captain's wife, who goes with him to Alexandria, we retire below for a free meal—free because under the merry auspices of a Celtic host, who for twenty years has given to Russia what he could not to Ireland, and would not to England—a genius for careful and skilled navigation, associated with a *bonhomie* which only an Irishman of the best type incarnates.

On Sabbath the sweet light melted the morning into a delicious spring-time, and we awake to catch its refreshing and tonical lustre in waves full and cheerful. We awake in some confusion as to where we are. We have been under so many skies in a few months that we are not surprised at any surroundings. A rousing crow from chanticleer deludes us into a hazy sensation that we are children again in our old rural Ohio home. The baa ! baa ! of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle assist the pleasing illusion. A few faint, delicious moments of the rosy hours of childhood—confirmed by the smell of fresh mown hay, whose odor turns gently in the wards of memory, to unlock the enchanted chambers. Nor does the throb of the engine disturb the pleasing, dreamy, nebulous delight. But the reality soon rushes us into full wakefulness. We are indeed afloat on the Euxine, one hundred miles east of the many-mouthed Danube, and not a day's sail from the battle hills of the Crimea !

We seek the bridge, which the captain has conceded to us for observation. Below us lie in slumber the gentle yet weary shepherds, who have

driven these sheep from inland Russia; and the herdsmen, in turban and fez cap, are watering the innocent stock, with a simplicity which a speculator in railways might envy. The people of the vessel are moving. The engineer's pretty daughter is listening to the old story from the dandily-dressed purser. A squawk from the coop tells of murder by the cook, for more mouths than the Danube. There is a stir among the cattle in the hold. It looks like a mutiny, led by a long-horned steer, worthy of sacrifice to Jove! A herdsman drops his raw tomato—which he eats as if it were a peach—and drops himself down into the hold, and with a few guttural monosyllables and herculean kicks the mutiny is quelled. I feared that it was a cattle disease beyond the reach of any art, but that of a diplomatic doctor like Mr. Blaine. What a medley of tongues, and variety of food and wear, do the deck passengers present—Russians, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians predominating. Many are lounging on pallets of straw and eating bread by the "chunk," and melons by the dozen, cucumbers without number, and a millionaire is indulging in the luxury of cheese. Under the very hoofs of a truculent steer on deck, and with a book before her, stands a woman dressed in black, with a gold fillet about her black hood. She is a devotee, reading and praying, crossing and bowing her head to the deck. For an hour she keeps up this devotion. She is literally lifted above the flesh, although between the very horns of the altar. She is a Russian religionist, and *en route* for the Holy Tomb. She has come far; but has she not some inward light which leads to Jerusalem? I turn to another quarter. An Englishman, with a white veil flowing from his

hat, is making his own tea, and drinking it out of his own spout. He is an odd person, but he does not strike me as nice or religious. He strikes me as crazy. He washes out his "tea things" by emptying his mouth full of tea into them, and then scrubbing them with his pocket handkerchief! This may be Anglo-Oriental, but it is not æsthetic. Everybody in Russia drinks tea. They swill it. Our Irish captain says that his wife makes it for him, when at home, by the bucketful. The shepherds among the sheep begin to awake to their tea and duty. One old fellow that might pass for Pan, so full of natural animality is he, arouses in stupor at finding himself at sea! He looks about him for his "crook," I suppose. He tries to straighten up. The crook is in his back. The captain's merry children romp about the boat with nurse and dog; the ventilation sails belly out to catch the breeze for the cattle in the hold. Not a sail is in sight.

Directly the captain appears, all beaming like the sun itself, from his couch. He is happy; is not his whole family aboard? His Hibernian hilarity is catching even to Russians.

"I shall call you Captain Jason," I say. "Behold your fleece!" pointing to the sheep.

"Silver fleece, my boy, not golden!"

"But they bring gold: at least they are bi-metallic!"

With a laugh all ringing with silver he makes a vessel that Jason never dreamed of resonant with cheer. It is Tipperary dropped down into its ancient Milesia. The Celt is generally acknowledged to be of the Orient, and this captain is only reclaiming his own in these waters once traversed by his ancient kinsmen. Soon appears a man with a

tipped up, long, broad handle to his cap. He is Teutonic, and seems to be the proprietor of the rams on board! Where will not the German go? Carrying rams from the plains of ancient Scythia to the land of the Pharaohs, and commanding the gentle folk in baggy trousers, big red sashes, and red caps with black tassels.

Walking down among the passengers of the steerage I find some women engaged with mortar and pestle reducing the hard crusts of bread, gathered in the gutters of Odessa, to pulverization, for their soup! Our meals on this boat were simply luxurious. We begin upon the melon, peach, and grape! Such grapes never moistened the mouth of saint or sinner.

One more night on board, out of which and its comfort we are aroused by the engines stopping. Looking out, I see in the dimness of the dawn two white towers and lights, one of which goes out, as if my look had quenched it. We run up the Russian ensign, above which vertically and ominously is the pale crescent of the Moslem moon. The vessel rolls, and moves with a current. We are at the head of the Bosphorus, and these towers are Turkish forts. We must creep into the Bosphorus under Sultanic pratique and permission. Still the current moves us, until we perceive ourselves in the midst of other craft, awaiting the sound of the sunrise gun, and the awakening of the Turkish officials. Bluff rocks appear on either side, not high, and not with much garniture of green. Yonder, within a few hundred yards, is Asia; on this side is Europe, one end of Europe. We had seen another end at the great rock at Nord Cap, under the setless midnight sun, rising a thou-

sand feet out of the desolate waters of the Arctic Sea. How unlike that was this beginning of Asia and end of Europe!

"Captain," I ask, "is not this a small door to get through upon a wild night on the Euxine?"

"You may say so, and when fog comes along to bedevil us, and no accommodation at all from the Turk, it is not at all agreeable. We go mugging around for hours."

We turn the talk, while our little boat goes off to the Asiatic side for our "freedom papers," upon the historic memories of the places on either side. Yonder castle, so romantic and turreted, mantled with ivy and preserved with heed, is the mediæval prison of Richard the Lion-Hearted. It is on the Asiatic side, and is worthy of the finest-pointed pencil of art. We all begin to transfer it to our drawing-books. "If Richard were only here now," said the impatient captain, "and had charge of some of those Krupp guns on either side, he would make somebody get up and clear this ship, or he would clear out somebody. Why, sir, if the sun is under a cloud, and the Turks can't see it, or perhaps because they are asleep after sunrise, no one ever budges to help us, and when 'Sunset' comes, then there's an end of all business."

I did not tell the captain my own pet name, but drank in the inconveniences of the navigation system at this important point, by which no vessel can go into the Bosphorus between sunset and sunrise, and which no fighting or diplomacy seems to have fully remedied.

"Why," said our irate captain, still waiting after an hour's delay for his boat's return to report from the Turkish fort—"why, the youngest assistant of

the youngest clerk, in that Turkish stronghold, stops the news of all Europe—Austrian, German, English, and Greek, all waiting for this mail on my boat, and tearing their hair for it in the city below; and yet some snipe of a boy, in a fez cap, must first be aroused, then smoke a cigarette, then swallow his coffee, then put on his official robes, before he will look into or after our papers. Once I did run in anyhow, after sunset, but a conical shot near my head on the bridge there, whose wind I got, made me more careful."

At last we are counted worthy, and sail down the splendid stream. Past the hills and villas, the palaces of ambassadors, pachas, viceroys, and sultans, hid in part within walls, behind which, terraced to the rocky tops, are rarest gardens, or shining to the water's edge in white and yellow—only stopping once to deliver dispatches to the Russian embassy, all alive in a steam-launch for our appearance; villages on either shore, where the domes—not golden, like those of Moscow, but surrounded by gilt minarets—tipped with crescent, are passed, until, in hushed admiration, the huge and splendid round "towers of Europe" stand confessed, as I saw them thirty years ago! The vision of the three decades of memory—the most monumental spot on either continent—the place where Mohammed lodged his Moslem troops on European soil—is here still, and still in all its grandeur and simplicity, as we saw it in the morning of our life! This is one of the monuments of that Moslem invasion which did not stop till Vienna itself was threatened. To us it was more. Then rushed the bright succession of scenes, linking as with golden bonds to our first adventure of travel in 1851.

What pictures they are yet, and forever, in fact and memory. The minarets of St. Sophia, the tower of Galata, the Seraglio Point, the very water and sky, the houses, temples, and splendors of Stamboul, Pera, and Scutari, as we had seen them in that eventful summer of 1851. Even the dim hills of Asia, toward the Prince's Islands, and the misty halo around the immortal brow of Mount Olympus, and Leander's tower of white, telling its marvels of swimming and its story of love, made us more than "a couple;" we were fourfold in these mnemonic concatenations linking our early days to these, in this capital of the Orient, with its dreamy, regal, luxurious splendors. Once again we think of the historic glories that make the Bosphorus such a stream of associations—glories of Persian armies and crusading zealotry. Once again we fancy that we hear the "shouting of the captains," and see the gilded chariots of the Persian and the mailed horses and knights of the West, and all the mighty hosts encamping or embarking upon these memory-haunted shores. As we approach the evening of our lives, and the "dewy fingers draw the gradual dusky veil," are we not grateful that, in the freshness and dawn of this feeling, we had the privilege of drinking the spirit of this golden land?

We look about us for changes. There are many, but there still is the grand city, which the Crimean war has not greatly disturbed since we were here. There is Scutari on the left, Pera on the right, Stamboul in our front, with the Golden Horn between! It is the ever new, ever old beauty, in site and celebrity, and never seen to more advantage than on this beautiful, breezy, summer morn-

ing. Changes there are to our mere superficial observation, The old Seraglio, where the hundreds of wives of the Sultan, Abdul Mejid, were wont to disport themselves in 1851, is burned; but the point remains, and will remain forever, as one of the pivots of commerce and policy. Since we were here other Sultans have ruled, been deposed, assassinated; and palaces, of a beauty blending the Frank with the Oriental style, have been built in marble on the hills and margins of the Bosphorus. There were over fifty thousand little boats or caiques dashing over the enchanted waters—now but few. Splendid steamers, with streamers of coal-smoke, fill the harbor and run from the Marmora to the Euxine Sea. The tall cypress trees of the cemeteries have a dingy, dusty look—less attractive than before; the turbaned headstones seem to "tumble to each other" in whimsical glee, and to have lost that sober perpendicularity becoming temperate Turks, and which erstwhile they had; but the isles toward the south, where under the distance are veiled other glories of sky, sea, and soil, remain as steadfast as when ancient Greek and Persian saw them in their days of conflict. Attrition and time have not destroyed their beauty, nor even dissolved the mist which wraps them in its wimple of loveliness. The oars of the caiques and barges flash less frequently, but with the old mode of rowing, by the rising and falling of the rowers, and with the old rhythm made to tune with the Arabic drawling song heard through these waters for more than a thousand years.

As our vessel turns into the Golden Horn to its anchorage, the little boats in multitudes rush and clamor for patronage, as of old. About us the

flags of all countries—but our own—are seen. At length the bridge of the Golden Horn appears. It spans our twoscore and more of memories, and is a sign of changes in palace, seraglio, and polity, at which all the world wonders, and which have made Crimean and other wars, and fresh and peculiar guarantees necessary, for or on account of this unnatural "encampment" of the Turks in Europe!

"Ah!" says our captain, "will these people never get out of my way?" looking at the crowds of small boats and lighters. "They know I won't run over them, but who knows what a Russian vessel may not do here some day?"

He applies his mouth to the tube, and his hands to gesturing, now and then thundering his Russian brogue to his own men, but keeping his Irish good temper and intelligent will to command—till we stand, stock still, at rest at last, at last—after thirty years of varied life, national, social, personal—once again within these beautiful waters of the old Eastern capital of the world!

How we get ashore; with what anxiety we seek our mail, now a month long delayed; with what ease the custom-house officials pass us through; how the big burden of two trunks is borne up the narrow streets to the hotel by one man, not a beast of burden; how the cries of the street, "Fruit!" "Sherbet!" and "Newspapers!" awaken the old times; how the fingers of memory begin upon this oriental mystery to unravel the old threads of our first experiences in this clime of poetry and conflict, only to reweave them into new tissues of more sober hue—these may be told subsequently, when, in the hospitable home of our

consul, Mr. Heap, at the head of the Bosphorus, and under the wing of our gallant minister, my old friend General Wallace, we have rested from our long journeying. Thither, to our palace of American delight, at Therapia, we are urged most hospitably to go on the morrow; and from its "grounds of pleasaunce" we hope to record in a future volume something to illustrate the fortunes and scenes of this capital and empire of the Moslems.

We are on the threshold of that Orient, out of whose infinite depths wise men were led to the presence of Him by whose teaching, life and Divinity, the world has been transformed, and by which alone it can be redeemed. Our beacon is not that of the wise men of the East—"The star! the star!"—so graphically told by our Minister under whose roof we lodge—in his tale of "the Christ." Steam is our directing genius, and supplies our unwisdom. From the West, by way of the Arctics, we journey to Jerusalem, soon, we trust, to dwell within its palaces and study anew its wondrous story.

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